



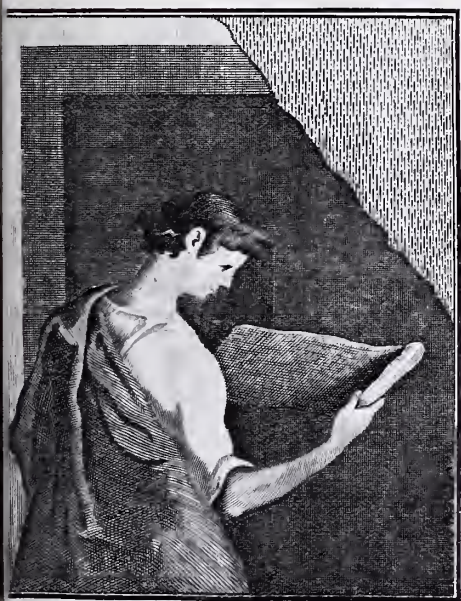
LADY CHARLOTTE  
SCHREIBER'S  
JOURNALS



CONFIDENCES OF A COLLECTOR OF CERAMICS  
AND ANTIQUES : EDITED BY MONTAGUE GUEST



*Somerset.*

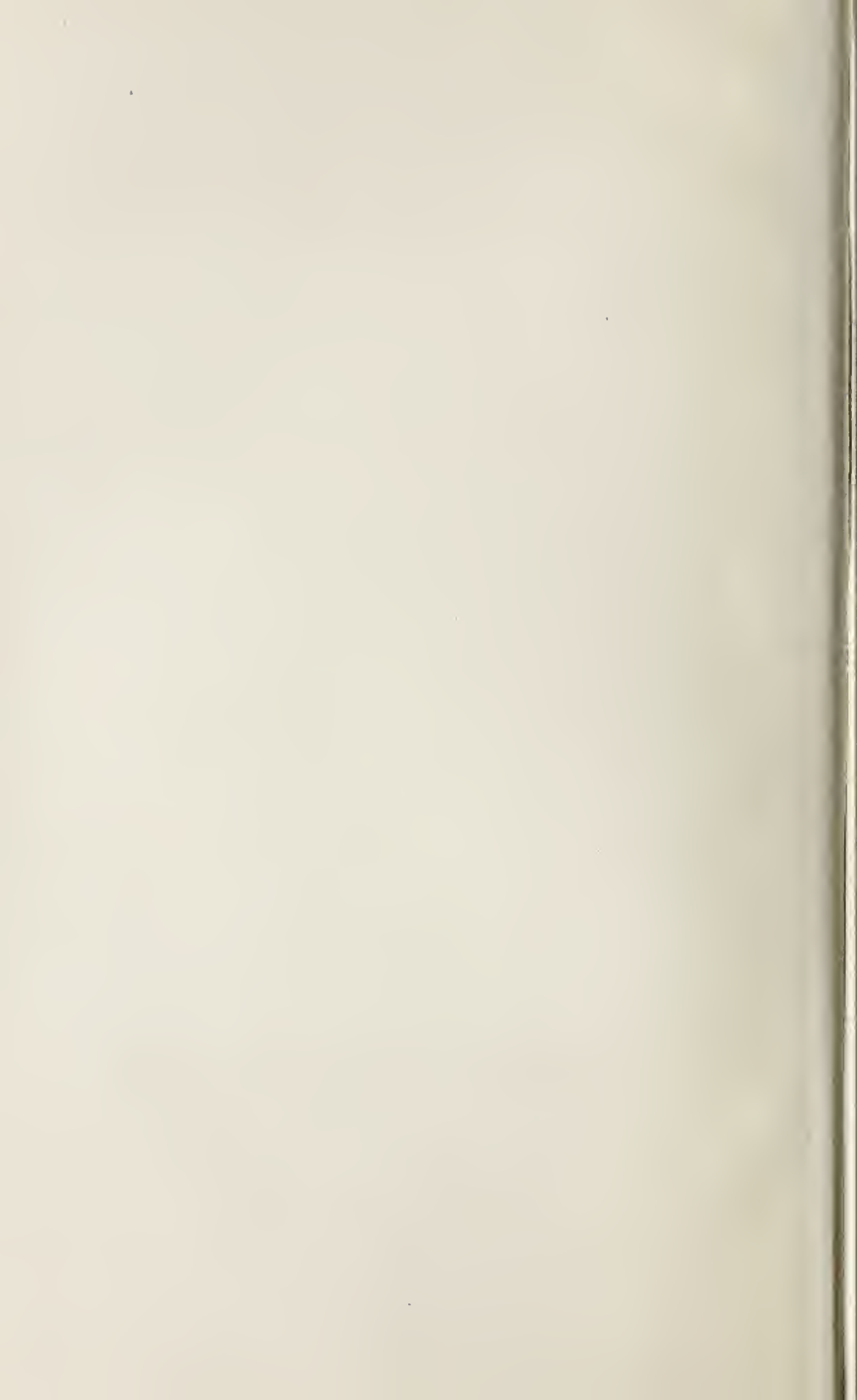


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LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS



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*Lady Charlotte Schreiber.*  
*In the Drawing-room at 17, Cavendish Square.*

# :: LADY CHARLOTTE :: SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS

CONFIDENCES OF A COLLECTOR OF  
CERAMICS & ANTIQUES THROUGHOUT  
BRITAIN FRANCE HOLLAND BELGIUM  
SPAIN PORTUGAL TURKEY AUSTRIA &  
GERMANY FROM THE YEAR 1869 TO 1885  
EDITED BY HER SON MONTAGUE J. GUEST  
WITH ANNOTATIONS BY EGAN MEW  
ILLUSTRATED BY UPWARDS OF ONE  
HUNDRED PLATES INCLUDING EIGHT  
IN COLOUR & ONE IN PHOTOGRAVURE  
: IN TWO VOLUMES : VOLUME I :

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## PREFATORY NOTE

THE diaries which Lady Charlotte Schreiber wrote during her long, energetic, useful, and happy life were being edited by her third son, Mr. Montague Guest, when he died suddenly on a visit to the late King at Sandringham. Before his death I had undertaken to assist him in dealing with those journals, which tell, with many charming and intimate touches, of the traffics and discoveries which his mother made with her second husband, Mr. Charles Schreiber, M.P., in the course of frequent foreign tours in search of Early English porcelains and earthenwares. How completely successful these endeavours proved to be is shown by the valuable Schreiber Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington; but it is only after reading these journals that one can realise the amount of skill and knowledge, of patience in the face of difficulties and excellent taste which was required to bring together the 2000 pieces presented to the nation in 1885, and the, perhaps, even greater number of objects of art which Lady Charlotte also bought from time to time. Over and above the South Kensington collection, very many of her antiques may now be found, partly at Canford, her own home and that of her eldest son, Lord Wimborne, partly in Lady Bessborough's charming collection at 17 Cavendish Square, or in the hands of Lady Charlotte's other very many descendants.

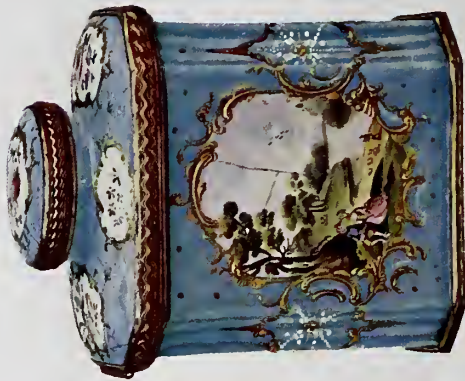
## PREFATORY NOTE

In selecting the objects for illustration here, permission has been freely given to draw upon these sources of interest, and it is hoped that many early ceramic and other valuable examples of art not generally known will thus be presented to the reader.

Lady Charlotte wrote her notes, without thought of publication, rapidly, as she passed from one field of research to new pastures. Thus in preparing her diaries for the public a good many small points of confusion have arisen which it would have been an easy and affectionate pleasure for Mr. Guest to dispel. Failing his guiding hand, I am greatly indebted to Lady Charlotte's daughters, the Countess of Bessborough and Lady Layard, and also to Mr. John Lane, for their assistance in the elucidation of some references which the passage of time had rendered a little obscure.

EGAN MEW





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# EXAMPLES OF DECORATED BATTERSEA AND OTHER ENAMELS.

No. 1.—German Enamel Snuff Box with ornamentation in brilliant and heavy gold on a turquoise ground. No. 2.—Miniature Gourd Shaped Case or Bottle, with foreign enamel. It opens at base on a hinge; an early example; probably intended to contain poison. No. 3.—Cosmetic Box of Berlin Enamel, with delicate design in gold. No. 4.—Sevres Enamel and Silver Frit of turquoise blue. No. 5.—Tea Tray or Casket of fine Battersea work, with delicate vignette landscapes on blue ground. No. 6.—Gaming Tray of Battersea Enamel. (*In the Collection of the Countess of Bessborough*).

## INTRODUCTION

### LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER

Born 1812. Died 1895.

*Née* Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Bertie.

M. 1st, Sir John Guest, Bart., 1833. (D. 1852.)

M. 2nd, Charles Schreiber, Esq., 1855. (D. 1884.)

THE rage for collecting old china has, in the present day, assumed such proportions and so many books have been written on the subject that it may be of interest to the collecting and reading public to hear something of the bearer of a name which is frequently mentioned in many of these works, when referring to the Collection of Pottery, Porcelain, and Battersea Enamels which is exhibited in the Victoria and Albert Museum under the name of "The Schreiber Collection."

Lady Charlotte Schreiber, my mother, was, in her way, a remarkable woman. She was the only daughter of the 9th Earl of Lindsey, a General in the Guards, who, at the age of 65, had in the year 1809, married, *en secondes noces*, Miss Charlotte Layard, daughter of the Dean of Bristol. When my mother was born her father was 68, and he died in 1818 when she was six years old. Three years after his death his widow married her first cousin, the Rev. Peter Pegus, consequently my mother was then barely nine.

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Her mother was a kind, easy-going, gentle lady, not troubling herself very much about her daughter's education, her stepfather was not by any means sympathetic to her, and she had but two brothers, both younger than herself. Under these circumstances she led rather a lonely life and was thrown very much on her own resources. The first thing she did was to set to work to educate herself. She was a voracious reader; she learnt, and was proficient in, French, German, and Italian, and, with the aid of her brother's tutor, she studied Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Persian, for all things Oriental appealed strongly to her. She learnt to etch on the copper plate, and her productions were far above those of the ordinary amateur. She loved her Chaucer, and to the day of her death she could repeat from memory whole pages of her favourite author.

In 1833, when she was 21 years of age, she married my father, Sir John Guest. He was then 49, and a widower, and was the owner of one of the largest ironworks in the kingdom, at Dowlais, near Merthyr Tydfil, in S. Wales. She had not long been married before she attacked, and proceeded to make herself proficient in, the Welsh language. The result of her studies was the translation and publication of the celebrated "Mabinogion," or Tales of King Arthur's Round Table, upon which was founded "The Idylls of the King," by Lord Tennyson. Some years after, Lord Tennyson told one of my sisters that it was the first book he read after his marriage, and that he was so struck with it that it inspired him to write his poem. He was anxious to make my mother's acquaintance, which at a later time he accomplished. He asked her, amongst other things, what was the proper pronunciation of the vowel E in Enid. Should it be short or long? In one of the passages of his book he had written "Geraint wedded Enid," which would be all right with the





GENERAL ALBEMARLE BERTIE, 9TH EARL OF LINDSEY, WHO MARRIED, SECONDLY, IN 1809, CHARLOTTE, THE DAUGHTER OF THE VERY REV. C. P. LAYARD, DEAN OF BRISTOL, AND BECAME THE FATHER OF THE 10TH AND 11TH EARLS AND OF LADY CHARLOTTE BERTIE. THIS LADY FIRST MARRIED SIR JOHN GUEST, BY WHOM SHE HAD TEN CHILDREN, AND SECONDLY CHARLES SCHREIBER, ESQ., M.P., OF MELTON, SUFFOLK. SHE DIED IN 1895

*The Countess of Bessborough's Collection*



## INTRODUCTION

long E, but was impossible, he said, with the short one. When he was told that it should be short, he at once altered the word to "Geraint married Enid." It is the custom for ladies, in the present day, who have christened their daughters Enid, to pronounce it as with the long E, but in this they are undoubtedly wrong.

She took, as was natural with her, the keenest interest in her husband's large ironworks, and under his guidance she soon mastered all the details of them. She plunged into "double entry" and kept the most accurate accounts of the works, which she balanced at the end of each year.

Merthyr Tydfil having been enfranchised by the Reform Bill in 1832, my father sat in the House of Commons as its first member, she had, therefore, to come to London with him each year for the Parliamentary season, where she assembled at her house many of the notable people of the day. It was at one of her parties, in her then house, 8 Spring Gardens, which has lately been pulled down to make the proposed entrance to "The Mall," that I met the great Duke of Wellington, and with my two younger brothers led him down to supper; the details of that interesting occasion, and what he said to me, are vividly fixed in my memory. Through all the excitements of this London life, however, she never slackened in her attention to her more serious interests, studies, and pursuits.

When she was ten years old she began to keep a Journal, from which I give a few extracts, as it may be of interest to hear her speak for herself.

It opens with the following entries :

"The 2nd March, 1822. I went with Miss Pegus [her stepaunt] to see an amusing play, in which Miss Fisher acted Miss Pickles."

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"Antoinette Mary Pegus, born 1822, April 30." This was her half-sister, who became in after life the Marchioness of Huntly, and who, inspired later by my mother, made a very valuable and representative collection of china.

"I went to the Play and sought a cure for the heart-ache. 'The Merry Mariner,' in which Mr. Knight acted Frank Oatland, and Joey I liked very much."

In 1824, at the age of twelve, she accompanied her mother and stepfather on her first visit to Paris.

"Aug. 21st. We took places at the Haymarket, and we went to see 'Sweethearts and Wives,' and 'Married and Single,' but we did not stay for the latter. The Play was excellent, Liston acted beautifully, and Madame Vestris was covered with diamonds.

"24th. We left London at 5.30. and slept at Rochester."

"25th. We got to Dover at 4 in the evening. As we came into Dover we had a beautiful view of the Castle. We could not get across to Boulogne that evening, as the Steam Packet went every morning at 9 o'clock. We dwelt and slept at the Ship Inn."

"26th. The next morning I amused myself, while Mamma was sleeping, with looking at the sailors who were throwing their nets into the sea. We got into the ship at 9.30. We were very much disappointed that the 'Sovereign,' in which we were to go to Boulogne, was hired by Lord Ashburnham to Calais, and we were obliged to go there too. I liked the motion of the vessel very much at first, but when we got half way I felt very sick. We had a very good passage, and arrived at Calais at 1. o'clock. We then went to the Customs house to show our Passport, and were very much crushed in getting in. We went to Dessin's Hotel, where we were shown



UFFINGTON, BUILT BY THE HONBLE. CHARLES BERTIE, FINISHED 1688  
*From a drawing by Lady Charlotte made in the year 1856. The house was burnt down some few years after her death  
 From a print in the Collection of the Countess of Bessborough*



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into a neat room elegantly fitted up. I went all about the town with Mr. Pegus. It was very gay, being the Fête of St. Louis. We left Calais at 6.30 in the evening, and got to Boulogne at 12."

"Sunday, 28th. We went on to Chantilly. Here we saw a great many vineyards, and I was surprised to see that the people worked as on other days. There were crosses erected on each side of the road, upon which were fixed weather-cocks. We went on to Paris in the evening and arrived there at seven o'clock. From the windows of the Hôtel de Londres, Place Vendôme, we saw a Balloon ascend from the 'Tivoli'. We were opposite to the great Pillar, built of the Cannon taken at the battles gained by Bonaparte."

"Sep. 13th. There was a report that the King was dead."

"16th. The King died at four o'clock in the morning."  
[Louis XVIII.]

"23rd. We got tickets to see the King. We found it very difficult to get in, and after all I did not think it a grand sight. However, I could say that I had seen the coffin. The King went to St. Denis. The procession began at 10. o'clock, and did not end until near one. The car in which the coffin went was very splendid, but the rest of the carriages were very shabby."

"27th. We went to Notre Dame to see the King enter. We got very good places, and saw the whole perfectly. Mamma and Mr. Pegus were in the gallery, and I was below with Mr. Maher. We saw Marshal Blancasse and Prince Talleyrand, who looked very old, and, notwithstanding his lameness, went to meet the King. All the Court were there, and when the King arrived the great bell of Notre Dame sounded, and the organ and music played, the cannons fired, and the people cried 'Vive le Roi'—'Vive les Bourbons.'"



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The procession passed close to us, and on the King's return he stopped to speak to the Archbishop. The King was very handsome but looked very old. M. A. de Castre attended in quality of first page to the King."

"29th. I went to the French Opera, and saw 'Aladdin with the Wonderful Lamp'. I was not pleased with it as the story was quite different to that in the 'Arabian Nights.' The effect, however, was very grand, and the dancing beautiful."

"30th. I went to the Revue in the Champ de Mars: I saw a procession of the Royal Family, but though the King was there, I did not see him. The little Duc de Bordeaux (only four years old) was dressed as an officer in the Swiss Guards."

"Oct. 2nd. I went to dine with Miss Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. Morrier at the 'Père de Famille'. In the evening after dinner all the gentlemen disappeared, and they told me that the house was on fire. It turned out, however, that it was only a chimney; but some of the room was burnt, and the Sapeurs Pompiers were called in."

"Sunday, 3rd. Mamma, I, and Mr. Empson tried to get into the Chapel of the Tuileries, but were not admitted on account of our wearing 'Collerettes blanches', which was not the proper mourning." [King's Lying in State.]

"9th. Mr. Empson called and told me that Madame Pasta sang in 'Romeo', but that as I was going to Mrs. Maher's box in the third tier, I should not see anything. I was therefore agreeably surprised at seeing the whole beautifully, and certainly the last scene is lovely."

"18th. We settled to go to England the next day."

"19th. We set off at eight o'clock, and as we passed through Rue St. Denis went to see the dead King. Got to Beauvais at 11 o'clock."



*Birch, Finxt.*

LADY CHARLOTTE BERTIE AT THE AGE OF 2 YEARS 2 MONTHS  
IN 1833 SHE MARRIED SIR J. JOHN GUEST, BART., M.P., AND BECOMING A WIDOW  
IN 1852 SHE MARRIED IN 1855 CHARLES SCHREIBER, ESQ., M.P., WHO ASSISTED HER  
IN THE FORMATION OF HER ENORMOUS COLLECTION OF ANTIQUES  
*The Countess of Bessborough's Collection*



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“ 20th. Started at 7, and got to Montreuil at 10. Here we had a quarrel with the postillion, who was very impertinent.”

“ 21st. Started at seven and got to Calais all right. Had another squabble with the postboy: and (22nd) went in the ‘Spitfire’ to England. I was very sick all the way—had a passage of three hours. Went on to Sittingbourne after luncheon, where we slept.”

“ 23rd. Left Sittingbourne at half past eight, and reached London . . . ”

There is a great deal more of this visit to Paris, but this will be sufficient to show what kind of a child she was at twelve years old.

Her description of the rival “Operatic Stars,” Sontag and Pasta, written in 1828, when she was 16, is worthy of reproduction.

“ June 14th. We took a box for the Opera to-night—Dined at 5 o’clock at Mrs. Mathews’. We were in time at the Opera to hear the overture, Don Giovanni. Sontag—Donna Anna—Caradori—Allan—Zerlina—Zuchelli—Don Giovanni, etc. Sontag did not disappoint me—I anticipated the extent of her merits—she is a fine looking woman, with beautiful teeth, feet, arms and hands, her hair long and good, only that it is light German. Her voice is clear and good, she has much power over it, and her execution is wonderful, but she sings without expression and acts without animation. As for Caradori, she is very pretty, exceedingly elegant, her voice is very sweet though not very powerful—Zuchelli was good. I never knew an Opera so stupid—the acting was *sans intérêt*.”

“ June 17th. Mamma, Jane, Mr. Pegus, and I went to the Opera, and were in time to hear the overture and all. Pasta was delightful in the ‘Medea.’ I had never had a greater

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treat in my life—she looked beauty's self—her grace was inimitable—her voice wonderfully improved—the scene with her children is the most wonderful, the most overpowering thing I ever saw, Mamma says she even surpasses Mrs. Siddons. She was called for after the performance and made her obeisance to the audience followed by the children with the utmost grace and simplicity—I never saw her act or look so well—she is too charming, but it is useless to expatiate, I only confuse my own ideas by striving to write of them, and to-night's impression must ever remain, without requiring the aid of my journal even to revive it—we had Curioni as Giasone, and dear little Caradori in high voice and beauty as Creusa. Some of the airs she sang beautifully—such as Medea's duet with Egas; but of course the scene with the children was the great masterpiece, the splendid effort of genius and deep study combined, which none could have effected save Pasta. Her name must be immortal. She has founded a new era on the Italian Stage and no Sontag can ever think to compete with, much less to eclipse her. The house was full to excess, and the applause was unbounded, and most satisfactory to 'La Grande Tragédienne'."

In August 1828, Lady Charlotte was staying with her mother at Bulwick, in Northamptonshire, the seat of their neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Tryon, and there were there to meet them Sir Samuel and the Misses Fludyer. In the account of this visit she gives a little description of her going over to see Kirby Hall, and finishes with a dissertation on the subject of keeping journals, which may be read with interest.

"Wednesday, Aug. 27th. Mamma, and the eldest Miss Fludyer, and I went in a carriage to see Kirby, and Sir Samuel followed us in a gig. The Agent's wife and daughter



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showed us over the house in which they reside, and which is a most beautiful and venerable place. The most remote date is somewhere towards the middle of the sixteenth century and the latest is in the seventeenth. The Court is the most striking point of view, the entrance porch, which you enter from the fine lime avenue, is very picturesque, covered as it is with mantling ivy. That part of the interior of the house which I most admired is the long gallery. The Hall does not appear to me large enough in proportion to the size of the other apartments. We saw the uninhabited rooms, of which some of the ceilings are very finely carved. But however gratified we were by the sight of this magnificent mansion we could not but grieve at the state of dilapidation in which we found it. It would take thousands to put it in any repair, and I fear there is no chance of the present possessor, Lord Winchilsea, having it in his power to do so. When we returned to Bulwick, Mamma retired, and lay down till dinner. I employed myself most enchantingly the while, indeed I never remember spending a more pleasant hour. The room I occupied opened upon the leads which form a roof to the long colonnade by which the house is approached. The serenity of the evening tempted me to render this place my promenade, and I sallied forth with D'Israeli's Literary Characters (a book which interests me very much) in my hand. In consequence of Lord Cardigan's arrival, the bells were ringing at Dean Church, of which, and in a contrary direction, of Blatherwyke, there are beautiful views from this spot. Mr. and Mrs. Tryon who were walking with their party came under the colonnade and threw me up peaches and nectarines which were gratefully received, as the heat, especially in my exalted position, was very great. Thus was I at once basking in an intense sun, regaling myself with luxurious fruit, reading my favourite D'Israeli, or immersing myself in a

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thousand wayward fancies and meditations (for I was away from the noisy din and bustle of life and merriment, in solitude, which I love) listening to distant melancholy bells, gazing on a beautiful prospect over which the evening cast a thousand lights and which comprehended the lovely view of Dean and Blatherwyke. I met with, to-day, in reading D'Israeli's interesting work, a passage in favour of *Journals*, that is, of the Journals of persons of genius. Now in the light it is there represented, namely, as a future clue to past events, a Journal must be equally interesting in after times to its author whether that person be one of decided genius or of none whatever. In my short experience, where as yet there is little to remember and little to forget, and that little of consequence only to myself, I have already frequently found pleasure in being able to refer to remoter periods. D'Israeli seems more to advocate a Journal of *sentiments*, than of events merely, in which respect, considering the class of person to whose journal-keeping he alludes, he is certainly right. He would wish to keep the remembrance of the thoughts and feelings, as well as the changes of fortune and occupations, of great men. With ordinary individuals it is different; their Journals can concern only themselves and perhaps their very intimate friends and immediate relations, and it is therefore of little consequence whether they keep to any fixed plan on this subject, or whether they allow themselves to be guided by chance or circumstances. The history of my Journal is simply this: from a little child I have always been anxious to retain the recollection of events, and have had a singular predilection for being able to tell what I was doing on such a day a year, or two years ago, and this first put it into my head to make some memoranda of the principal things that struck my mind, and I have now in my possession some pocket books, the leaves of which are



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meagrely interspersed with records of the most remarkable events which occurred in my then schoolroom life. Among such events, the plays I went to *ranked foremost*, and hence (the limits of my pocket books not being sufficiently extensive) I contracted the habit of preserving the bills and writing my criticism at the back of them. To this collection I even now recur with pleasure." [It is now in Lord Wimborne's possession at Canford, some of the most interesting of the notes were made when Lady Charlotte was seven years of age.] "It shows the amazing difference which I feel in myself, from what I was then to what I am now, and to the present moment I sometimes add to the old stock. It was often a cause of regret that I should have lost some of the most interesting bills, those which occurred while my theatrical mania was at the crisis. In 1826, though my pocket book was one of larger dimensions than I had hitherto encountered, it was too confined for the momentous affairs of that delightful year, and I adopted the system of loose sheets of paper, and finding this mode inconvenient and disagreeable, in the beginning of the succeeding year, 1827, I had recourse to a regular book which I became soon convinced was the only method of proceeding. At first I did not care, so that the records were made, whether it was noted immediately or at a considerable distance of time, but in a short time I found this irregular mode perplexing, and now I *very, very* seldom miss a day. Any one reading this journal would not find that it contained one interesting annal, but to myself it is far otherwise; it is my delight. I ponder over its page till by its,

'and contemplation's help not sought in vain,  
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again.'

Every line recalls something to my memory which is very

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[Her own name was Lady Charlotte Bertie, the other lady being the daughter of the 5th Earl of Abingdon. She died unmarried in 1893.] “She was not at home, so I concluded it was all right, and though astonished I accepted the invitation. At 8.30. she called for me, her civility was extreme. She is a fine woman and very pleasant and good natured. The younger Disraeli was in the box. He and I soon got acquainted. We talked about several things. He is wild, enthusiastic, and very poetical. His ‘Contarini Fleming’ was written in Egypt—He knew Ibrahim Pasha and gave me anecdotes of him. He told me he thought Southey the greatest man of the age. He was *really* a great man, he said. The brilliancy of my companion infected me and we ran on about poetry, and Venice, and Baghdad, and Damascus, and my eye lit up and my cheek burned, and in the pause of the beautiful music (Tancredi) my words flowed almost as rapidly as his. Once he talked of poverty nipping genius—I thought upon . . . But to return to Disraeli—He tells me that repose is the great thing and that nothing repays exertion. Yet noise and light are his fondest dreams, and nothing could compensate to him for an obscure youth,—not even glorious old age. I cannot understand his trying to get into Parliament. It was beautiful to hear him talk of Southey. With all his enthusiasm and contradictions he pleased me and we were very good friends I think.”

“20th. After 2, Lady Sykes and Mr. Disraeli called and my brother Lindsey and I went with them to Mme. Dulken’s Concert—The music was beautiful, we had Pasta, and Tamburini ‘Di tanti palpiti,’ Schroeder’s ‘Erl Koenig’—De Beriot’s violin was the most beautiful thing of the kind I ever heard; I never liked the violin before. He is a very graceful person. A Miss Smith sang ‘Robin Gray’ very badly. Mr. Disraeli, who had brought me flowers, sat by me



LADY CHARLOTTE GUEST

*From an engraving by Wm. Walker after a painting by Richard Buckner, since destroyed by fire.  
This portrait was painted about the time of her marriage to Sir John Guest  
The Countess of Bessborough's Collection*



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and was most agreeable. He had less of eccentricity than on Saturday. Perhaps he then thought, by his brilliancy, to take my imagination by storm. I liked him better to-day—we agree on very many points and his details interest me. If I had time I would put down much of his conversation—His admiration for Southey and Hallam, both of whom he knows well personally, would redeem a great many sins. He is a follower of Beethoven in taste, though not musical. I learnt from him that he is preparing a new Oriental story, placed in remote times and in Syria—though little is done to it in London, and it is not to come out till next year—After that he plans a Venetian story of the days of Mocenigo and Greek Conquests—I could not but suggest Dandolo and Constantinople, which combines Venice and the East at once. Baron Steinberg was in the box—an agreeable German. When we left the Concert Lady Sykes said, ‘It is quite early now, where shall we go? What shall we do? Is there nothing to see?’ It ended in our driving to the Exhibition at Somerset House. I had Mr. Disraeli’s arm the whole time, and he discoursed to me pleasantly about the pictures. There were few good ones, but one by Etty was a gem. A good Irish picture, and some Turners and Stanfields of Venice, and Wilkins’s Confession—Two or three small landscapes—Portraits of old Dr. Willis and La Roche might be remembered. As we drove away, fresh plans were talked of—Lady Sykes took me over her house—Lent me prints and Disraeli’s ‘Alroy,’ etc. After putting down Mr. Disraeli we drove through the Park, and she left me at home at 8.”

“28th. At Court, the Drawing-room was extremely full and hot—yet we had little trouble. The King stopped me as I passed him—and said, ‘And, Ma’am, how old is your brother?’ I fortunately remembered that Lindsey was 18, but I was so surprised at the unexpected notice of me

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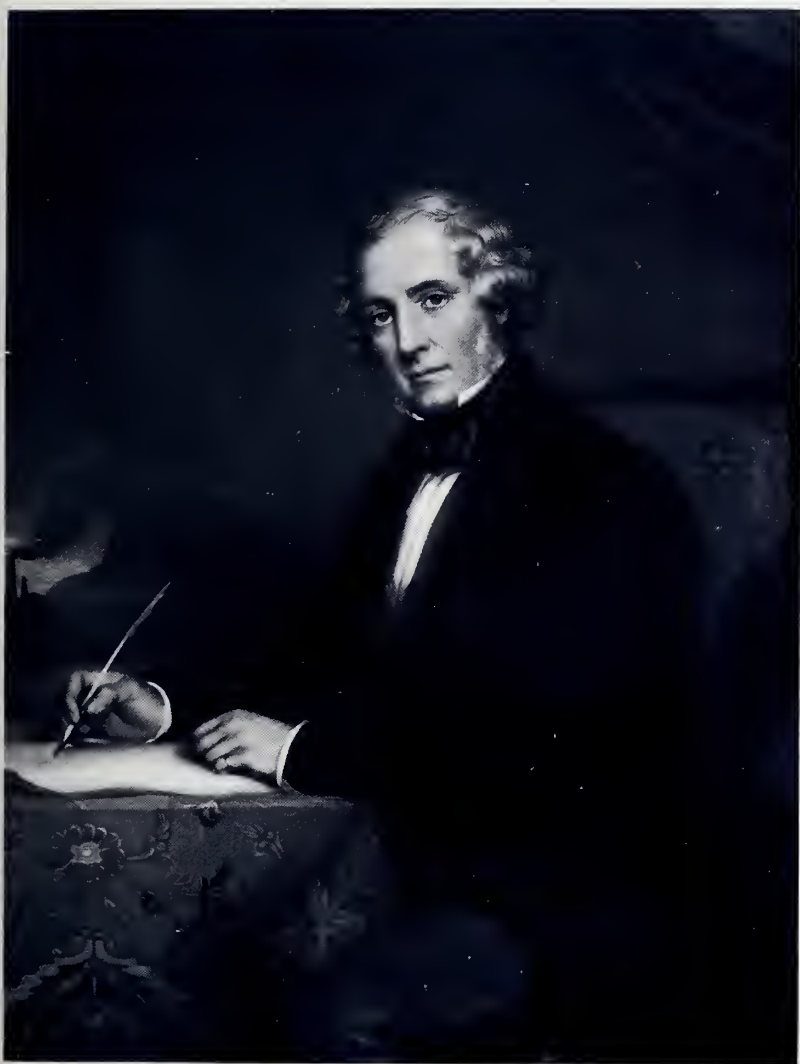
that by the time I had given the answer and made the requisite curtsy I began to doubt whether I had any brother at all."

"17th. Déjeuné at Mrs. Wyndham Lewis's after a Review. Met the Duke of Orleans returning from it. First time of meeting Mr. Guest."

\* \* \* \* \*

Lady Charlotte gives in one of her Journals an account of the tragically sudden death of my father's partner, Mr. Wyndham Lewis. News came that her husband was wanted at Mr. Lewis's house—"I inquired why, and they said Mr. Lewis was dead. I was greatly shocked, but the carriage being at the door, I did not hesitate to go at once to his poor wife. She was in a sad state. They took me into her beautiful dressing room where I had seen so many a gay scene of mirth, and there upon the floor where he had fallen, lay, covered with a white sheet, the remains of him who an hour before had been in perfect health, the happy possessor of all this magnificence. It was the most distressing sight I ever witnessed; his face was very calm, but livid, from the disease (of the heart) which had caused his death, and there was a deep gash in his cheek from his having struck the sofa as he fell. Poor Mrs. Lewis was with him at the moment of his decease. He was writing a cheque for her, and on her looking round to see if he had completed it she found that he had fallen without a struggle and was quite dead." [1838.] This lady was the Mrs. Wyndham Lewis who afterwards married Mr. Disraeli, and became Viscountess Beaconsfield. She told me often, in years after, as a curious coincident, that she introduced my father to my mother at a party she was giving, and that when she was Mrs. Disraeli, at a party at her house, my brother proposed to, and was accepted by his present wife, Lady Wimborne. . . . Another extract from the Journal





SIR J. JOHN GUEST, BART., M.P.

*From an engraving by Wm. Walker after a painting by Richard Buckner which was destroyed in one of several fires which have taken place at Canford Manor. Sir John Guest was married to Lady Charlotte Bertie in 1833, and died in 1852  
The Countess of Bessborough's Collection*

## INTRODUCTION

pride in my house in the City, and my works at Dowlais, and glory (playfully) in being (in some sort) a tradeswoman. Then, again, if I go into society it must be the very best and first. I can brook no other. If I occupy myself in writing, my book must be splendidly got up and must be as far, at least, as decoration and typography are concerned, at the head of literature, and I delight in the contrast of the musty antiquarian researches, and the brilliant fêtes and plodding counting house, from all of which I seem to derive almost equal amusement. And then I can sit and laugh at the gravest of them all as vanities, and moralise upon the thought of how soon the most important of them will cease to be of any avail or interest to me. Yet while they last and while there is youth and health to enjoy them, surely it cannot be wrong to take pleasure in the various blessings of this life. I trust to God that I may not be puffed up with them. For indeed to me He has been abundantly merciful, and I fully feel my entire dependence upon His mercy, and how one breath would send the whole fabric of my pleasures and my happiness to the earth, and leave worse than a blank behind."

\* \* \* \* \*

My father died in 1852, after he had been married to my mother about 20 years, leaving behind him a family of five sons and five daughters. After his death she took charge of, and managed, the great Dowlais Ironworks, and continued to do so for two or three years, until the cares and responsibilities of her large and growing family necessitated her giving up the management of them into other hands.

About three years later she married her second husband, Mr. Charles Schreiber, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, eldest son of Colonel James Alfred Schreiber, who lived at Melton, in Suffolk, and who had seen service under the great Wellington.



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For another ten years she never seemed to show any sign of the "China Mania," in fact, as she told me some years afterwards, when on one occasion two services were sent down to Canford for my brother to look at, one a large service of blue-scale Worcester, of the Dr. Wall period, with beautifully painted flowers, exotic birds, etc., from Mr. Frederick Davis, who then lived in Pall Mall, and the other a large dinner service of modern Minton china from Mortlock's in Oxford Street, she could not help being struck with the far greater beauty of the Minton to the Worcester. She lived, however, to take a very different view of these things. When at Canford, where she spent a great deal of her time before my brother's marriage, she was generally to be seen busily employed setting up type, or reading over and correcting proofs at my brother's private Printing Press, for in those days "The Canford Press" very seriously occupied the attention of several of the members of my family, who printed, amongst other things, some unpublished poems of Lord Tennyson which he sent to them for that purpose, notably "The Loves of the Wrens," and "The Victim," both now exceedingly rare and valuable, or else she would be found poring over, and engrossed in her "tatting," as she was then working a deep flounce of that very fine and tedious kind of work, which she eventually finished and gave to my brother's wife when he married in 1868.

Her enthusiasm for china came later. It may have been that she was fired with the spirit of collecting from seeing my brother and me returning from our trips abroad laden with china and curiosities of all sorts. But she had always had within her the spirit of the collector and connoisseur. It was not before she was well past the age of fifty that she began her now famous collection, and threw herself into her pursuit with her characteristic energy, and it, from henceforth,

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became the passion of her life. She hunted high and low, through England and abroad; France, Holland, Germany, Spain, Italy, Turkey, all were ransacked; she left no stone unturned, no difficulty, discomfort, fatigue, or hardship of travel daunted her, or turned her from her purpose, and she would come back, after weeks on the Continent, to Langham House, in Portland Place, where she lived, rich with the fruits of her expeditions. Mr. Duveen (who was afterwards knighted) told me a curious little story about her connection with himself. He happened to be over in Holland searching for "objets d'art" when he heard of some wonderful pieces of china in a little village a long way from any town or railway; to get to this out-of-the-way place entailed a long and tedious journey by carriage. He started off on his expedition, but as he was nearing his destination he observed a fly driving out of the village towards him; he looked into it as it passed, and he saw the face of my mother; he felt at once that he had been forestalled, and he continued his journey, only to find that she had snatched the prize, which she was carrying off with her.

The accounts of her china-hunting expeditions are very fully set forth in her journals, giving an accurate and graphic description of the places she went to, the museums and private collections she visited, the dealers and amateurs she came in contact with, the treasures she came across, and the prices she paid for those which she acquired. After a time she turned her attention to collecting Fans and Fan-leaves, and she made a large and representative collection of these, which she presented to the nation, and which are now to be seen at the British Museum. Later on she made an exhaustive collection of Playing Cards, which she also handed to the British Museum for the same purpose. Even when, about 1891, she had virtually lost her sight, and could no longer freely move

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about, she could not remain idle. Her fingers were ever at work, and, while she occupied her mind in the matter of her collections with Mr. Alfred Whitman, the talented author of some able books on engravings, who used to come to her every afternoon, for several hours, when he had finished his work at the Print Room of the British Museum, she was all the time busily plying her knitting needles, and she finished each day a long red woollen comforter, which she periodically forwarded in bundles to the Cabmen's Shelters, to be distributed amongst the London cabmen.

Her second husband, Mr. Charles Schreiber, died at Lisbon, on his journey home from South Africa, where they had been in the hope of restoring his health. It was to perpetuate his memory that she gave her collection of English China and Battersea Enamels to the South Kensington Museum.

In her nature she was a woman with a deep sense of moral duty, very self-possessed and calm, with an extraordinary control over her feelings. I can truly say that I never saw her angry or unduly excited in my life. She had an untiring energy, and was endowed with unlimited perseverance.

When she began to collect china, which may be put down roughly at between forty and fifty years ago, it was an easier matter than it is to-day; I myself began about the year 1860, and I know from experience that, amongst the ordinary dealers, ignorance was the prevailing characteristic of the period. The names of Chelsea, Bow, Worcester, Bristol, Plymouth and Derby were but barely known, and if some of the marks of these factories were understood it was about all one expected to find, unless indeed they happened to have a Marryat, or a Chaffers (then a new publication) at hand to refer to, which was not often the case, while if a specimen was unmarked it was totally unrecognised. Any person with a very small amount

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of knowledge could go round the old shops and pick up the untold treasures of to-day for the most trivial sums; there was an enormous supply, and very little demand, in consequence, the "fake" hardly existed. Then, in regard to English furniture many people were turning out their fine old examples, which were not appreciated, or in many cases not thought worth repairing, for a more modern kind, and the old brokers' shops were teeming with the most glorious and beautiful specimens of the earlier periods, which could be obtained for almost nothing. The name of Chippendale was hardly known, while those of Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Adam, etc., which to-day are upon everybody's tongue, were then absolutely unknown. As a proof of the estimation in which they were held, I may say that, in 1860, I bought a fine copy of Hepplewhite's book for 2s. 6d. I believe it now realises somewhere about £16. As for engravings! The connoisseurs of that day were bidding startling sums in the auction rooms, which were being duly chronicled in the daily papers, for line engravings of the Holy Family, and works of that class, by such men as Raphael Morghen, etc., while in the "slums" one was turning over portfolio after portfolio, bursting with thousands of these despised engravings of the English School, which nobody wanted, then obtainable for shillings, whereas to-day they are fetching their hundreds and hundreds of pounds, and have risen to such a pitch of popularity that to supply the demand the whole country is flooded with the vilest copies and reprints of them. If you had mentioned such names as Val. Green, Fisher, Watson, Dickinson, John Jones, Finlayson, Wright of Derby, J. R. Smith, or the Wards, you would have been stared at in the blankest amazement. It was very much the same with the English School of painting, and miniature painting, while in regard to old silver, my brother was buying rat-tail spoons and three-pronged

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forks, and I think I may say Old English Silver generally, of the best periods, for an average sum of about 5s. an ounce. Nobody wanted Old Sheffield Plate, Pinchbeck, old English jewellery, needle-work pictures, old English glass, pewter, Staffordshire ware, excluding Wedgwood, old steel, brass, etc., all those things in fact about which every man, woman, and child seems to have gone mad in the present day.

Such, then, being the state of the antique trade, it may easily be conceived that my mother was able to pick up the finest specimens of china and other such articles for quite a moderate outlay. I have in my possession her priced catalogue of the collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum, at South Kensington; the amounts she paid are astounding to the present-day ideas and notions of the value of such things.

How she gained her knowledge, and her judgment in buying, I really do not know, but I think she depended very much upon her own endeavours and was guided by her natural instincts. She studied deeply whatever she took up, and being a highly educated woman with a good knowledge of history, and with a determination to get to the bottom of anything she undertook, she soon got to appreciate what to look for and what to obtain. In all this there is no doubt Mr. Schreiber was a great help to her, but in reality *she* was the leading spirit, *she* was the fine judge. Mr. Mortlock, of Oxford Street, was talking to me a short time since about her; he knew her well, and he said that nearly all he knew about China he learnt from her. A marvellous tribute, indeed, from the professional to the amateur. I asked him whether my mother or Mr. Schreiber was the better judge; he said that there was not a shadow of doubt about it; Mr. Schreiber was, he said, a good judge, but he was nowhere by the side of my mother.

She loved her china-hunting expeditions, and she took



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the greatest pride and interest in her collections, sparing herself no pains in regard to them. Mr. George Harding, the distinguished dealer in King Street, St. James's, who was at that time with his relative Mr. Wareham in Charing Cross Road, used to come to her daily for a considerable time, in the matter of classifying, describing, and cataloguing her collection, and was of the greatest service to her, as his duties were performed in a very able and intelligent manner. She had always kept her "Day Book," in which she entered, numbered, and described everything she bought, at the time she bought it, with the place in which she found it, the person she bought it of, the sum she paid for it, and the date of purchase; this methodical way of keeping the account of her purchases proved afterwards of very great use to her.

She received a great deal of kind advice and assistance from the leading authorities on ceramic art, more especially after Mr. Schreiber's death. Amongst others there was no one who took a more lively interest in her collections than the late Sir Wollaston Franks, of the British Museum, that profound and versatile authority on every branch of the antique. He was a constant visitor at her house, and it was he who mainly helped her to make her catalogue of the South Kensington collection, and the selection of the specimens to be exhibited there. That collection was intended only to comprise and demonstrate the *English* school of Pottery and Porcelain. The rest of her large and varied collection of china she distributed between my two elder brothers and my sister, Lady Bessborough.

She was, indeed, a Collector and a Connoisseur.

MONTAGUE GUEST



A FAVOURITE PORTRAIT OF THE LATE MR. MONTAGUE GUEST, LADY CHARLOTTE'S  
THIRD SON, WHOSE EXCELLENT PHOTOGRAPHY WAS ONE AMONG MANY OF  
HIS VARIED ARTISTIC PURSUITS





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## SOME SPECIMENS OF OLD BRISTOL GLASS

From the many examples collected by Lady Charlotte in various Continental Towns. The nozzles of the spirally twisted Candlesticks and the top of the Tea Canister are of Battersea Enamel. (*From the Schreiber Collection.*)

## WHITE AND COLOURED FIGURES, ETC., OF BOW AND CHELSEA

The Kitty Clive and Woodward the Actor on the lowest shelf, and the two Sphinxes on the middle shelf, appear to have been made at both works. In the Schreiber Collection they are attributed to Chelsea. (*The Schreiber Collection.*)

## A MINIATURE CABINET ON CHEST FILLED WITH TOY EXAMPLES OF EARLY XVIII CENTURY WARE

(*The Countess of Bessborough's Collection.*)

## EXAMPLES OF JOSHUA WEDGWOOD'S POPULAR QUEEN'S WARE

With Painted Decorations and Printed Ornaments, many of which were added later by the famous firm of Sadler and Green of Liverpool. (*The Schreiber Collection.*)

## CHELSEA FIGURES OF PEDLARS

It was the fashion of the period, as is shown in Henry Morland's Portraits and elsewhere, to dress refined personages in the costumes of peasants and the like; both the man and woman here are evidently intended to be persons of quality masked as common people. The table is one of a pair in tortoise-shell and Ormolu XVIII Century French, discovered by Lady Charlotte abroad. (*Lord Wimborne's Collection.*)

## A LARGE BROWN TILE PORTRAIT OF A KING OF THE FRENCH HOUSE IN XVII CENTURY FRAME

(*The Countess of Bessborough's Collection.*)

## EXAMPLES OF BOW AND CHELSEA

Top.—Pair of Bow Candlesticks with Canaries and Bullfinches on Flowering Trees in what may be called the Meissen manner. Centre.—Outside Figures: Chelsea Candlestick Groups showing a Hussar and a Girl with Mask neatly arranged in Flowering Arbors. In middle: a Chelsea Figure holding a Basket, with Lambs at her feet, doubtless one of a Decorated Pair. The lower figures show a Chelsea Boy and Girl in charming dresses; one holds a Cock and one a Hen; each is surrounded by the conventional Bodge. (*Lord Wimborne's Collection.*)

## A COLLECTION OF ENGLISH CREAM-COLOURED EARTHENWARE, CHIEFLY LIVERPOOL, TRANSFER PRINTED WITH HISTORICAL AND OTHER SUBJECTS

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## VARIOUS EXAMPLES OF STAFFORDSHIRE EARTHENWARE BY WHEILDON AND OTHERS, XVIII CENTURY

(*The Schreiber Collection.*)

## PLYMOUTH AND BRISTOL

Examples of the First Hard-paste Porcelains made in England, some fifty years after the first ware of the kind was produced in Meissen near Dresden. Bristol sometimes used the cross-swords of Saxony as a mark. (*The Schreiber Collection.*)

## HORSES AND ORIENTAL GROOMS IN BOW

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SOME SPECIMENS OF OLD BRISTOL GLASS.

From the many examples collected by Lady Charlotte in various Continental Towns. The nozzles of the spirally twisted Candlesticks, and the top of the Tea Canister are of Battersea Enamel. (*from the Schreiber Collection*).

# LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS

## NOTES CERAMIC

MAY TO SEPTEMBER 1869

AMIENS : REIMS : LAUSANNE : GENEVA : BAVENO : COMO :  
MILAN : TURIN : PISA : FLORENCE

1869.

MAY 4th. We left by the tidal service from London. Starting at 1½ P.M. Slept at Amiens.

May 5th. Visited Cathedral. Went to the curiosity shop, Passage de la Comédie; nothing but faience and old furniture. Figure of Locke in Staffordshire ware. No other shop, no purchases. Went on to Laon (by Tergnier) and slept there. Long walk till after dusk, visiting the Cathedral, St. Martin, and round by the Boulevards, very charming.

May 6th. Before breakfast to Reims; Cathedral, and drive round the town to St. Remi, and the Roman Arch. Only one curiosity shop (C. Nathan, Rue Talleyrand). Nothing of the slightest interest. One small Derby group, exorbitantly dear. No purchases. We found out an old amateur, M. Oudart, a dentist, 1 Rue Colbert, who showed us a good collection of old watches. He had a Freemason's box of Battersea enamel, black transfer-printing, date 1764, in very bad condition. He would have parted with it, but it was too much broken for us to buy. Slept at Reims.

May 7th. Left Reims after 10. Long stay at Chaumont, very pretty town, fine Cathedral, or Church, and delightful walk round the promenades publiques. Slept at Gray.

May 8th. Left the small but picturesque town Gray before

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6, by Dôle, Mouchard, Pontarlier to Neuchâtel. No "Antiquities." To Lausanne, Hôtel Gibbon, arriving at 6.30 P.M.

May 9th. Sunday. English Church. Drive to the Signal. Have hopes from the curiosity shop.

May 10th. Early visit to Mme. Band, very good shop. Found 6 coffee cups, salmon scale Worcester, painted in birds; and a jug with mark, painted in bouquets, bistre, yellow and gold, and with curious mark in gold over a mark in blue. Bought these for £2. and £1. 12. respectively. She had some Staffordshire cups of little value for which she asked a high price, and a little Battersea enamel, imperfect; a very fine service of Nyon, dinner and dessert, price about £90, and other good things, furniture and some old pictures. By steamer to Geneva. Visited 2 large curiosity shops on the Quay, and 3 smaller ones, only small broken Bow figure, T<sup>o</sup> on one of them for which they asked £1. and an unimportant little Worcester milk jug. ["T<sup>o</sup>" is supposed to have been the mark of a French modeller, who produced some charming Bristol figures; he is called Tebo by most writers on ceramics. Mr. Solon, however, in his work on porcelain, doubts his identity to some extent.]

All the shops very badly furnished in every way; no purchases; returned by rail.

May 11th. Called at Mme. Band's early, bought small green Battersea cup, pretty perfect, 5/-. To Berne and back, only one regular curiosity shop, Woag, full of modern things, dear and bad. One or two pieces of Battersea enamel, étui, pretty good, but ridiculously dear. No purchases. Found a small "antiquaire" print shop, Mme. Janitsch, 227 Rue des Chaudronniers, where we bought 13 coloured engravings of English views, published by Robert Sayer, 2/6, two prints transferred to glass, by the latter, framed, 4/6, and a cream-ware basket-work plate marked Neale, 1/- Searched 2 other



WHITE AND COLOURED FIGURES, ETC., OF BOW AND CHELSEA. THE KITTY CLIVE AND WOODWARD THE ACTOR ON THE LOWEST SHELF, AND THE TWO SPHINXES ON THE MIDDLE SHELF, APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN MADE AT BOTH WORKS. IN THE SCHREIBER COLLECTION THEY ARE ATTRIBUTED TO CHELSEA

*The Schreiber Collection*



small dealers, no results, one had 3 enamel wardrobe pegs, unimportant, for which he wanted a large price. Got back to Lausanne at 10 o'clock. Again to Mme. Band's, gave her instructions to send to England for us two old pictures in good frames, price £12. While with her Mr. Band came in, showed us a beautiful green Worcester mug, painted in birds and gilt, which we bought at £1. 12. He told us he expected to get a whole tea-service matching the 6 cups we bought yesterday, and which belonged to an old English lady here, viz. 12 tea-cups and saucers, 12 coffee, 6 chocolate, tea-pot, plate, bowl, butter stand, and sucrier. He promised if he got it to give us the refusal of it, as also any other English china he might obtain. He may be valuable to us, as an important and intelligent man. To the Hotel at midnight.

May 12th. At 6, by train to Sierre, beautiful line, by diligence to Brieg, arriving at half-past 4. One antiquaire, "Brindlen, Pierre", nothing but old arms and old relics of the Canton de Valois, no purchases. Slept at Brieg.

May 13th. Up at 3 o'clock. By Diligence at 5 A.M. Over the Simplon, glorious weather. No antiquaires at Domo d'Ossola. Reached Baveno about 7. Slept there. Hôtel Baveno.

May 14th. Remained at Baveno. On the Lake to the Islands. Rowed to Pallanza and nearly to Intra. No ceramics hereabout. Nothing of much interest inside the Palazzo Borromeo. Saw by the *Times* that Monty [Guest] was elected for Youghal.

May 15th. Left Baveno by steamboat for Luino, intending to go to Lugano, stopped by finding that a bridge had been broken down on the way, so proceeded by vetturino to Varese (where we sought in vain for anything old) and thence to Como, glorious scenery. Slept at Como.

May 16th. Sunday. Steamer at 8, bringing us to



## LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1869

Bellaggio at 10. o'clock. English service there. Afternoon rowed on the Lake, returned at 4.30. by steamer arriving at Como at 7.

May 17th. Walk in and about Como and the fine Duomo. No ceramics. Came on in the afternoon to Milan. Bruschetti's Hôtel. Jour de Fête, no shops open. Drove on Corso.

May 18th. Had a regular hunt among some 12 to 15 old shops, first on foot with a guide, afterwards with a carriage. Found even the best of them very poorly supplied with goods of any description. They were chiefly filled with faience, and indifferent furniture. In one shop (Corti, Via tre Alberghi) was a small Derby statuette of Neptune with his shell-work in good order. He asked £8 and would not go below £7. It may have been worth £3, of course we left it. The only other place where we saw any other English goods was at Gabrielli's, Via Larga. There we found 7 cups, 8 saucers, milk jug, and cover, and very fine coffee pot and cover, Cream ware, printed in red with birds, marked Wedgwood. Altogether very good. They asked near £3. In the afternoon visited the Brera, and fell in love with a Luini, Virgin and Child, with trellis of flowers in the background. In the evening went to the Cathedral, then drove to the Corso, the Arc de Triomphe, and military parade ground. Back at dusk. (One or two little bits of enamel we saw in our chasse in the morning were in very bad order, and like everything else, frightfully dear. No purchases.)

May 19th. By intervention of Bruschetti, acquired the Wedgwood we had seen at Gabrielli's for £2. 8. Visited Cathedral. (Fine work in the treasury of St. Ambrogio there.) Churches of St. Ambrogio and Santa Maria delle Grazie. In one of the side chapels to the right on entering (I think the 4th) is a beautiful pavement composed of tiles which appeared to be a combination of Terra Cotta with





A MINIATURE CABINET ON CHEST FILLED WITH TOY EXAMPLES OF  
EARLY XVIII CENTURY WARE  
*The Countess of Bessborough's Collection*



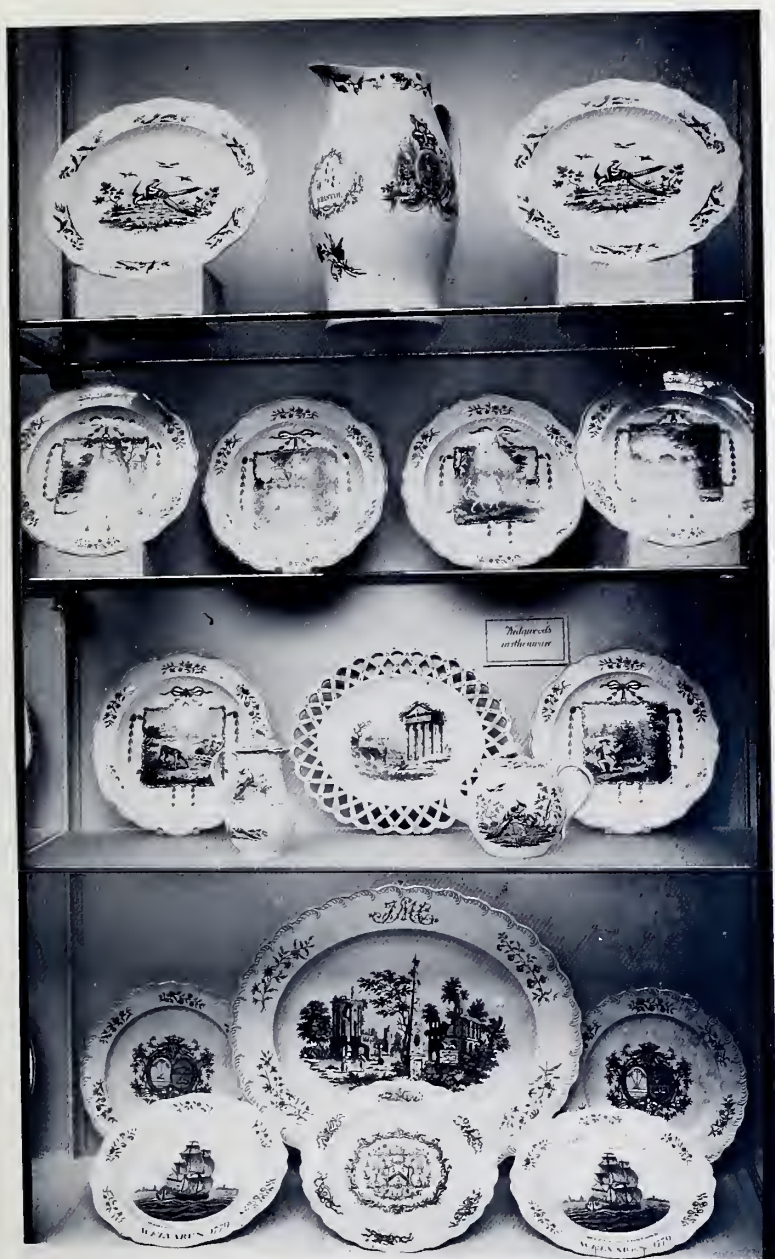
patterns of blue enamel. (Much struck with the Terra Cotta ornamentation of houses here, especially the Palazzo Gianni recently done, and in the course of the afternoon went to Boni's Terra Cotta works, 8 Alle Tre Porte, Fuori P. Garibaldi). At the Maria delle Grazie visited Leonardo da Vinci's Cenacolo. The Roman Columns of S. Lorenzo. After dinner long drive from the Corso round the Boulevards.

May 20th. Left at 10. Stopped at Vercelli from half-past 12 to 7. Not one shop for antiquities. Met with a cabinet maker, "Leblis & Levi", who took pains to find out some china for us, but in vain. They took us to see a small collection belonging to the Messrs. Broglie, lawyers in the town. They had but little, very polite, would have sold a good service of old Ginori, but put too high a price on it (£40). It had views and was of the mineral date, of no interest to us. Listened to the soldiers practise in the Boulevards near their barracks. Visited San Cristoforo (fine frescoes of Gaudentio Ferrari), S. Andrea, and the Duomo, over which we were shown by an old man who joined himself to us in the Boulevards and who described himself as having kept the last curiosity shop in the place which he gave up some months ago. Came on to Turin. Hôtel Trombetta.

May 21st. Visited 8 or 9 curiosity shops. Very little to be seen in any of them and that little extravagantly dear. Samson, Via San Filippo, has a very fine pair of Battersea enamel candlesticks, large size, of unusual form, and in good order, but he asks £20 for them which is absurd! Gherardo, Via San Teresa, had two fine (unmarked) Wedgwood tureens, ornamented with shells. Queen's ware uncoloured. He asked about £2, and they were worth it, but were too cumbrous to transport. Gherardo was very civil, took us to other shops, and sent us to see the private collection of General della Chiesa, No. 13 Piano 3°30 Via Providenza, with

which we were much interested. The General received us very courteously and showed us his things which fill two or three rooms, and are very well arranged. He has especially collected specimens of Turin china (Vinovo) of which he appears to have resuscitated the recollection, and he has some very good pieces, especially the figures. This Vinovo fabric seems the great ambition of the Turin antiquaires, and in the shops they all strive to show some of it, just as in Switzerland they aspire mainly to "Nyon." Neither fabric is very rich or original, but rather pretty and neat, and in imitation of Sèvres. In Turin they do not scruple to put on marks in a very superficial manner. Alloatti (a sort of private dealer, who seems the chief man; Via Fidenza) offered us a Vinovo pedestal with the correct mark in blue, but beneath it the good old D.V. of Mennecy stamped in the paste, which had doubtless escaped the observation of the modern who had put on the mark of Turin! At Doctor Michele's the Venice anchor had been unscrupulously painted at the bottom of some of his goods. We saw two or three very bad and imperfect specimens of enamel in one or two shops, at ridiculous prices. No purchases. Went to the Museum (Via Gaudenzio Ferrari) to see the small collection of Turin china kept there. Some of the pieces I should doubt, especially as Alloatti told us he had furnished most of the specimens arranged there. After our ceramic chase, visited the Gallery of pictures and drove about.

May 22nd. Left Turin at 7, and reached Genoa soon after 12. Only 7 or 8 shops for antiquities and they are very, very bad. Isaac Tedesche (a furniture shop in the Via Orefice) had two pretty specimens of Battersea enamel, one a green étui, the other a snuff box. They are upwards of £3. 3. apiece. Too dear. In another small shop we saw one or two Viennese dishes. No purchases. The thing in our line



[EXAMPLES OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD'S POPULAR QUEEN'S WARE WITH PAINTED  
 DECORATIONS AND PRINTED ORNAMENTS, MANY OF WHICH WERE ADDED  
 LATER BY THE FAMOUS FIRM OF SADLER AND GREEN OF LIVERPOOL  
*The Schreiber Collection*





which has interested me most here is a magnificent display of old blue and white vases, for drugs, of the old Genoa Ware, which decorate a chemist's shop and which we went in and examined. The address is "Farmacia De Negri, Genova in Seziglia". The owner told us these things had been transmitted to him through several generations, having originally belonged to a chemist of the family of Papagrande, the tracery on some of them is beautiful and the whole effect extremely good. As in Turin "Vinovo", and in Switzerland "Nyon", so in Genoa the prevailing would seem to be "Savona". At a dilettante shoemaker's in the Via Carlo Felici, Paladini by name, we were shown some Queen's ware cups very coarsely painted in red landscapes. On two of these the name of Jacques Boselly had been supplied, and we were assured they were specimens of "Savona" although two others of the set had the name "Wedgwood" impressed in the glaze. I confess the English name was rather faint so that the ingenious foreigner might be excused from expecting that it would escape ordinary inspection, but the mark was quite strong enough to be quite clear to any one initiated.

May 24th. Visited Palazzi Balbi, Reale, Durazzo, Brignole, Pisa. Two shops at Pisa, but nothing in them.

May 27th. Florence. Corpus Domini; no shops or museums open. Looked at Mr. Spence's collection at Palazzo Georgini, then went to his Villa at Fiesole, where we dined and spent the evening. [In the autobiography of Sir Henry Layard this gentleman is mentioned as being the son of Dr. Spence, the author, in conjunction with Kirby, of a well-known work on Entomology.]

May 28th. Went out with Mr. Spence. Visited a great many curiosity shops. Found very little in them to our taste. A great quantity of earthenware (qy. if to be trusted), modern



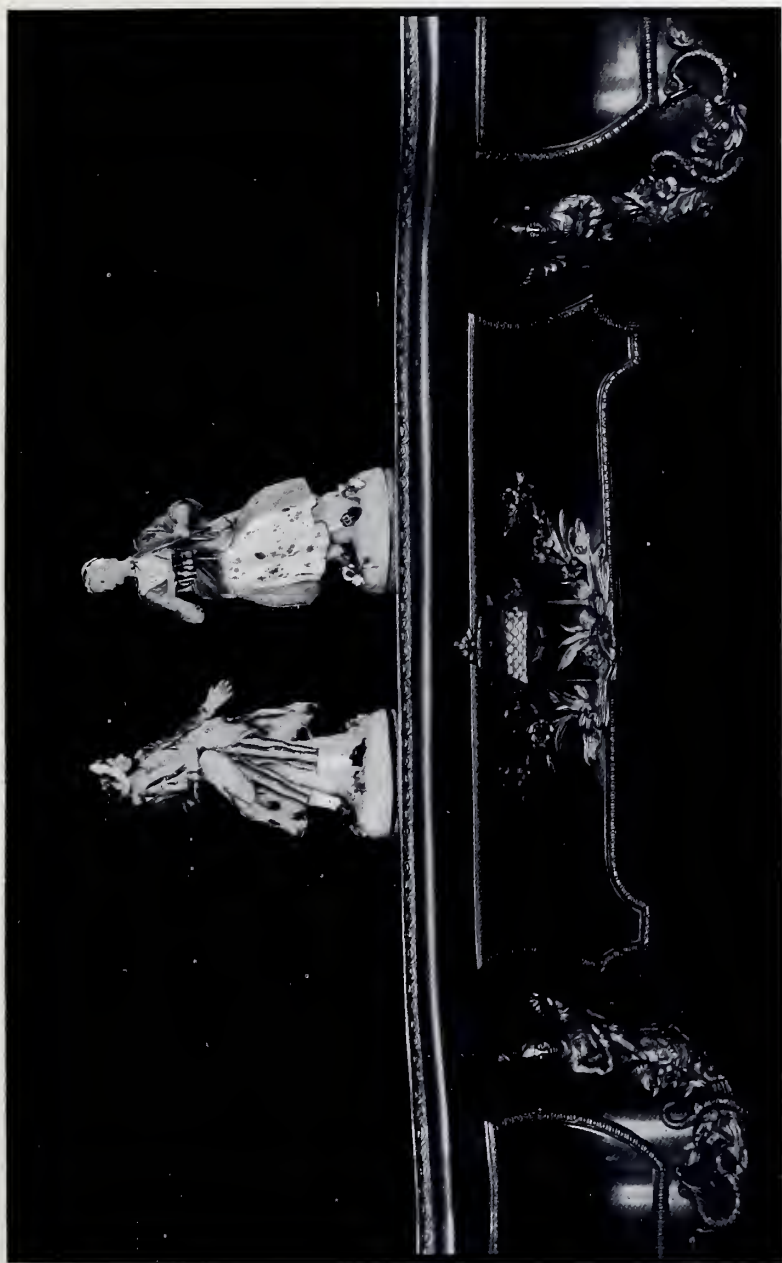
LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1869

Capo di Monte, and pictures. Our only purchases were, enamel box with subject printed and coloured, 16/-; small printed plaque, good, 4/-; two small enamel buttons painted with a vase, 4/-; Ewers ware teapot with effigies of King and Queen, in relief and letters G.R. (qy. George I. or II.), 8/-. The only other English goods we saw were some indifferent pieces of Wedgwood, chiefly modern, and a white and gold dessert basket, Worcester (matching the pair we bought of Wharton for £2. 10.) considered by Gagliardi to be Capo di Monte, and priced by him at £5. Also at Ribli's shop an unimportant little Derby group. At the shop of Capello (San Spirito) saw a magnificent work of Luca della Robbia, being a life size representation of Adam and Eve and the tempter, forming the back of a bed or sideboard. It resembles the sculpture in marble in the North transept at Pisa, a grand work. They say Colnaghi bought it for a £1000, but the Government prevented it being sent out of the country.

May 29th. More shops to-day, without result. Mr. Spence took us to see the Art collection at the Bargello, where are some pieces of furniture of his, on loan, and fine Majolica, &c. Found Mr. Sloane at his Palace, and joined him in the evening at his Villa Careggio, formerly belonging to the Medici. Two charming hours. [Mr. Sloane was at one time tutor to the family of Count Bourtolin. Later in life he became a rich man. He died at the Medicean Villa about 1875.]

May 30th. Not out till evening. To Mr. Spence's Villa. Gordigiani (painter), Prati (poet), Holman Hunt and others there.

May 31st. Accompanied Mr. Spence Junr. to several shops, and to the Uffizi.



CHELSEA FIGURES OF PEDLARS. IT WAS THE FASHION OF THE PERIOD, AS IS SHOWN IN HENRY MORLAND'S PORTRAITS AND ELSE-  
WHERE, TO DRESS REFINED PERSONAGES IN THE COSTUMES OF PEASANTS AND THE LIKE; BOTH THE MAN AND WOMAN HERE ARE  
EVIDENTLY INTENDED TO BE PERSONS OF QUALITY MASKED AS COMMON PEOPLE. THE TABLE IS ONE OF A PAIR IN TORTOISESHELL  
AND ORMOLU XVIIIITH CENTURY FRENCH, DISCOVERED BY LADY CHARLOTTE ABROAD

*Lord Wimborne's Collection*



## JUNE 1869

FLORENCE: BOLOGNA: RAVENNA: FERRARA: VENICE:  
MURANO

June 1st. Went with Mr. Spence and his son to see the Demidoff Villa. Very fine Sèvres vases, and turquoise dessert set which had belonged to the Prince de Rohan.

June 2nd. At the banker's. To the Uffizi and the Pitti. To Palazzo Gingini to meet Mrs. Spence. Agreed to buy five pictures which Mr. Spence had had left with him for sale, viz. small portrait of a little girl by Alessandri di Verona, £14. 8. Portrait of Cosimo the 3rd of Tuscany, as a boy, by Sustermans, he wears the cross of the order of St. Stephen, instituted by Cosimo I., £10. 16. Portrait of a man by Rubens, painted at Genoa, of which also the engraving, £27. St. Bruno, by Domenichino (from the collection of Cav. Fineschi, a famous collector, connoisseur, and restorer of pictures, who died about 30 years ago) £63. Total, £142. 4. viz. £158 less 10 per cent. To this is to be added £7. 16. for which sum Mr. Spence undertakes carriage and insurance to England. Full total, £150. Drove with Mrs. Spence. Afterwards we called on Mrs. Layard's friend, Mlle. Caroline Sorelli, at the Bourtolin Palace. [Mrs. H. P. J. Layard, *née* Austin, was the mother of Sir Henry Layard, the well-known diplomat and connoisseur, and discoverer of Nineveh, who married Lady Charlotte Schreiber's third daughter, Enid.]

June 3rd. Went to the Belle Arti Collection of Mediæval pictures with Mr. Spence and his son. Afterwards, with the latter to Santa Croce. Left Florence at 4. During our short stay we ransacked all the shops we could find for English china, with no success, with the small exceptions above mentioned. We bought one teapot of old Ginori with figures, well painted in lilac, for 4/-. We tried

to find a pretty present for Blanche (Guest), but failed. The national jewellery, of which Marchesini, on the Ponte Vecchio, had much, is of an unsubstantial flimsy character, and they ask large prices for it. Young Spence took us to see one or two private collections of pictures and porcelain, for sale. Of these the best was that of Dr. Guasdella, Piazza della Indipendenza, who has some good specimens of Italian china and earthenware. Signor Corsi, Via Valfondo, has chiefly pictures. Dr. Foresi, who discovered the Florentine (Duomo) china, was unfortunately from home. We called twice in hopes of seeing him. His wife showed us a piece of the china, without the Duomo mark, but with the word *PROVA* underneath. She gave me his pamphlet on the subject. Mr. Spence had a notion that a member of the Guacciardini family once possessed a fan-shaped toilet box made of Chelsea china, with smaller boxes inside, we failed to trace its existence; but from what I can make out I think it must be one which for the last two years I have admired in Joseph's shop in Bond Street. English china seems unknown at Florence. Yet I am aware that five fine figures (of Apollo and the Muses) with pedestals of most exquisite Chelsea came from Florence not long ago. We missed them last year at Solomon's, in Baker Street, whence they went to Nixon and Rhodes, who asked high prices for them. So much for our ceramic experience.

June 4th. Bologna. Hunted the few curiosity shops here, and found nothing. Visited Minghetti's shop or Galerie, as they call it, where we saw his imitations of Majolica and all the ancient Faïences, a very useful lesson. Went to the Palazzo Hercolani, which is to be sold. There was nothing English, some fine Oriental vases, and some Dresden, probably not very old. The way the sale is managed is as follows—A catalogue is made and each article numbered.

On a certain day (the first of July in this case) prices are affixed to the articles, you are invited, while the collection is on view, to bespeak the refusal of any of the articles, which you thus secure at the price assigned to them on the day of sale, with power of rejection if you consider the price too high. We signed for a pair of very fine Oriental vases, 3 feet high (No. 182), a set of Buen Retiro white (moulded) china, all marked, viz. 3 jugs and covers with finely twisted handles (one cracked), 2 Moutardiers and covers with stands, 1 plain pot and cover, with flowers embossed; this lot of 6 objects (No. 84). Dresden écuelle, cover and stand, with enamelled embossed flowers (No. 79). Figure of a man in white porcelain, "Wood carrier", badly broken, marked Buen Retiro (No. 86). The porter, Bettramini Pietro, took the number of the lots, and is, on the 1st of July, to let us know at what figure they are priced in the list of sale, awaiting our reply. There was a fine set of 5 Oriental vases, enamelled highly with fine red borders. But we thought they would go beyond our limits, besides they were not of such high quality as those for which we signed, Lot 182.

June 5th. Up at 4. By 6 in the train for Ravenna. We took letters to curator of the Mosaics and public buildings there, who is a Mosaicist himself. Found him copying the mosaic of the Good Shepherd from the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia, for the South Kensington Museum. He took us to all the chief objects of interest, viz. S. Apollinare Nuovo, S. Maria in Cosmedin, San Vitale, the Duomo and its Baptistery, the tomb of Galla Placidia. Thence, passing by the house formerly resided in by Lord Byron, and the Church where Dante is buried, to the Mausoleum of Theodoric outside the walls, a wonderful spot, with a beautiful grass avenue leading to it. Water standing in the lower part of the building. After luncheon at the Hôtel San Marco,



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M. Ribel went with us to S. Apollinare, and thence to the delicious Pineta. Theodoric's Sarcophagus was removed from his tomb and is now built into the wall of the building which goes by the name of Theodoric's Palace, near the Apollinare Nuovo. Nothing in the way of china, at Ravenna, no "antiquaire" shops.

June 6th. Strolled about, visited again the Academy. In the evening went to the Campo Santo, and there made the tour of the town outside the gates. While at Bologna, bought for Blanche an old silver cross and ornament, of Coltello, Via del Ospedale, £5.

June 7th. Up at 3 o'clock, off to Ferrara at 6, arriving about half-past 7. Spent there above 4 hours. Visited the Castle and its dungeons; Dosso Dossi's ceiling in the Sala dei Giganti might, with many modifications, give ideas for decorating the ceiling of the Canford drawing-room; Tasso's prison, Ariosto's house, the Cathedral, one curiosity shop, "Mello" in the Ghetto, but containing nothing of our sort. We heard there was china in the Palazzo Costabile, and went there, but after waiting some time, failed to get into the Gallery, as the old steward could not manage to get the doors open. It was from this Palace that Ivor procured some of his finest pictures. [This is, of course, the first Baron Wimborne, the eldest son of Sir John Guest and Lady Charlotte.] Left Ferrara about 12; reached Venice after 4. Put up at the Pension Suisse.

June 17th. Have been in Venice ever since and hope to stay another 10 days. Spent most of our time on the water and in hunting the curiosity shops. Most of these are filled with fine objects (qy. original) but out of our line. We have made on the whole a good many purchases, however; Guggenheim's is the largest shop. With him we only found a small enamel snuff box with a transfer



printing of a girl, in black, milking, on the inside, £1. 4. Richetti is the next largest repository. He has a delightful service of Milanese ware, decorated with representations of Harlequin and Columbine : for the whole service of 80 or 90 pieces he asks £60. We bought 5 dishes of the service (2 of them marked) for £5. 5. Oval enamel, with Saviour on the Cross, printed in black, 8/-. Pink enamel double inkstand, £1. A small Persian mug, £1. 12. and a pair of fine Venetian soup tureens and covers, ornamented with flowers in bold relief as a handle, £7. Of all this lot amounting to £17, only the 2 objects in enamel are English. Next in order of importance comes the shop of Favenza, in course of moving to the banks of the Grand Canal. We found some fine old glass with him, and a few specimens of fine Venetian china, but nothing English, except 3 enamels, and here again we have been tempted out of our line to the following extent. A large plaque of Smalto glass, with landscape in brown, £8, this is quite equal in size and decoration to the framed pieces in the Correr Collection. It has the extra merit of being perfect, whereas two out of the Correr pieces are sadly broken, but it falls short of them, in that the Correr pieces are decorated with views in Venice, and ours has only a fancy landscape, but very good. A pair of Smalto glass vases, painted with amorini in pink, £4. Also resembling a vase in the Correr, though of a different subject. A circular plaque in Smalto glass with representation of San Rocco, done in red, £1. 12. A pair of Trembleuses and Stands, ruby glass, with white Smalto inside, decorated with red and gold ornaments, £7. A pair of Venetian cups and saucers finely painted in landscapes and figures, £2. 8. Two similar cups without saucers, £1. Four Venetian cups, rude painting, four of them marked, £4. 10. Eleven plates and 12 soup plates Venetian, marked, with wreathes and insects in

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centre, £3. 14. 9. Two pictures on glass, one done in gold, the other in silver, signed E.F. one has the arms of Cardinal Barberigo upon it, £7. A small unimportant enamel snuff box, £1. 4. A snuff box in the form of a bird, £1. 10. A small female head, enamel, black transfer-printing, 1/3. An Oriental teapot, gold ground, £1. (matching some egg-shell cups I have at home). This completes a sum of £43. All, I believe, well spent. As to the glass, we got Signor Montecchi, the Director of the Salviati Works, to come and give us his opinion of it. He considered the large plaque very fine indeed, as also the Trembleuses, which are of a colour very difficult to execute and still more difficult to get to stand. He pronounced these pieces undoubtedly old. About the Amorini vases he seemed rather more doubtful. It ended by our rejecting Favenza's 2 glass vases with Amorini, for on washing them we found the colouring defective. We added, however, an old metal frame and brought the lot, in settling with him, down to £40. We also made a change in our dealings with Ricchetti, exchanging the two marked Milan dishes, and two cups and saucers for a pair of Sucriers and stands (the latter both marked) to which we added a Venetian basket, bringing up the total paid him to £19. Another dealer, Rietti, principally sells figures of old Faience and Majolica, and Luca della Robbia. He has secured the whole make of the Nove works, who turn out very pretty terraglia, which he sells as old Nove pottery, and he has a quantity of Minghetti's copies of the antique. One piece of very fine Nove china he showed us, viz.: an Ecuelle, cover and stand, beautifully painted with subjects in panels. He wanted 400 francs for it. I think we have traced that it must have come direct from the proprietors of the Nove works; it is marked N.O. in the glaze. At Rietti's we found a number of old knives and

forks. Twisted handles of turquoise enamel, and silver, very beautiful; but of the lot only 7 were in good order. These 7 we bought for £2. 2. as also 12 buttons of enamel with hunting subjects, in black transfer-printing, for £1. 2. This was arranged after a great deal of bargaining, more than double the price having been originally asked for them. At a little shop on the Piazza Sta. Maria dei Frari, we found a small enamel head, 1/6, and a piece of Buen Retiro exactly matching the pot and cover for which we "signed" at Bologna, and making a pair with it. At a Librarian's named Colbachini, near the Belle Arti, we got a pair of very good Oriental cups, painted with cocks for 10/-, and a much broken but very interesting enamel order of Frederic the Great, for 2/-. There is an officious, meddling, tiresome old man named della Rovere, who keeps a shop with very little in it in the Palazzo Berchtold, from him we got 4 printed Wedgwood cups and saucers like the Milan set, only done in black transfer instead of red, 16/- and also 4 small enamels of seasons, 12/-, and 2 coloured enamel pegs, 4/-. This man took us over the part of the Palace in which Mme. Berchtold herself is living. She is a natural daughter of old Lord Hertford's by Lady Strachan. It is a tawdily furnished uninteresting house, but has one fine hall in it hung with good tapestry, for which she wants some £2000. Everything in the house is for sale, but the prices asked are exorbitant. He also sent us to the Palace of a Count Albrizzi where also what little remains is to be sold. We looked at the things but liked nothing. What was then our surprise when the Count's servant brought all his china to us at our Hotel in the evening inviting us to make an offer? Of course we declined. There was a metal cast of Briot's, of a large dish. This we rather admired, but knowing nothing of this branch of the arts, we doubted of its value. To our

disgust della Rovere forthwith wrote off to Cortelazzo at Vicenza telling him we wanted to consult him about it, and Cortelazzo actually came to Venice to see us on the 16th accordingly. The pertinacity of this Count Albrizzi, who would hardly take a refusal from us, was very amusing, but we did not buy anything from him. The only good della Rovere did us was in introducing us to an industrious little dealer called Ruggieri, living near the Ponte della Piavola. We paid him many visits and got a few things from him on good terms for us, and doubtless for him also. There was a small Nove milk jug, well painted with buildings, but imperfect, 8/-. A Nove écuelle, cover and stand, with a rose decorated with black spots, and signed with the star in gold, £2. A small Venetian vase, purple border, and bouquet of flowers, £1. 4. A pair of Nove cups and saucers (red star) with grotesque figures, 14/-. One of the oldest established (I should think) and most respectable shops in Venice is kept by an old man, with a fine venerable countenance, named Len. He is giving up business and had not many things left. It is said he had not been prosperous, owing to his having refused to fee the Laquais de Place, but this is hardly credible. From him we bought a dish, matching the plates we got from Favenza, 8/-, and a pair of Battersea enamel candlesticks, exactly like those we saw at Samson's at Turin. They are a good bit injured in the sunk part near the base (where, however, they can be well repaired by a band of filigree work) and the price we gave for them was only £2. Rather a different amount from that asked by Samson! but his were perfect. An amusing incident occurred the evening before we left Venice. Ruggieri had brought us some broken vases matching the one we bought of him, and a very good "Frederic the Great" enamel snuff box and modern enamel bracelet, which he said belonged to a lady in distress who



wanted to dispose of them. The price he wanted for the snuff box was £6. We did not purchase; but in hunting about the Spaderia, on the evening of the 28th, we found all these things at the shop of a little jeweller, "Morchio", Calle Larga S. Marco 659, and bought the Frederic the Great box for £2. 16. On the same occasion we found a small teapot, Venetian, imitating Oriental, in a rubbish shop in the Spaderia, for which we paid 3/6. This exhausts the list of our Venice purchases. We went over to Murano one day with Signor Montecchi to see the glass works which interested us much, and took the opportunity of going over the Museum and temporary Exhibition; the former of which contains some fine specimens of early manufacture. We also went into the Duomo, now undergoing repair, and there met the Cav. Abbate Zanetti, who is the Director of the Murano Museum, and with whom we made an appointment to visit the Museum again on the following Monday, the 21st; on that occasion Zanetti had the case opened for us, and we examined carefully the pieces of old glass. Next morning a little dealer, into whose shop we had strolled at Murano, came over to Venice with some of the goods we had looked at. They were of little value, but more from charity than anything else we bought of him 4 old Nove ware trays, 3/-; a smaller one, 1/6, and an earthenware plate with blue tracery, 2/6. On a later day he came over again bringing 2 glass bottles with the arms of Murano and those of Miotto done in gold, about a century old. These we bought for £1. 4. In order to verify this "Stemma di Miotti" he showed us a circular "seal" of Smalto glass, having on it in relief the Miotto insignia, an ape holding an apple, and inscribed "Pusopo Miotto, Murano". This, he said, was the trade mark put by the Miotti on their cases of manufactured articles when shipped. He was very unwilling to part with it, and for

a long time refused to do so, saying that it belonged to his brother who had only lent it to him to show us, giving authority for the decoration of the bottles. But at last we persuaded him to do so, mainly by telling him we would not buy the bottles without it, and so we ultimately secured it for £1. On a subsequent visit to Murano (25th) we showed this seal to Zanetti, who was quite excited at our having obtained it, considering it a most valuable and curious specimen. There is a similar one in the Murano Museum of the Barberis who were manufacturers in 1793 at the Sign of "Alle Nave." This seal or stamp is impressed, "F.B. ALLA NAVE BETTINA" (and a ship with 2 masts and flag at the stern.) The date of our Miotto was supposed by Zanetti to be about 1723-4. I have now enumerated every purchase. As I said above, our object was rather to enjoy and benefit by the air of Venice than to devote ourselves to sight-seeing. Let us hope to become better acquainted with its wondrous treasures of art on a future occasion. Of course we made frequent visits to S. Mark's (where I think I got some ideas for the Canford Hall) and to the Belle Arti, where we specially delighted in the Older Masters, Bonifaccio, Carpaccio, Gentile Bellini. Amusing ourselves by the study of the room containing the pictures of the two latter, C.S. is inclined to hope that the pictures we bought of Band on the 11th of May may turn out to be one or the other of them. We went over the Ducal Palace, saw Sta. Maria della Salute, Sta. Maria dei Frari, Santi Giovanni & Paolo. Some delicious pictures of the legend of St. George by Carpaccio. We went over the Pesaro and Giovanelli Palaces, the latter done up in gorgeous modern taste, and paid two long visits to the Correr Museum, being on the second occasion (Wednesday, June 25th) accompanied by one of the Directors, Sigr. Urbani, who gave us much information, and caused all the cases to be opened for our

more complete examination of their contents. At Venice we became acquainted with Sir Robert and Lady Arbuthnot, who lent us Ruskin's books, and took us to see some glass (a service, not very old, decorated in gold) belonging to two old bachelor brothers, the Messrs Malcolm, who have been in trade many years. [Sir Robert was the 2nd Baronet, born in 1801. He married the younger daughter of Field Marshal Sir John Forster Fitzgerald.] We also made acquaintance with Mr. Rawdon Brown, who is a resident of some 30 years and has made deep researches into matters relating to the Art and Literature of Venice. [He worked for the English Rolls Office in the Venetian Archives and was the editor of the Venetian State papers in many volumes.] He mainly supplied the materials for Mr. Drake's books on Venetian China. [This was a well-known collector and member of a firm of solicitors. He was knighted as Sir William Drake.] Having admired our little Nove cups and saucers (bought of Ruggieri) we secured a similar pair to give to him, and in return he gave us a pretty pair of Venetian cups and saucers, blue fish scale, Oriental figures in panels, probably of the Cozzi date. On Friday, 25th, we went over to Torcello, taking Murano on our way and again visiting Zanetti and the Museum, a delightful excursion. On our return went through Burano. Inquired there about lace, and found one old woman making a little, but it was very coarse bad stuff. Our inquiries were first made in a respectable, but humble dwelling (glittering, however, with brazen utensils) which we found to belong to the village tailor. His wife, a pretty young woman, who was tending twins in two cradles, not only received and directed us courteously, but insisted on our returning (after seeing the Church) to partake of coffee. The Burano people exhibit a taste I have not seen elsewhere, arranging their gaily coloured earthenware plates and dishes against the walls of their



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houses on racks which are constructed in pyramidal form. All the Islands seem very poor, but this is the best of them. Amongst the interesting sights of Venice I must not forget the Scuole of San Rocco, San Giovanni, and San Marco, the public Gardens (where the lime flowers were just going out of bloom) and the Lido. Also numberless excursions around the City, the Giudecca, &c. The name of our Gondolier, Luigi Moloso, No. 129. Hotel, Pension Suisse. On the morning of Saturday the 26th, we got up early and went for the day to Padua, remaining there till evening, a most charming expedition. We spent a very long time in the Giotto Chapel, and visited the Churches of S. Antonio (well remembered for the Marble Boys supporting the Candelabra, in 1838) and of Sta. Giustina. We fell in with a little antiquaire, Celin. He had nothing himself, but he took us to others. At another little shop we bought a pair of striped cups and saucers, Venetian, 4/-, and a Persian pot and cover, 12/-. I had been inquiring for lace at Venice and found it awfully dear. La Pompeia has the best selection. Some of it is very fine, but extravagant. For a flounce like one bought last year by Ivor she wanted £200. Of course this was out of the question. Happening to mention lace to Celin, he took us to a draper's shop, the master of which, Barzillai, brought out a series of bundles to show us. Among them was a flounce of near 20 yards, 14 inches deep (very nearly resembling Ivor's, for which he had given £125). To our astonishment we were only asked £32 for it. The flounce was not to be resisted, even in the light of an investment, at that price, so we bought it. After this we went to the house of "Giuseppe Bassani, San Cassiano". He had some very fine things which we promised to visit again; from him we got a Venetian fruit basket and stand, 16/-. From Barzillai 4 Venetian cups and saucers, Japanese



A LARGE BROWN TILE PORTRAIT OF A KING OF THE FRENCH HOUSE IN  
XVIIITH CENTURY FRAME  
*The Countess of Bessborough's Collection*



pattern, 8/-. Small pedestal of the same pattern as ours of Bow china, 4/-. Four glass heads, unimportant, 8/-. A moulded cream ware tray (qy. Treviso), £1. When we had completed our purchases, the jovial Barzillai asked us to stay and dine with him, which diverted us vastly. The following Monday, Lady Arbuthnot came to see our lace with Mme. Usedom and Mr. Trevelyan (the latter a great judge) and they pronounced it wonderful, both as to quality and price. This (Monday 28th) was our last day at Venice. We took a sorrowful farewell, devoutly hoping ere long to return to it.

June 29th. Up at 3. Left Venice at 6, stopped at Padua, where we spent 4 hours and bought of Bassani the 6 yards of exquisite lace with a pearl pattern which we had seen and admired on Saturday. To this we were encouraged by the opinion expressed on our first purchase which led us to trust to our judgment again. We had to pay £40 for the 6 yards but it is beyond description fine and uncommon. At Padua visited the Duomo and its interesting Baptistery. The Palazzo del Ragione and the municipal collection of pictures and the Scuola of Il Carmine. Went on to Vicenza where we arrived about midday. Cortelazzo met us at the station. [The famous artist in metal work whom Sir Henry Layard found making forgeries to sell as old and persuaded him to exhibit under his own name. Lord Wimborne, Lady Layard, and Lady Bessborough have fine specimens of his original work.] We got a carriage, and after a meal started at once for Nove. Being a *Giorno di Festa* the town of Nove was thronged by peasants in their national costume, and the work at the Pottery was at a standstill. However, we found at home the proprietor and manager, Sigr. Francesco Antonibon, who showed us what was in the ware rooms and also what remained to him of the old (Porcelain) manufacture. These specimens, chiefly cups and saucers, were not very

important or fine. We learnt that the proprietorship of the Works had never been out of the Antonibon family from their establishment to the present time, but that from 1800 to 1825 they had been leased to, and conducted by, a Signor Baroni; the manufacture of Porcelain commenced at Nove with Pasquale Antonibon (1763), that it reached its highest excellence at the close of the century, that under Baroni it declined and was ultimately leased. That during the whole of the period Pottery was also produced there, the manufacture of which is still continued, and consists, partly, in imitations of the best and earliest ware. The Venetian dealer, Rietti, has the monopoly of these imitations. No *Porcelain* has been made at Nove from the close of Baroni's lease up to the present time (1869). Signor Francesco Antonibon, a venerable and most courteous old gentleman, received us most kindly, and gave us a note to his brother, Signor Gerolamo Antonibon, at Bassano, who possessed, he said, some fine specimens of old manufacture. These two are grandsons of Pasquale Antonibon, of whom we read in Mr. Drake's book. We reached Bassano in a magnificent thunderstorm, found Sigr. Gerolamo at home and alone, his children having gone over to Nove for the Festa. A kind old man of 70, less refined in appearance than his brother, Francesco (who it seems is a painter and man of letters), and nearly blind, but most courteous and gentlemanlike. Alas! the fine specimens we came to see had been sold to our Venice dealer, Ruggieri, and from him I am inclined to think have passed into the hands of Mr. Reynolds. Gerolamo said his brother Francesco possessed pieces as fine as his had been, but these have probably been also sold, for we saw none of them at Nove. It occurs to me that the fine pieces that we saw at Rietti's which I before noticed may have come from Francesco's collection, especially



when I consider Rietti's connection with the manufactory. The Antonibons seem poor and to be surrounded with a very numerous family. It was very sad to me to see those fine old men parting with their grand old family productions. "Me ne son privato", as poor old Gerolamo (*Il Nobile* Gerolamo, as his brother carefully addressed our pencil note of introduction to him, which I preserve) pathetically and graphically expressed it. Gerolamo presented me with a pair of cups and saucers of the old make and of unusual shape, which I was loth to take from the old man, but could not refuse without offence. He directed us at parting to the house of Signora Antoinetta Parolini Agostinelli, who lived higher up the town, near the Palazzo Rezzonico, in a handsome house with a most beautiful garden. This lady, a young and pretty woman, with her husband and children, entertained us most gracefully. She showed us some very beautiful and important pieces of the old Nove porcelain, groups and figures, écuelles, and gave us a pair of small cups and saucers with purple rim and gold sprigs, and a pair of cups, brown exteriorly. All this while only known to them as English travellers interested in the history of the manufacture. On further conversation I found she was acquainted, at least by correspondence, with Henry Layard, and her sister was the wife of Mr. John Ball, and I used to meet her in London. But all this was unknown to the Agostinellis, to whom, as well as to the Antonibons, we came as perfect strangers when they received us so frankly and kindly. How much these things speak for Italian heart and manners. Mme. A. Parolini Agostinelli was of the family of the Baroni from whom her specimens of the manufacture came. Her father, Sigr. Parolini, was a great botanist. The garden showed that his daughter had inherited and followed her father's pursuits. (N.B. I should mention that Gerolamo Antonibon still



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possesses one or two specimens, teapot, cups, of the finest old Dresden, which had evidently been had for models at the Works). Having dined at the small Inn we returned, through the most curious old fortification of Marostica, to Vicenza, which we reached about midnight.

June 30th. Went over the town of Vicenza with Cortelazzo. Walked about generally and only entered the Church of Sta. Corona (to see a famous Montagna) and the Teatro Olimpico. There is only one antiquary's shop in Vicenza, which is kept by Gasparoni. It did not contain much, but we bought there 2 small Oriental mugs (Cock pattern), 3/6. Two small female figures, Venetian china, 8/-. Two Nove sucriers and covers, 4/6. Also 4 curious copper plates engraved with representations of the Piazza dei Signori at Vicenza and the annual processions and diversions held there for the Corpus Domini, date 1680. June 20. is on one of the plates dedicated to a Giustiniani, then in authority at Vicenza, 15/3. These were all our purchases at Vicenza.

## JULY 1869

VERONA: TRENTO: INNSBRUCK: MUNICH: AUGSBERG:  
NUREMBERG: RATISBON: CARLSBAD

July 1st. We set an antiquaire called Avelino to hunt for us, especially in the matter of lace, but he found us nothing, though he sent us about to various places, and at the last moment tantalised us by saying he had heard of a lace handkerchief bearing the "Stemma dei Scaligeri". It was then too late to see it, or indeed to inquire further. We made, however, a few small purchases in little shops of which we did not hear the names and which were too inconsiderable to note. These were a Venetian teapot, 8/-. Two very good Smalto teacups and saucers decorated in gold, Venetian, 12/-. Two small enamel heads, black transfer-printing, 2/-. In a little

rubbish shop under an arch of the Arena, we found another teapot well painted with cherries, 7/3, and at the house of a Doctor Gregorio Avesani, in the Piazza Cavour, we got again another teapot, marked, for 10/-, a plate with flowers (doubtful), and a foreign enamel watch case, 10/- (altogether £1. 4). This Doctor Avesani had a picture of S. Sebastian, said to be by Carotto. We spent a long day amongst the sights of Verona, but did not see nearly all we wished. It is one of the most interesting cities of Italy. Thanks to an intelligent cab-driver, we got from point to point without any loss of time and saw a great many things considering the shortness of our visit. Sta. Anastasia, San Zenone, San Fermo, the Duomo, Tombs of the Scaligeri, Pinacoteca (Morandi's pictures, and Paul Veronese's full length of Count Guarienti), Gardens of the Giusti Palace, with their fine view over the town, and drove about generally. In the evening, with the greatest regret, we went on to Trento, and quitted Italy. Ruskin was at Verona. The Arena impressed me more than anything I ever saw, even to tears.

July 2nd. Spent the morning at Trento. Went to the Cathedral and out as far as the Devil's Bridge. No shops, our only purchase a pair of (very good) peasant's ear-rings, 16/-, at the shop of Luigi Molini, a goldsmith, bought to give to one of the girls. Afternoon, went on to Bolzano, pretty walks and interesting Church; in the only little shop we could discover, we found a good, but sadly injured enamel snuff box, black transfer-printed, 3/-.

July 3rd. Left at 6 for Innsbruck, where we dined. Visited Maximilian's Tomb; and Palace with the golden roof. One or two shops, but unimportant; at Steiner's we found the remains of a good Chelsea vase, painted in birds, sadly mutilated, but worth the 8/- we gave for it. Went on to Munich in the evening; all our luggage left at the Kuffstein Station, no

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intimation having been given us of its being the frontier town and requiring examination. Put up at the Bauerischer Hof.

July 4th & 5th. At Munich we visited the wonderfully fine Picture Gallery. The great curiosity shop at Munich is Drey's, which has very good things but is very dear ; we made several purchases but not on very advantageous terms. A pair of pink enamel vases with landscapes (reversible and forming candlesticks), but (all but) perfect, £20. [These are now in the South Kensington Museum.] Twelve Wedgwood dishes of various sizes, printed and matching the cups, bought at Milan, £6. Two Rudolstadt jugs, £1. 10. A small Nymphenburg vase mounted, £1. An enamel snuff box, £3. Cane head, £1. Another with pouncet box in lid, £1. A scent bottle, with Venetian glass with flowers, £3. A tall Venetian Coffee pot, £3. And an enamel cup and saucer with figures, £3. Also a Lace berthe, matching that Brazilian flounce, £5, and a small Austrian eagle brooch, to give away, £1. Besides these we found an enamel snuff box, £1. 10. A small circular one with bird, 7/-. A Venetian (?) cup dated in gold 20 Dec. 1728. G. L. 30/-. A lappet, Venice point, £4. 4. and some fine Brussels lace trimming to give away, £3. 6. These were at the shop of Sigismund Helburg, 34 Theatiner Strasse. In another small shop we got a (damaged) Derby group, boy and girl, 13/4.

July 6th. Left at 6 for Augsburg, where we breakfasted at the Drei Mohren. Saw the room where Függer entertained Charles V. there. Also the Rathaus with its Golden Hall and the fine stoves in the Vier Fürsten Zimmer, the Church of St. Anna and the Picture Gallery. There are several small curiosity shops and we ransacked them all, but only found two old Dresden cups and saucers, painted well, en camaieu, for which we paid 2/6. They are very good. Dined at the

Station Café, and went on to Nordlingen, where we arrived early in the afternoon.

July 7th. Spent this, and most of the following day at Nuremberg. Visited the Churches and Picture Gallery, and in the evening drove round the town. Pickert's is the great curiosity shop. We saw there nothing English, except a few enamels, but made the following purchases—Battersea étui (purple) printed and coloured with landscapes, £2. 15. Battersea needlecase with birds in pink, £1. Needlecase with Bambino top, £1. A Flacon, £1. Battersea box, quilted ground, with female head and Mask, £2. 15. A Cane-head, purple with landscapes, £1. 16. 8. Nove cup and saucer, 11/8. China basin, Venetian, not marked, 16/8. Old Dresden china basin with insects etc., in gold, £1. 6. 8. Dresden coffee pot with roses in relief but gilt, and decorated with a painting of an Emperor on horseback, £1. 13. 4. Also a little diamond pin with the letters C.E. which C.S. gave me, £1. 6. 8., and very good purple enamel and paste shoe buckles, which we bought for Enid; but the most amusing and delightful place was the open market, where we got the following articles ridiculously cheap. Six Dresden cups and saucers, with flowers in relief, 6/8. Six Dresden cups and saucers, buff outside, blue flowers within, 5/-. 5 printed round plates, marked Creil, 2 octagonal plates, plain, marked Schamberg, 1 oval dish, printed subject, marked Tell (8 pieces), 2/6. Faience beaker, 2/6, and two very fine and tall turquoise blue Nuremberg tankards, 15/-. Pickert had a smaller tankard which matched with these and as we had bought much of him, he let us have it at 10/- to complete the set. He told us these tankards of this colour were rare and much esteemed. We could not trace at Nuremberg that there was any tradition of china having been made. Earthenware of course there was. The dearest purchases we have

## LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1869

made in all our travels have been those from Drey of Munich, and Pickert of Nuremberg. Their things were all good, and doubtless worth what we gave for them, but as a *rule* we have bought at about half the English market value, and in some cases at much less.

July 8th. In the evening went on to Ratisbon; put up at the Golden Cross.

July 9th. Visited the Cathedral, the Cloisters and adjoining Chapels of the Holy Ghost and Alte Dom. The Schotten Kirche, the Church of St. Emmeran, with its wonderful treasures and shrines, and the gardens joining the residence there of the Prince Thurn and Taxis. (I remember seeing the young Prince, then quite a child, in the Schotten Kirche in the year 1837.) C.S. went to see the Rathaus and its tortures. I had seen enough of them years ago. There is only one Antiquary's shop at Ratisbon, a little place in the Dom Platz kept by a man called Koch. He had nothing whatever himself, but took us to the house of a *négociant*, a sort of private dealer, who had a few things, but of whom we made no purchases. Saw there a picture done on glass with landscape and figures in the style of Watteau, signed "N. M. Spengler, Pinct. 1759". For this he wanted £2. 10. For an old English watch case, repoussée case, gold, £4. 4., but we did not buy. Our only "art" purchase in Ratisbon was a silver and silver gilt Bohemian necklace for Blanche, £1. 11. 8. Curious scene about the bric-à-brac we had brought from Nuremberg, with the Custom House officials at Egger.

July 10th. Off at six by private conveyance, reached Carlsbad about 1, and put up at the Hôtel Hanover, where we now are. No vestige of "antiquities" here. In the whole of our stay in Carlsbad we only made 3 small purchases, viz: an old English silver watch, with a tortoise piqué case, rude, 10/-. We found this at a little shop. A



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## NOTES CERAMIC

pair of old silver buckles, 25/-. A Dresden white and gold enamel snuff box, 15/-, from Egger on the Wiese.

### AUGUST 1869

ANNABERG : DRESDEN : BERLIN : HANOVER : AMSTERDAM :  
THE HAGUE

August 7th. We left Carlsbad by Diligence at 6 P.M. for Annaberg, where we dined. Thence by train to Dresden; Hôtel Victoria. Looked in at the Picture Galleries on Sunday. Went over the Japanische Palace on Wednesday. The Grüne Gewölbe on Thursday. Numerous purchases at Dresden, but not anything fine, and one or two mistakes were made, so I look back to our short stay with anything but pleasure. I have to enumerate from Wolfsohn's a fine old gold repeater (English) £6. 15. Enamel bodkin case with thimble, £1. 16. White Dresden china plaque, with portrait of Augustus the Strong, 15/-. Small cup, Dresden, red and white, Augustus the Strong pattern, 6/-. Green cup and saucer, imitating "Empire" Sèvres, signed Davenport, Longport, 12/-. White Dresden basin, roses in relief, like one we possess signed x., £1. 10. Mug with Chinese figures and gold moulding, in style and shape like that of Helburg of Munich on 5th July, £1. 10. Cup and saucer with moulded shells outside, pink glaze within, 12/-. Small Chelsea figure, 9/-. We were pleased with a young man named Salomons at the corner of Gallerie Strasse and Frauen Strasse. When in Dresden two years ago he was not at home, and we did not find his old mother and sister very genial. But the young man is intelligent, and has an eye for good things. We bought of him a yellow enamel étui, £1. 15. A yellow enamel card case, £1. 10. An old Dresden cup and saucer painted in figures, 5/6. A fine old Dresden coffee pot and cover, mounted, with good figures and exquisite pattern in gilding,



# LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1869

£3. 13. 6. Another coffee pot without cover, beautifully painted with a classical subject and arabesques, the fabrique we are uncertain about. It may be, we think, Italian, £3. 13. 6. A finely cut Johann Friedrich Böttger teapot, £1. 15. Dresden cup, with landscape etched in red, 4/-. Pair of Wedgwood and Bentley cameo heads in black (Rousseau and Washington), 12/-. This man may be useful to us on other occasions. We went rather out of our line in buying the gold watch at Wolfsohn's, still more did we do so at a little shop in Waisenhaus Strasse, Bergman's, where we invested in another English watch with a silver case, for £2. 5, and an ivory carving for £3. I have doubts how this last will turn out. Moritz Meyer priced it at double the sum we gave for it, but I think it rather hard. It is undoubtedly old. There is a nice little shop in the Bergerweisse, Hoppreier's. He had some good odds and ends, but nothing fine. From him we got a pretty silver repoussée miniature frame, 13/6. An etching on glass, 3/-. A Byzantine enamel, 10/6. Of these the frame is very good. It and the etching were from General Rossie's collection. The last time we were at Dresden we got some very good Battersea at Weiss's. This time he had none. Specimens of Smalto with the name of Bertolini, Alla Regina and Italia. These are like the Miotto piece we got at Venice. Weiss had a great many of them. Those we took were done, one on common bottle glass the other on turquoise, smalto. He had also some in yellow. The Miotto specimen we got in Venice was on the white smalto, peculiar, I think, to the Miotti. I must inquire further about these. We paid a good deal, 9/- for these two. And now come our mistakes. Old Wolf had many showy things, not much in our style, but we found a good enamel flacon with a portrait, but damaged, which we bought, together with another flacon professing to

be Venetian, but which we afterwards found to be a French forgery; for the two we gave £4. 10. But worse than that was an Augsburg silver copy of Luther's wedding ring, for which we gave £7. 10. to a man called Thiene, in Victoria Strasse, as well as 3/- for a German Cane handle. I reckon these mistakes to be worth £10, but they are the only ones, I am happy to say, that I can remember our having *ever* made. It is curious that they should have occurred when we have had so much experience. Dresden, altogether, is very disappointing now in the matter of art. There is very little English china there, and nearly all the Dresden is modern. Moritz Meyer told us he had recently had a very fine Chelsea Déjeuner which he sold for £90 to a Russian dealer "Akochinkok", and at Wolfsohn's we saw a pair of Chelsea candlesticks (Negro and Negress) which the same dealer had bought for £12. These are extreme prices. They told me this man had been a private gentleman, and had lost all his money at gaming tables, and had set up for a dealer, having acquired his knowledge previously as an amateur. There was also a beautiful Wedgwood plaque of the marriage of Cupid and Psyche at Weiss's. It had been bought at a high price by Marks of London. These specimens and the two tiny Chelsea figures we bought are the only traces of English china we met with at Dresden.

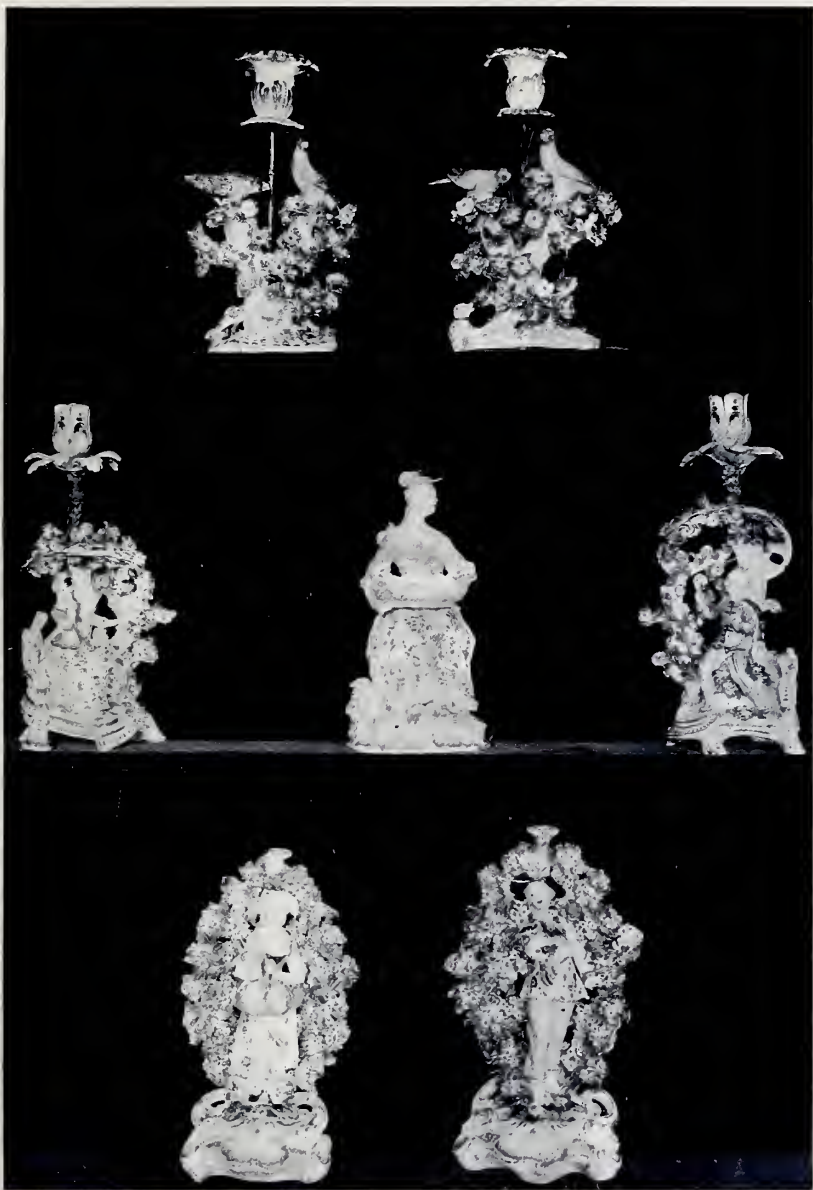
Aug. 12. Went on to Berlin. Hôtel de Rom. Here we did not find the shops much better supplied than at Dresden, but we were more fortunate, for we had two excellent "trouvailles". Fiocati, Unter den Linden, had 3 pieces of English china. An armless biscuit figure, large, for which he asked a large sum, a very faulty Derby group, and an imperfect but very beautiful "Dovecote" of Chelsea or Bow. This is like one in the possession of Mrs. Haliburton which she bought (after we had refused it) of old Morgan,

## LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1869

for £16. We got Fiocati's less perfect but of better quality for £6. 15. Our other find was a printed portrait, on enamel, of Maria Gunning, Countess of Coventry, the companion to ours of her sister the Duchess of Argyll. This was at old Meyers' of the Zeughaus. We gave only 9/- for it. We also bought of him a small pair of sleeve links with faint enamel of heads, 3/-, an Elers ware coffee pot (good) 3/-. An Elers ware teapot, facsimile of the one bought at Florence on the 28th of May, 6/-, and one of the counters of the set of Kings and Queens of England, viz: that of the head of James I. and his son, 15/-. Meyers showed us 2 other counters, Elizabeth and Edward II., but we left them. A set complete is worth much. Octavius Morgan has a set, and I heard of one to be sold at Colnaghi's some months ago, the price of which was some 10 to 20 guineas. Other purchases were, a German enamel snuff box, £2. 11. At Bolzani's, Gertranden Strasse, a beautiful enamel étui in the form of a book, £3. At Arnould's, Unter den Linden, and a few things at Lewy's, Dorothean Strasse, viz: small German enamel box, £1. 3. Black Wedgwood vase, 7/6. Enamel cane handle, 15/-. Mennecy china box, 10/-. Böttger tankard with arms done in gold, £1. 4. Lewy had an exquisite Chelsea smelling bottle but he wanted £8. for it, so with regret I left it. This and the two pieces at Fiocati's, and two badly broken candlesticks at Meyers' were all the English china we discovered.

Aug. 13th. On Saturday afternoon we drove a little in the Thier Garten, spite of rain, and after Church, on Sunday (15th), looked into the Picture Gallery. Were unfortunately too late to see the Hildesheim silver. Went on after dinner to Hanover, arriving there late at night.

Aug. 16th. Next morning took a long walk through the town. Seelig has moved his shop. We got from him a



TOP.--PAIR OF BOW CANDLESTICKS WITH CANARIES AND BULLFINCHES ON FLOWERING TREES IN WHAT MAY BE CALLED THE MEISSEN MANNER. CENTRE.--OUTSIDE FIGURES : CHELSEA CANDLESTICK GROUPS SHOWING A HUSSAR AND A GIRL WITH MASK NEATLY ARRANGED IN FLOWERING ARBORS. IN MIDDLE ; A CHELSEA FIGURE HOLDING A BASKET, WITH LAMBS AT HER FEET, DOUBTLESS ONE OF A DECORATED PAIR. THE LOWER FIGURES SHOW A CHELSEA BOY AND GIRL IN CHARMING DRESSES ; ONE HOLDS A COCK AND ONE HEN ; EACH IS SURROUNDED BY THE CONVENTIONAL BOCAGE

*Lord Wimborne's Collection*



Dresden cup, etched, but not signed, by Busch. He told us he had just sold half a dozen with saucers to Marks, as well as some very fine Chelsea vases. We went to Dux in the Schiller Strasse; he had nothing. Left Hanover (Hôtel Royal) about 2; got to Rheine where we slept, at Schulze's, a quiet little village Inn.

Aug. 17th. In the train before 6. At Amsterdam about 11. Put up at Brack's Doelen. Set off immediately "en chasse." First to Van Houtum's in the same street. Very little in our way; one or two Chelsea cows, sheep, etc., at high prices. Our purchases of him in the course of our stay consisted only of a small purple enamel pot and cover, 10/-. A Chelsea Pug (tail replaced), 10/-. Derby biscuit group (arm replaced), £1. 10. Good Chelsea-Derby figure of youth sacrificing a goat (head replaced), 10/-. Before we left Van Houtum's packed up all we had gathered together since leaving Munich, whence Drey was to despatch all we had purchased between Venice and that place. After Van Houtum's we had a grand "Chasse" at Ganz's, and rather a successful one, though not to be compared to that of two years ago when we pulled down from his rafters one or two fine Bristol jugs. (I may here remark that we have not seen a scrap of English hard paste since we have been abroad.) At Ganz's we have found two excellent Chelsea jardinières painted with flowers, which he sold us as old Dresden, for £1. 15. A tall Freemason's mug, Worcester, black transfer-printed, 10/-. Blue and white Worcester teapot, raised ground, 2/6. Milk jug do. 1/10. Small Worcester vase with Acrobat, 5/-. Our next best haul was with Speyers, St. Anthony, Breestraat; from him we made several purchases, some of them likely to prove good. Two groups of Derby-Chelsea figures, man and girl in bocage of leaves, good condition, only two fingers wanting, "Proposal" and "Acceptance" (?), £15. Five small Chelsea



## LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1869

statuettes of which two were already imperfect, *i.e.*, had had replacements (and one of which two had the misfortune to drop and break still more), £1. 15. One small Menecy figure (marked), and a white Capo ditto (unmarked), 15/-. An Oriental group of a man and a girl dancing, a complete copy and imitation of a Dresden one (Imp.), £1. Enamel box top, 3/-. Enamel box with swan, 7/-. Do. with bird, 5/-. Pair of white salt-cellars with Bouquets, 25/-. Small Bow teapot, 10/-. Five knives with green handles, ornamented with silver, £1. At Van Galen's we got two very fine but imperfect Chelsea-Derby Statuettes, £3. At Boasberg's a beautiful enamel snuff box, £4., and an étui with female head painted on it, £3. 16. 8. At Soujet's (Anthony Boeskoot) a pair of damaged Worcester baskets, £1. A teapot and milk jug, Oriental blue ground (Imp.), £1. A drawing of Adam and Eve in Paradise on parchment, after Breughel, £1. These were the only things we could find in Amsterdam, and they were scarcely worth the trouble of taking away (the purchases from Ganz, Boasberg, and Speyer's Derby-Chelsea groups always excepted). Visited with great delight M. Van de Gitta's private collection of china, etc., also M. Sisa's fine pictures, and the public Gallery. Pleasant drives about Amsterdam. One to the public gardens on Sunday evening (the 22nd) when we went nearly all round the town. On one of the days of this week, I think Friday the 20th, we went over to The Hague for the day. Found very little. But at Sarlino's a remarkable enamel étui, the figures (Cupids) and flowers in relief, for which we paid £5. At Block's only 2 little Bow Cats, 13/4. At Van Gelder's in the Achteroom an early ware teapot in form of a house with arms of England on one side, of Holland on the other, 5/-. Another Jew in that locality, Schaak by name, played us a very dishonest trick. We bought of him an enamel

snuff box, sage green ground, and with superior painting. Not having the money with us he promised to deliver it in London in the course of the week, as he was going there, and we were then to pay him £5. but he never came! (I had almost forgotten that we bought of Munchen at The Hague a pretty little pink box, 33/4.) Schaak did us, however, one good turn for he told us of a dealer at Gouda, whom we forthwith determined to visit.

Aug. 23rd. Finished our researches among The Hague shops. Saw the reception of the Volunteers who had been shooting for prizes at Utrecht; we went on to Rotterdam in the afternoon. There, having left maid and luggage, we started off at once for Gouda and arrived there barely in time to save daylight enough to ransack the old dealer's stock. From amidst a quantity of Delft and Oriental and rubbish, we extracted a Chelsea-Derby jug with mask and flowers, painted in red camaieu à la Dresden, 3/4. A Bow shell moulded and painted à la Chinoise in flowers, 9/2. A ware milk jug, 10 pence, and an imperfect Bow figure 10 pence also. It was a very pleasant little excursion. We got back to Rotterdam very late, only to go to bed, which we did at that wretched old Hotel "The New Bath" and were up again by cockcrow the next morning (Tuesday). Went to Van Minden's and made several purchases of him, to wit, two Chelsea pugs, £1. An enamel nutmeg grater, 7/6. A transfer-printed box, 7/6. A snuff box, 15/-. A Flacon, the sides gilt and imitating basket work, 15/-. A Bow milk jug, 7/6. A white Dresden teapot, 5/-. An old wooden snuff box with curious legends in antique English, 2/6. None of these things either bargains or very remarkable, but all pretty good. After leaving him we scoured the Oppert with no results and then hurried to the Quay where we embarked on board the Batavia for England. After a most lovely passage, the sea

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as smooth as glass, we reached our home at 9 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, the 25th, and so ended our most enjoyable tour.

From this 25th to the following Monday (30th) we remained in town, and with great delight visited all the London shops, in one of which there is more to be found than with all the antiquaries on the Continent. During our stay in town we added to our collection only a small Chelsea saucer (raised anchor), Imp. 2/6, from Kerridge's in Great Portland Street, and four Bow blue and white open work baskets (£4) from Dalglish's. On the 28th Mr. Emerson Norman of Norwich came to see our things and went with us to the South Kensington Museum. He brought up with him a Chelsea figure of a dwarf, in a large hat (marked with a raised anchor) and a female figure to match (marked with a red anchor) which we had much desired to have of him in the spring. These we now obtained in exchange for two Bow vases with damaged flowers (for which we had given £5), a Chelsea-Derby cup and saucer and a £5 note. These figures are a great addition to our collection.

Aug. 30th. Went down to Canford.

## SEPTEMBER 1869

AT HOME: SALISBURY: WARDOUR: EXETER: BRISTOL

Sept. 11th. On leaving, Ivor gave us a small beaker or vase with transfer-printing in black and a rustic scene, woman milking. We started early and went to Salisbury. Ransacked old Mason's stock and found nothing, but went on to Targett's in the High Street, which is of better promise. There C.S. discovered a coloured group of Venus and Cupid not very decorative, but valuable as being Plymouth, £2. 7. And a clumsy blue and white jug, handle

terminating in a heart, Bow, (3/-). We then visited Mr. Nightingale's collection at Wilton, where we saw some very fine things. [This Mr. Nightingale wrote some valuable notes on the history of ceramics.] Also Mr. Cother's where there was but little, and then proceeded to Melbury Abbas, where we stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Glyn till Wednesday following.

Sept. 14th, 1869. We drove to Wardour where there are many treasures. Some Bleu du Roy vases, small, painted in birds, a pair of sceaux of the same colour with Boucher subjects, very fine. A Bow figure in white of Woodward in "The Fine Gentleman." It was a treat to see these, and many fine Chelsea figures. Thence to call at Mr. Gordon's at Winchcombe, where there are a *few* English specimens, very good.

Sept. 15th. Left Melbury on Wednesday. In passing through Salisbury we bought a couple of transfer-printed Wedgwood plates, of old Mason, 10/-, more to encourage him than anything else, and a lovely little fruit picture by De Hiem, at Targett's, £5. 10. No long stay at Salisbury but off to Lyme to visit Mr. Hodges' collection. He is the parson there and has a bijou house with some lovely things in it. A Chelsea tea kettle (I should think unique), painted in birds, and a large Bristol platter, are those of his possessions that I most covet. We spent above an hour with him.

Sept. 16th. The only thing the small shops at Exeter presented was a little Spode basket at Mrs. Guerto's. We called on old Mr. and Mrs. R. Were Fox (the relations of the Prideaux) from whom we had bought a few good specimens of Plymouth china on our way back from Kingsbridge last year. The Foxes told us all about the Prideaux Sale, which indeed was one of the first things we heard about on our

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return to England. It appears that the poor old gentleman, Charles Prideaux, who sold us his fine Plymouth collection last year, died this summer. There was, about a month ago, a sale of his effects, including a quantity of china. All the trade and all the Devonshire neighbours attended it, and everything sold very well, but the disappointment was great at finding all the gems (*viz: our* Plymouth collection) gone. We went over to Heavitree after our visit to the Foxes, to see Mr. Crabbe, whose acquaintance we had made last year. He gave me his ware mug of the "Midnight Conversation", which I believe to be Fulham ware. It has four curious coats of arms, one of which is the Bertie battering rams, and I have no doubt they are there in allusion to the blind cock-fighting sportsman, Lord Albemarle Bertie, who is probably one of the revellers. Two of the other coats of arms I believe are Archer and Vane. [Lord Albemarle Bertie was the second son of Peregrine, second Duke of Ancaster. He occupies the central position in Hogarth's "cockpit" engraving. The same well-known gambler is said to appear in the "March to Finchley" as an attendant at a boxing match.] Mr. Crabbe is to have something good from us in exchange when he comes to see us next year in town. Hurried away from Exeter sooner than I had wished that we might go and see Mrs. Matcham Marshall, who had written to me from Tiverton, saying she had a large collection of china to dispose of; on reaching her house we found her to be a trades person who had accumulated an extraordinary amount of rubbish of which she thinks to make a great profit. She bought largely at the Prideaux sale and fancies the Oriental Pagods she bought there are fine Plymouth. She bought one small white Plymouth figure of Winter there (which we had left behind because we had it already) and gave a large price for it. Of course she wanted a much larger. She had, however, a nice





A COLLECTION OF ENGLISH CREAM-COLOURED EARTHENWARE, CHIEFLY LIVERPOOL, TRANSFER PRINTED WITH HISTORICAL AND OTHER SUBJECTS. THE LEFT-HAND JUG ON THE TOP SHELF HAD AN ESPECIAL INTEREST FOR LADY CHARLOTTE, AS IT IS A SCENE COPIED FROM HOGARTH'S PRINT OF THE COCKPIT, IN WHICH THE BLIND LORD ALBEMARLE BERTIE IS THE CENTRAL FIGURE

*The Schreiber Collection*





little coloured Plymouth figure, of the same model as one in white which we bought of Mrs. Fox last year. She was quite unaware what this was. We bought of her for £2., which was quite enough, but had she known what it was she would have asked £10. We also got two marked Neale ware figures for £1., too dear, but she would not sell the Plymouth one without them. This little transaction was not carried out at once. They are tiresome conceited people, and I had to leave them for the time and write for the articles afterwards. Got to Bristol at night, Hotel on College Green, excellent.

Sept. 17th. Called and saw Mrs. Becks, her husband absent. I coveted a small transfer-printed leaf, signed Rhodes, with buds, etc., upon it, but they wanted £5. which was an excessive price so I left it. Went into the country to see Mr. Pritchard's collection. It is small, but he has many pieces which are very good, among them is the figure of the Marquis of Granby, which unluckily we did not buy of Walker two years ago, the set of 4 white Plymouth figures, quarters of the globe, which Truscott sent up for us to buy at the same time, but which we felt were then too dear for our means. It was interesting to see among his things our old figure of Britannia, which we bought of Van Minden in 1867, and being tired of, sent down to a sale at Bristol. Mr. Pritchard is a great invalid; all the family seem to love china, so there is no chance of his things coming into the market at any time. During our stay at Bristol, where we remained till Saturday midday, we called at Thornton's, at Edkins's, and at the house of another dealer in the Matcham Marshall line, by name Hodder, who being a chemist and vendor of quack medicines has bethought him that in the present rage for the fine Arts he shall make his fortune, by buying and selling china. His house contained a most

miscellaneous assortment, almost all very bad, but we found a pair of butter boats, stoneware, with richly coloured flowers in high relief, which we believe to be Fulham, 30/-. Thornton was from home. We bought of his wife, 10 printed tiles, £3. And a transfer printed mug, subject "The Fair", also £3. As usual our visit to our excellent friends Edkins and his wife was most agreeable. We compared notes as to all each had done during the summer, and we looked again at his beautiful things. Edkins had purchased for me three Tiles (two imperfect), of Thornton, during our absence at my request, 6/6.

## NOTES CERAMIC

SEPTEMBER TO NOVEMBER 1869

ANTWERP: BERGAM OP ZOOM: BREDA: TILBURG

Sept. 28<sup>th</sup>. Determined to beat up Holland, in detail, and find if any English china was to be met with there, we set off on Tuesday the 28<sup>th</sup> of Sept., by the 7.40 A.M. train, from Charing Cross, took the Steamer from Dover to Ostend (having a lovely, calm, hot passage, the sea as smooth as glass) and reached Antwerp at 5. Put up at the Hôtel de l'Europe, Place Verte, very good.

Wednesday, 29<sup>th</sup>. Hunted every possible part of Antwerp, but found nothing. There are only two or three inconsiderable shops, one in the Rue Tailleurs de Pierre, two in the Marché au Vendredi, one (Van Herck's) in the Grande Place. They were all quite barren. Spent some time in the Museum and the Cathedral. Drive about the town. Dined and left by train at 3.35. Came on to Bergam op Zoom, celebrated in the Annals of my Ancestor, Lord Willoughby, in Queen Elizabeth's time. The fortifications are now being dismantled. Took a long walk till after dusk. No china. One broker's shop with a few bad pieces of Japan, nothing more. Hôtel de Hollande. Went into two more brokers' shops, but found nothing. Visited the Protestant Church, which has been fine, but is sadly mutilated. Left Bergam at 10.30. for Breda. Arrived at Breda 12.30. Put up at the Crown, whence they directed us to two very promising dealers. One of them, Heymans, Bosche Poort, is

LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1869  
a railway conductor. The other, Du Bois, 43 Ginneken-  
straat, has a larger apartment, all Oriental except one or  
two inconsiderable pieces of blue and white Worcester. We  
got there, however, a curious little snuff box, ivory, with a  
mother-of-pearl top, which is well engraved with a parrot  
and fruit, and signed A. Melort. We gave 8/4. Breda is  
a charming old town with a magnificent Cathedral. Grand  
Monument to a Count of Nassau, similar in conception to  
that of Edward the Black Prince in Westminster Abbey.  
Left Breda at 3 for Tilburg, a complete manufacturing town  
without a trace of any antiquities except a few old English  
silver watches with repoussée backs, much worn, in which we  
did not invest. Note a remarkable lime-tree forming a  
complete arbour and pyramid some fifty to sixty feet high.  
Took coffee at the "Golden Swan", where I sat writing  
surrounded by smokers.

## OCTOBER 1869

BOIS LE DUC : UTRECHT : VEEMENDAL : AMSTERDAM : GOUDA :  
ROTTERDAM : DELFT : THE HAGUE : ROTTERDAM : ANTWERP :  
BRUSSELS : ROUEN : ORLEANS : TOURS : PARIS : LONDON

Oct. 1st. Walked with a guide to two small shops at Bois  
le Duc where there were scraps of china, but nothing worthy of  
notice ; in one of them was a Bow figure "Smelling" but so  
mutilated it was not fit to bring away. In the other was one  
Wheildon Ware plate and a set of common Wedgwood,  
blue and white. While in the latter shop, Tennyssen, the  
Hague dealer, came in, and showed us a good basket of old  
brass work, which he had said he had lately brought from  
a Monastery. Went over the Cathedral, which is very  
fine, grand and simple, with fine brass font or baptistery.  
Went over the Town Hall, where the most interesting thing  
was a picture of the old Town Hall as it was in 1665.



VARIOUS EXAMPLES OF STAFFORDSHIRE EARTHENWARE BY WHIELDON AND OTHERS, XVIII<sup>TH</sup> CENTURS  
*The Schreiber Collection*





Town altered and modernised since those days. Only one or two houses retain the old decoration ; formerly it must have been as quaint as Antwerp or Amsterdam. Went into a shop for Church decoration and saw some exquisitely embroidered vestments. Visited the Museum, which is in its infancy ; curious finding a Token of " John Wilkinson, Ironmaster " (the man who brought John Guest from Shropshire and founded the Dowlais Works) [the grandfather of Sir J. John Guest, Bart., M.P.] among the collection of coins there. An old Colonel or General Noor was at dinner, he took us afterwards to see what was termed his collection. An assemblage of heterogeneous and rather worthless objects. We heard that a Baron L. V. de Bogaert, living at the Château de Heedwyk at a short distance from the town, had a fine collection which is shown to strangers. We did not know of it till too late to go there. Left Bois le Duc at five in the coupée of the Diligence, crossed two rivers, one by means of a floating bridge, and joining the railway reached Utrecht at 9 while the fine old chimes were sounding.

Oct. 2nd. Explored the town. None of the Jew shops open to-day. Van Gorkum, a larger kind of upholsterer, has a little china, but nothing good. It is chiefly Delft, and white and blue Oriental. Bought of him two white Dresden teapots, with raised flowers, and a red Böttger one, similar to that which we saw in the Japanische Palace, with vine leaves and squirrels in relief (6 florins). Took a train at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 12 to Veemendal. The station is about two miles from the town, which is reached by omnibus. The object of our visit to this place was to see the Burgermeister, who, we were informed by young Schaak at The Hague, possessed a beautiful collection. We had a very agreeable expedition and were interested in seeing a new locality, but china there was none. The Burgermeister very politely showed us all he had, but it

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consisted of a small quantity of Oriental, not fine, filling a small glass case in his dining-room. Walked back from the town to the station (very hot) in time for the  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 train. Table d'hôte at Utrecht at  $4\frac{1}{2}$ . Then we strolled out and found Korter's shop open in Elizabeth Straat—nothing there.

Oct. 3. This morning looked through Hamburger's stock, absolutely nothing. He said he had 84 cases packed up for Paris. Almost all the china here is blue and white Oriental. This and Delft they send away for sales in Paris and London. One or two insignificant trifles, not worth taking away, we asked the price of, and found them absurdly dear. Saloman, also in Spreingway, has nothing. Nor Felder, Haver Straat. We are to see Sanders to-morrow. Drove about the town, which is very pretty. Went into the Cathedral. All these Dutch buildings are in sad repair, and what little is done to preserve them is in wretched taste. Wonderful Avenue of 6 rows of lime-trees. Venerable even in the time of Louis XIV. who caused it to be spared in the War.

Up early on the morning of the 4th Oct. and off by the 8 o'clock train to Amsterdam for a "chasse." Arrived just after 9. Drove first to Speyer's and went with him to his warehouses which we thoroughly overhauled, but with little success. All we brought away from him were an Elers ware tea kettle with fine twisted handle, large, and marked, 15/-, a small white figure, probably Italian, 2/6, a bird on a raised sort of foot, *possibly* hard paste English 2/6; he showed us a very nice piece of three shells very perfect and well painted inside, but *late* Chelsea-Derby. This he had not yet bought but if he purchased it he was to let us have the refusal at what he gave. Charles thought the art too late, but I liked it; though not of the best date it is pure of its kind. From Speyer's we went on to Van Galen's. He himself was out and his locum tenens could tell us nothing about prices, but there was

a curious old earthenware basket which we take to be English, probably Fulham ware, with trees, suns, and flowers in relief, and bouquets in enamel colours. We left an inquiry about it. Next to Ganz's, which has generally been our best covert. But to-day we found absolutely nothing. After this we went to Boasberg's in the Calverstraat, which is certainly the best shop in Holland though, generally speaking, very dear. We purchased, however, a fine Bow candlestick representing Winter, in thoroughly good order, and a small enamel box, white, for £5. 5. 0. which we consider very reasonable. We put the figure at £4. 10. and the box at 15/-. Van Houtum and Soujet had nothing at all. After some luncheon at Brack's Doelen, we returned by the train to Utrecht, which we reached at half-past 3. Went by appointment to the Jew. He had no great show of things, but we managed to buy two small Bow female figures, £2, a bust of Pope, soft paste, £1, and a pair of glass pictures of seaside life, done in gold and silver, one of them signed Leuner, £1. 11. 8. After this we returned to our Hotel. After dinner went out again to Koram's, who packed up our purchases for us in a heavy box which we carried back with our own hands. Utrecht. When this was written (being past nine o'clock) it was fair to think the day's work was ended; but our friend Gorkum arrived with a fan and a pair of miniatures on ivory, and it resulted in our buying them all. The fan is in good condition, ivory with mother-of-pearl medallions, well gilt, and carved and painted, £2. 10. 0. The miniatures, a man and a woman, signed G on the face,—one of them inscribed on the back, also £2. 10. 0.

Oct. 5th. Off to Gouda by 9. Ransacked there all Pavoordt's Warehouses, climbing up into almost impossible lofts. Nothing but blue and white Oriental and Delft, mostly very bad. Bought, however, three printed and coloured

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prints, chiefly on account of the frames, 5/-. Went on by the next train to Rotterdam. Nothing in the Oppert. Van Minden has just started off for Paris to attend to one of his sales there, and had certainly left nothing behind him. Mme. Van Minden took charge of our few purchases until we should return to pack them for England. Thence hurried on to the little steamer plying to Delft and embarking at 1. arrived there in about an hour. A charming trajet, most lovely weather. Went into the two fine Churches at Delft. A little Jew silversmith in the square showed us a good old silver box bearing the arms of Schiedam, and a nice carved picture frame, neither of them in our way. There is not any attempt at a curiosity shop in Delft. We had to race for our train, and it was very hot, but we caught it and arrived at The Hague in time for the 5 o'clock table d'hôte at the Hôtel Paulez.

Oct. 6th. Stayed over this day at The Hague. Our first visit was to the Jews' quarter, Lange Gracht, to look after young Schaak, who had sold us a good enamel box when we were last at The Hague and was to have delivered it in London the following week which he had failed to do. As it was not paid for this mattered less, but we wanted the box. Of course Schaak was out. Went into another little shop there, and then to the Achteroom. Van Gelder (who had spoken to us at Delft) showed us two Ormolu mounted vases of a fine green colour, which he had then been to Delft to buy. We liked them, but hesitated. They were old French imitations of Oriental, price £11. 10. Next to Sartin's, where we found the box we had bought of Schaak, the price having then risen from £5. to £6. *Le traître!* It was not worth the money so we left it; at Block's, opposite, we found a very pretty little boy, Bow, but with a broken foot: for this and a ware figure of a boy with a dog, holding a rose

(qy. Fulham) we gave Block 25/-. At Tennyssen's we found that he had already sold the casket we saw at Bois le Duc on the 1st. He himself was absent; in his two windows we saw two ware figures of the model of our Bow actor, also a companion Lady. The bases were of tortoise-shell colour, the draperies very brilliant and highly glazed. C.S. thinks them to be Dwight's Fulham Quasi Porcelain. Ivor had given me a commission for Schwabe's of whom he had bought his Delft collection in 1862, to see if he was inclined to buy it back again, so we went there, bought of him two fine miniatures in wax of George II. and his Queen, marked on the back by Gossett? Who was he? £2. Schwabe had an exquisite enamel plaque representing a procession in carriages, with sign post inscribed "De Dantzic à Bar" and a temple, "Temple de la Paix"—beautiful distance with spires of a town. The piece was about four inches. Signed at the back "Fromery à Berlin" and "Herold fecit". The subject probably alludes to one of Frederic the Great's Victories. I much desired this piece, but it was not to be had under £8 so I must, for the present, content myself with describing it. Schwabe had also a marvellous little miniature of the Princesse de Lamballe, on pink ground surrounded by Cupids, Sèvres enamel. The whole piece not larger than half a crown. For this he said Marks had offered him £25. He wanted £30. Went to De Maans, 19 Bierkase. Bought of him a fine but much dilapidated figure of a Shepherd, Chelsea, 30/-. On an introduction from Augustus Lumley we called on M. and Mme. Bisschop, the painter and his wife, living in a picturesque little house, full of old things. He went with us to look at Van Gelder's vases, which we did not buy, and he took us to see some others, a kind of porphyry in fine mountings, but not of our sort. De Maan had taken us to see some good Chelsea candlesticks, of an ordinary model.



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The woman to whom they belonged wanted £20 for them, far too much. After table d'hôte we went out again. Bought Tennyssen's 3 Fulham figures for 30/- and then went again to De Maan's. He had told us he knew of some things at Arnhem, so we settled to go there on the morrow, his son accompanying us, and accordingly we were in the train before 7 in the morning.

Oct. 7th. By Rotterdam and Utrecht, and so to Arnhem. A lovely place and a lovely day, so we enjoyed the excursion very much but we added nothing to our Ceramic Collection. First young De Maan took us to see some jewelled Sèvres vases, palpable imitations. Then to a house where he said there were Chelsea figures, but where there was nothing. Then to a Mme. Braan's in the Backerstraat where we saw some very fine tapestry of which I took the particulars on the chance of its suiting Ivor. She also had, in the same room, a fine old carved looking glass. We went into all the shops in the town, which were small and insignificant, and found nothing. But in passing through the Overstraat, we saw a picture placed near a window, evidently for sale. We went in and looked at it, found it was a Dutch landscape with figures of the Flight into Egypt introduced. We rather liked it, and as we found we could have it for 35 florins (under £3) we brought it away with us. Mlle. Smits, the daughter of the dealer, said it was by Winkenboom. Drove on from Arnhem, through pretty villas to Billioen, a country place belonging to Baron Hardenbruck. He, poor man, is paralytic, and lives in Paris, but he had collected some good things there. Some Delft, and silver tankards, etc. The house and grounds very nice, and his large reception-rooms on the first floor beautifully decorated with white stucco ornaments on a turquoise ground, charming effect. We were very glad to get a glimpse of a Dutch interior. On our way

back, stopped at Utrecht. De Maan showed us some more tapestries, of the quarters of the globe, signed and dated, La Fortuna 1713. I did not like them nearly so well as those at Arnhem. Also he took us to see a room done with gold leather at Reuser's, an upholsterer's (Achter St. Pietre F. 345). It has birds painted on it, and is good, but not equal to that Ivor already has. However, I took the dimensions in case he cared to have it. We failed to see a Worcester service belonging to Baron Van Heekeren, but have put our friend Gorkam on the scent to try and get it for us. Parted from De Maan at Utrecht, and after taking coffee, went on to Rotterdam, where we slept, Hôtel Victoria.

Friday Oct. 8th. Up early, went to Van Minden's, packed up all our purchases and saw them on board the English steamer. Then took our places on the boat for Dordrecht, thence by train to Antwerp, intended to go on to Brussels at night, but in consequence of information received from a bookseller, Van Mol, in the Marché aux Souliers, we changed our plans, and went instead to the little town of Lierre, where we slept at the Faucon.

Saturday, Oct. 9th. Before breakfast explored Lierre. The principal man, Vouters, was away and his wife would not let us see anything. We found another little dealer, Van Venrooj (10 Rue des Tilleuls), who had an assortment of Delft and some furniture, but nothing in our line. He took us to a tradesman's who had a small collection, rather pretty, from whom we bought a Chelsea-Derby Harlequin for £2. with which we were delighted till we examined it more carefully at home and found the head had been off and skilfully reinstated, but it was quite worth having, for all that. Left Lierre before 10. Got to Antwerp in a few minutes, and to Brussels about midday. Stayed there till early Monday and occupied ourselves in exploring all the shops we could

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find. We must have gone into more than a dozen. Our purchases were as follows. At Del Hougue's, 84 Montagne de la Cour, a Bow (sprigged) sucrier with cover and acorn top, 14/-. A lovely Bow cup and saucer, 10/-. Small Venetian glass flacon, from the collection of General de Rossi of Dresden, 12/-. At De Badt's, a small shop also in the Montagne de la Cour, a Chelsea candlestick with fox and bird in a bocage (the latter broken and badly mended) £1. An enamel snuff box delicately painted in pink 12/6. Enamel printed portraits (rude, probably Bilston) of Washington, Dr. Franklin and Gen. Reed, 7/6. At Slaes de Roy's, 4 Place du Musée, a good Chelsea "Autumn" in fine condition but not large, £2. 8. A good étui with female head painted on it, £2. A large enamel box, £1. At Cools Thyssens', 15 Rue des Trois Fêtes, a small purple enamel box with well executed classical subject, £1. 16. We found nothing whatever in any of the other shops, but the following are likely places for another visit. George Bradbee, 6 Rue Parchemin. Huysmans, 44 Rue de la Fourche. Handelaar, 54 Rue de l'Etuve (who has also a warehouse at Amsterdam and lives at the Vesper Straat). Brussels has done better for us this time than we could have expected. But it has been due to a fatiguing search.

Sunday, Oct. 10th. Church, Rue de Béliard; lovely summer's day, afternoon's drive. Called on Mr. Lumley and saw him. He showed me what he was doing in furnishing the Embassy. [This was the diplomat of many experiences who had been on a mission to Saxony in 1866-1867. Swiss Confederation, etc. Was at Brussels from 1868 to 1883 and in Italy from the latter time to 1887. Became Lord Savile of Rufford in 1888.] From our Etienne Band of Lausanne he had got some fine ebony furniture, inlaid with ivory, some of the plaques signed G. Bertini, Milano.



PLYMOUTH AND BRISTOL, EXAMPLES OF THE FIRST HARD PASTE PORCELAINS  
MADE IN ENGLAND, SOME FIFTY YEARS AFTER THE FIRST WARE OF THE  
KIND WAS PRODUCED IN MEISSEN NEAR DRESDEN. BRISTOL SOMETIMES USED  
THE CROSS-SWORDS OF SAXONY AS A MARK

*The Schreiber Collection*





These he found when he was Minister at Berne. Went through the grand Market place, and into Ste. Godule; wonderful glass windows. Brussels. Hôtel de l'Europe.

Oct. 11th. Left at 9, and after travelling all day, got to Rouen before 10. Smith's Albion Hotel; comfortable but wretched cooking. Another lovely day wasted in a railway carriage. Long stop at Arras, which we explored in 1867, but were not able to go into the town.

Out by 10. First to all the shops. Bujon, 53 Rue de l'Impératrice, had nothing. In another shop, full of rubbish, we saw an earthenware fountain which we liked, but the old man would not let us touch it to examine it, so we left it. Billiard's, 26 Rue de Gauterie, is a pretty good shop, interspersed with modern china and ware, etc. Two cups like the Venetian one last bought at Lichfield, and an Oriental cup, white ivory ground with figures in gold relief. This cup proved to be old Sèvres of the finest! The loveliest thing I ever saw, but the prices were beyond us. Billiard is the man employed to arrange examples at the Museum. He was absent and we only saw an old woman who seemed to ask prices at random. The most promising place we went to was De François' in a wretched Quartier de Robec, where they live over an open drain. Here, nevertheless, were the best things. The man was absent but a nice little wife was at home. They had a good but small collection of Rouen ware in a private room. Here we bought a specimen of St. Clement ware, white, highly ornamented with gold sprigs, £1. 4. 0. In all these shops there was a profusion of Rouen ware or what pretended to be such, which proves how common it is. Very little of it is even pleasing, it is very heavy, but gay in colour and decorative. I should be quite content with one very good specimen. Having done the shops we went to the Musée, with which



we were quite delighted. I was very pleased to see the celebrated Delft fiddle, which is certainly very interesting. After this to the new Church au Bon Secours (the best modern Church I ever saw) and to Fort St. Catherine, for the views over the town and the surrounding country, grand. Visited the Palais de Justice, the old house (with bas relief of the Cloth of Gold) in the Place de la Pucelle d'Orléans, the Cathedral, the St. Ouen, which is still finer, the St. Maclou, with its lace-like façade, the St. Vincent with its beautiful windows, returning through the Archway of the old Hôtel de Ville. It is wonderful that so many objects of interest should have escaped the ravages of time and revolution. They are doing much now in the way of restoring, but have disfigured the grand Cathedral by the addition of a lofty Iron skeleton Spire to the fine tower over the cross of the transept. Altogether a most enjoyable day, but embittered by hearing that my sister Lady Huntly had lost her son Bertrand. [Lady Huntly was the second wife of the 10th Marquis and the stepsister of Lady Charlotte, to whom she was greatly attached. Before marriage she was Miss Pegus, the daughter of Lady Charlotte's mother, the widow of the Earl of Lindsey, and her stepfather, the Rev. P. W. Pegus, who played a considerable part in Lady Charlotte's early days.]

Oct. 13th. We were anxious to get some more information about the Rouen manufactures and the specimens in the Museum, and made more than one attempt to find the director of the Ceramic portion, the Abbé Colas, but without success. Visited the Museum again. Called to pay for and carry away our St. Clement écuille at De François' (we did not take the medal) and there fell in with the amateur collector, Mons. Gouellain, who politely invited us to go and see his collection; but the time did not admit of our doing so. Bought Billiard's two Venetian coffee cups and saucers £1. 12. Went on by

2 P.M. train to Paris, where we arrived soon after 4, and had time for a little exploration of the Quai Voltaire shops before proceeding to the Gare. At Mme. Rouveyre's (No. 7) we *heard* of some Chelsea plates, matching our fine service, which she said was in a private family and which she promised to try and get for us against we came through Paris again. The price she spoke of was ridiculously small, and altogether I could not but feel "it was too good to be true". Bought of her a charming enamel inkstand, printed in pink and slightly painted over en camaieu £1. 8. After a very bad dinner at the railway restaurant, went on by train before 9 to Orleans, where we slept at an old fashioned house, the "Boule d'Or."

Oct. 14th. Delighted with Orleans and all its associations. Two excellent Museums, one in the house called that of Diane de Poitiers, the other in the fine old Hôtel de Ville. In the latter we were charmed with four ancient costume pictures of fêtes, temp. Louis XIII. by Claude Dernet, and fine terre cuites portraits by J.R. Nini, 1770, -80. Interesting portraits and souvenirs of Jeanne d'Arc. Went into the Cathedral, and into the Mairie, and drove past Agnes Sorrel's house. Very indifferent curiosity shops. Picked up a Sèvres painted earthenware plate at Bonjour's, Rue Bourgogne, 1 franc, and a marked St. Cloud sceau at Bencoux's, 1 Rue de Gourville, 8/-. This was sold to us for Oriental! The principal shop, Bataille's, Rue Jeanne d'Arc, had only modern things, but he showed us a set of 12 French Empire Plates, which interested me because two of them were decorated with plans of Moscow and St. Petersburg, with references, all printed, and with the inscription "gravé à Paris par P. F. Tardieu, Place de l'Estrapade, No. 1." Left Orleans about 4.30, and went on to Tours, where we dined and slept. Hôtel de l'Univers, very good hotel indeed.

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Oct. 15th. Drove about Tours, went into the Cathedral, and visited the few small shops the town boasts of. They had nothing in them. At half-past 2. retraced our steps as far as Amboise, then took a carriage and drove over to Chenonceau. Delighted with our excursion. The old place is being restored and done well. We were rather disappointed with the specimens of furniture and decoration remaining in the Castle, as we had heard so much of them, but the building itself is delicious. Old Curé fishing in the moat. Only got back to Amboise, after lunching at the little cabaret, in time to visit the Chapel at the Castle (passing Leonardo da Vinci's grave), walking down from the height by the interior of the large Tower, where in lieu of a staircase there is an easy descending road wide enough for carriages and horses. Fine view over the country from the Terrace at Amboise. No time to go to the Church to see the Babon monument. Back to Paris at half-past five, dining at Orleans en route. After some difficulty in finding quarters, got a nice little entresol at the Hôtel de Lille et d'Albion.

Oct. 16th. Spent the day in ransacking the shops where we had better success than we could have expected, certainly, better than when we were in Paris this time two years. Of course, as I predicted, Mme. Rouveyre could not get us the Chelsea plates, the owner being away from Paris. We bought of her a pretty gold enamelled bodkin case, sage green medallions printed and coloured, 8/-, and an enamelled mustard pot, white with flowers, simple but very pure, £1. 4. At De la Roche's of Rue Bonaparte, we got two exquisite Chelsea or Chelsea-Derby dishes with Cupids en camaieu in the centre, and small medallions of roses on the border, and the richest gilding, one unfortunately cracked slightly, £8. 8. At Leclerc's, 4 Rue Jacob, a pair of rose du Barri salt-cellars, with landscapes, £1. Small head of Louis XV. in enamel, in the Rue du Dauphin,



HORSES AND ORIENTAL GROOMS IN BOW

THE LIVELY AND QUAIN'T BUT CORRECT DRAWING OF THESE HORSES AND MEN MAKE THEM DISTINCTIVE AMONG BOW FIGURES. BUT, LIKE SO MUCH EARLY ENGLISH WORK OF ARTISTIC CHARACTER, THE MODELS WERE BORROWED FROM MEISSEN

*The Schreiber Collection*





4/-. A fine turquoise enamel étui at Worms', 10 Rue Royale, £2. 8. This I remember seeing here two years ago. Worms showed us a magnificent Parure of old Dresden. A centre piece and two side pieces, on which were statuettes of the Foili horses, treated in exactly the same manner as those we possess in Bow china, and thus showing whence the English model was derived. In the shop on the Boulevard des Capucines, we got two Worcester plates, white ground but finely painted with birds, guaranteed as Dresden! £2. At Topena's, 92 Rue St. Lazare, a gold bodkin case with enamel thimble, lilac, 8/-, and cane head, lilac, painted with birds, and having a pouncet box at the top, 16/-. These are better prices than we gave for similar articles this summer at Drex's, Munich, and Wolfsohn's, Dresden. Some candlesticks we admired two years ago are still in the Boulevard Madeleine, and so are some Worcester baskets which we then saw in the Quai Voltaire, but all too dear. Table d'hôte at half-past 5. Walked out to try and find Mme. Waddington. [The Waddingtons are frequently mentioned by Lady Charlotte and were early friends. M. Waddington was the famous diplomat who afterwards became Ambassador and Minister of Foreign Affairs. He has been greatly praised for his straightforward conduct under Napoleon III., at a time when every Minister's conduct was not always quite candid.]

Oct. 17th. Had made an appointment to call on Mons. Jacquemart. [The author and connoisseur, so well known for his works on the decorative arts.] Found him in a pleasant apartment au cinquième, in the Rue Pergolèse. He has not many things in his house, the principal part of his collection being on Exhibition, but he gave us much information about French and Oriental porcelain, more than I can remember. Walked down to our Hotel from his house, taking the Exhibition on our way, to



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see the collection on loan, of Oriental productions, which is very good.

Oct. 18th. Cold bright day. Drove out shopping. Fetched away our fine Chelsea-Derby dishes from De la Roche's. Bought at Nonon's, 2 Rue Blanche, a turquoise enamel étui, inlaid with silver in relief, and in an arabesque pattern. I should think Sèvres enamel and of the same kind as the mauve we bought of Riette in June, for this we paid £1; for a little Bow figure of Winter at the same place, £1. 4. We had been to Mme. Oppenheim's, 64 Rue Aboukir, on Saturday, and returned there to-day to look at her stock by daylight. Salomons had directed us to her (Salomons of Dresden), to see a fine Venetian set which they had bought in partnership. Besides a vast number of other pieces this service comprised 5 ice pails forming vases with covers, liners, etc. They are well painted with bouquets and have wreaths of well moulded flowers on them. To separate them from the rest of the service they wanted £60. We have made an offer of £50. Bought a turquoise étui at Oppenheim's, £2. This was the extent of to-day's purchases. We drove about in the neighbourhood of the Rue Pigalle, but could find nothing. After a long search for it, we accidentally hit upon the shop of our old friend Fournier, 59 Rue Faubourg Montmartre. They had nothing in our line (two years ago we got some very good things of them) but we had great pleasure in again looking over their choice private collection. Went all through the shops of the Boulevard Beaumarchais, without any results, and later through those of the Rue St. Roch. I have now to proceed to pack up as we leave this very early for England to-morrow. Just as I had written this young Oppenheim came in to say they accepted our offer of £50. for the five Venetian vases [these are illustrated here] and accordingly they met us at the train next



END OF ONE OF THE DRAWING-ROOMS AT 17 CAVENDISH SQUARE, SHOWING THE FINE VASES OR ICE URNS OF VENETIAN PORCELAIN WHICH LADY CHARLOTTE BOUGHT, AND OTHER OBJECTS OF ART, THE SPOILS OF HER MANY "CHASSES"



morning at 7.40. Returned to England in a raging gale.  
Oct. 19th.

Oct. 20th. London. Went to recover our box of China, etc., from the Custom House, which we had despatched from Rotterdam on the 8th. Having done so we were close to Carter's, the Minories, and went in there. Now, curiously enough, though we have ransacked the Continent for months and found no hard-paste English, the first thing we find in England is the coveted article! Carter had a fine Plymouth figure of America which he called Chelsea, and which we bought for £6, got a raised fruit dish for 25/- at Dalglish's, to make up a set of 14 we already have. At Marks' bought a sucrier and cover, and a pair of cups and saucers with Busch's decoration, similar to that we bought at Hanover on the 16th of Aug. last, but of a different pattern, £5. [Canon Busch of Hildesheim decorated pieces of the best period of Meissen (Dresden) porcelain by a method of his own. He engraved with a diamond point well-known designs in line on the glaze, and then filled in with black pigment.] From Cavalle we got a turquoise bordered Worcester plate (£2) to replace an imperfect one in the set of 6 which we obtained from Clements last year. Also a good Bristol coffee cup and saucer, 12/-. These were all our transactions on our way through town. Spent the evening with Henry and Enid Layard just returned from abroad. He is appointed Minister at Madrid. Left town again for Hopetoun House, near Edinburgh. Lady Hopetoun took us into Edinburgh to the shop of one Butti in Queen Street. The first thing that met the gaze of the delighted C.S. was a Plymouth bust (with pedestal) of King George II. exactly the same as that which belonged to the late Dr. Cookworthy of Plymouth, which came to him from the manufacturers and which he has left as an heirloom in the family. Butti (knowing nothing of its

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extreme value) sold it to us for £5. We got from him also a Chelsea plate, 15/-, small white ornament, 12/6, Derby triangular ornament with mark in red and also the impressed star, of value only for the mark, 10/-. A Battersea enamelled portrait of George II. in bad condition, 15/-. There was another shop, where there was a curious Delft jug, with initials and coin inserted in the metal cover (Tornatum Captum 1711) which interested us, but we did not purchase.

Oct. 29th. Again went into Edinburgh. Visited both Museums. In that on the Hill we saw the collection of china which they bought of Binns. We could not find the enamels he sold them. At Cameron's, a bookseller, going down the Hill, Lady Hopetoun purchased one or two pretty bits. *We* did nothing though we ransacked the low parts of the town, Cowgate, Cannon Street, High Street, etc.

## NOVEMBER 1869

AT HOME : GLASGOW : LIVERPOOL : SHREWSBURY : WOR-  
CESTER : LONDON

Nov. 1st. Left Hopetoun early for Glasgow. At 11 went on to Helensburgh, and thence to West Shandon, Mr. Napier having sent to meet us at the station. Had luncheon with him, and then had a hasty survey of his wonderfully extensive collection. Many fine things, but the visit rather lacked interest, for the possessor did not seem to enjoy the individual specimens as we thought he would have done. It was a vast accumulation. Back at Glasgow by 5. Maclean's Hotel, good.

Nov. 2nd. Found a sale room full of modern rubbish, presided over by "Big Ben" (Benjamin, Jew dealer, of Glasshouse Street, London) who was selling "by private contract." There are no curiosity shops in Glasgow; went on to Windermere, where we slept. Most comfortable.

Nov. 3rd. Lovely day after all the rain. By 10 o'clock we





TWO OF THE VENETIAN VASES SHOWN IN THE LAST GROUP  
*The Countess of Essexborough's Collection*





were at Mr. Stainforth's at Stores, where we spent a most delightful and improving day, looking over and examining and thoroughly going over with him, his interesting collection. Went on the same evening to Liverpool.

Nov. 4th. Called first on Mr. Mayer (10 Lord Street) the old jeweller, who had made the munificent donation of his collection to the town of Liverpool. We saw him in his shop, and he gave us a card of introduction to the custodian of the Museum, Mr. Moore. We spent 3 hours at the Museum and were extremely interested. Mr. Smith, whose department was the china, opened all the cases for us, and we examined everything to our heart's content. There are some excellent specimens, of painting on ware and on enamels, and a large collection of tiles. I think only two of them signed "Sadler." To our surprise we found another Plymouth bust of George II., but without its original pedestal. Of course they did not know what it was till we told them. Saw Mr. Gladstone's collection, which is there on loan. [This is thought to have been a loan collection belonging to the late Prime Minister. Lady Charlotte was a rather severe critic of some specimens there gathered together.] It contains some fine Chelsea. The Capo di Monte I do not understand. There are no "dealers" in Liverpool, but we went to the pawnbrokers. One, Gobson, in Moorgate Road, had no china, but we bought of him an old portrait of an elderly male on panel, dated 1596, for £1. 5. A very rude miniature of Charles Edward in a wooden case for £1. (said to be one of those which the Jacobites carried about with them to their convivial meetings, to be produced when they drank his health as "the King over the water"). Also a mother-of-pearl snuff-box top, 5/-, subject, a lady and gentleman dancing, a disconsolate seeming man (said to be the husband) looking on. Another pawnbroker, Kidson, Brownlow Hill, is more

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promising, we bought from him a small Italian figure, 30/-, Sèvres, 15/-, 3 Rockingham cups and saucers and 3 plates, 25/-. Dined, and afterwards went on to Chester.

Nov. 5th. Kidson of Liverpool had told us of a medical man, Dr. Thomas, who had a collection, so we called on him the next morning. He showed us the few things he had (amongst them a Liverpool printed mug of Gen. Wolfe, signed by Sadler, which I much, but hopelessly covet) and was very civil in accompanying us to several places in the town, in search of objects. He took us first to Mr. Hollis, an artist, who has a few things, an eccentric man whom we found busy at his easel, very kind and communicative. His best possessions were Oriental enamel, Cloisonné. We saw a few very nice bits at the house of Mr. Hughes, the bookseller; among these were two Bow plates printed in red, the subject being Æneas carrying his father out of Troy. With one of these, Mr. Hughes, whom we afterwards saw in his shop in the town, presented us. Dr. Thomas then took us to a shop, but there was nothing. Accompanied by Mr. Hughes, to the house of a Miss Potts, an elderly lady, who has a large but very indifferent collection. A *few* of her specimens were good, but very few. We were amused at finding among her things, as well as in all other collections we visited, some pieces which had once belonged to us, and which, not being good enough for us we had sent down to a sale at Chester about this time twelvemonths. Went to Shrewsbury where we were disappointed to find no regular shops. There was an old broker in the lower part of the town, but he had absolutely nothing but the worst rubbish; at an upholsterer's, Blowers, we bought an Oriental plate (2/6) and he sent us to see a collection belonging to an accountant or surveyor, Mr. Humphreys. His best specimen was a fine piece of Bow, blue and white shell work. He has a room nicely fitted up



NINE LIVERPOOL DELFT WALL TILES PRINTED IN BLACK, EACH REPRESENTING WELL-KNOWN ACTORS IN CHARACTER. 1. MACKLIN AS SHYLOCK. 2. MRS. YATES AS JANE SHORE. 3. GARRICK AS ABEL DRUGGER. 4. MRS. MATTOCKS AS PRINCESS CATHERINE. 5. MOODY AS TEAGUE. 6. MRS. BULKLEY AS ANGELINA. 7. LEWIS AS HIPPOLITUS. 8. MRS. CIBBER AS MONIMIA. 9. LEWIS AS DOUGLAS  
*The Schreiber Collection*



with old oak, a good bed in it; he told us of a collection belonging to an Inspector of Schools, owning a large grocery business, but we had not time to visit it. Went on to Worcester and slept at the Star.

Nov. 6th. Out very early, called at Williams', Noakes', Nichols', Bateman's, all barren. Paid a short but very interesting visit to Mr. Binns at the china works. [Mr. Binns was of the famous family of Worcester potters. Mr. More Binns, another member of the family, has written an admirable work on the *First Century of English Porcelain*.] He showed me the celebrated inkstand "Made at New Canton" (which we know now, by the books we possess, to mean Bow) engraved in his book and in Chaffers. Before midday went on to Bristol. Visited Thornton's, bought of him 3 very good (but dear) Liverpool tiles, 50/-, bottle with sprigged ornaments, Fulham ware (?), 30/-. Two mugs, both imperfect, with transfer-printed portraits of George III. and Pitt, Lord Chatham, 50/-. He has the debris of a wonderful old Bristol case, with marks, canary colour. Then we went to Edkins, with whom we spent the rest of the afternoon, looking at his beautiful things. He has lately acquired some wonderfully fine specimens of Bristol, 3 cabaret stands, 2 small vases, a cup and saucer, with delicious cameos, and a magnificent set of the seasons, "Spring" being of the same model as the little figure we bought this year at Lord Ashburton's sale. The painting of the cabaret trays is equal to any Sèvres. He had also got a Plymouth Africa, and having already an Asia and Europe, it only requires one of our Americas to perfect his set of Four Quarters. He has some good Liverpool tiles with portraits of Actors and Actresses, 6 in number. Returned to London by the last train in the evening.

Nov. 13th. Hunted the London shops. Found at Libbi's a large mug with curious inscription, earthenware,



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Fulham (?) "This is Thomas Cox's cup, Come my friend and drink it up". We have taken it at 50/-. They owed us 60/- on a table we paid for years ago, but did not take away. Also at Gale's an earthenware mug with portrait (evidently from the same original as printed on the mug we bought of Thornton) of Lord Chatham (it is inscribed, The Right Hon. W. Pitt, Esq.), for this we gave £3. 3. For a perfect specimen of the figure we got from Thornton (formerly Gale's) with the date 1738 and initials S.I. we gave £5. 5. (N.B. The imperfect duplicate must be sold.) Mr. Stainforth has a similar figure, but with date 1752, bearing the Dresden mark, so we know to what manufacture to assign it. There was a sale of plate, etc., belonging to Mr. Hopkinson at Christie's on Thursday and Friday. On the latter day some things were sold, at the close, belonging to Martin of Cheltenham, and amongst them was a very good box of large size with subjects taken from Sayer's engravings, and with good purple borders. It was bought in at £5. 10. and we have taken it at that price. When we were at Liverpool we saw at Kidson's a large Japanese plate or shield, 27 inches in diameter, blue and white with peacock pattern. He has since sent it to us on approval. But we find that, although fine, it is modern and of no intrinsic value, so we have returned it. We have sent for a picture of the Madonna and Child, end of the 14th or beginning of the 15th century, with gold haloes, angels, etc., which we saw lately at Williams' at Worcester. It has been restored in the background, but the faces and figures are fine. The price £10. Henry Layard, to whom we showed it on Friday evening (the 12th) thinks it may be by Taddeo Bartolo, but he does not much esteem it. We have, however, bought it. A picture by Swanveldt, sent up by Targett of Salisbury, we have returned. All this week we have diligently explored the stock of the London dealers and



BRISTOL STATUETTES OF THE SEASONS  
*The Schreiber Collection*



found them very empty. On Tuesday (9th) attended Henry Layard's Lecture on Pompeii given at Spurgeon's Tabernacle, very good and enthusiastically received. He took leave feelingly of his old Constituents. Pleasant supper at Monty's afterwards. He has two grand private mugs of Shakespeare in his room. On Saturday I took leave of my dear Enid, who goes to Madrid at once after a short stay at Blackheath (her husband's mother) and at Walmer with Lord Granville. Then we went down to Richmond and spent 2 pleasant hours with Mrs. Haliburton. [This lady was the widow of the author of *Sam Slick*, its continuations, under various names, and many more serious, if still popular, books. He came from Nova Scotia to England in 1858; was for a time member for Launceston and died in 1865. Mrs. Haliburton had a very fine collection of old English China, which she left to her stepson, the late Lord Haliburton.] She bought 2 or 3 magnificent Battersea boxes at Brussels this year, and a very fine allegorical female figure (Chelsea or Bow) holding a portrait and standing on a pedestal, which is painted and printed with a vignette of military life, a camp fire, etc. This she bought of Dalglish. We brought away with us her set of Bristol seasons each bearing some of the Zodiacal signs, beautifully modelled and executed, but not all intact, however they are most precious to us. Price £28.

Nov. 14th. Church. Luncheon with my daughter Constance Eliot at her new house. Charles Eliot is appointed Equerry to Prince Christian. [The Hon. Charles Eliot was the son of the 3rd Earl of St. Germans of Port Eliot. He was Groom of the Privy Chamber in ordinary to the late Queen Victoria. He married in 1865 Lady Charlotte's daughter Constance.]

## NOTES CERAMIC

FEBRUARY TO APRIL 1870

ASHFORD : PARIS : SÈVRES : DIJON : LYONS

Feb. 10th. On Monday we went to see Mr. Furley's collection at Ashford. He has only a scrap or two of English, but some Oriental which I suppose is good, but of which I am no judge, amongst it some pieces of Imperial yellow. [Lady Charlotte soon became an expert in Chinese porcelain and often bought for herself and her eldest son, then Sir Ivor Guest, Bart., of Canford.] At Ashford we got a small blue and white Bow jug (imperfect) with heart-shaped termination to the handle (3/-) and we were tempted by a corner cupboard, very prettily painted à la Watteau, but not in sufficiently good condition. C.S. walked into Tenterden on the Wednesday, and found there an old broker who said that she could have things unpacked in the course of a week to show him, but that all her china was now stowed away. To encourage her he bought an Oriental cup and saucer with a pencilled (Jesuit) subject for 1/6. C.S. went early in the morning to West Malling, joining me at Ashford by a train which passed through there at half-past 2, and by which we reached Folkestone in time for Tidal Boat at  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 4. Bright clear cold day—a roughish passage, but not a long one. In Paris by  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 11—and in bed in our comfortable little entresol at the "Lille and Albion" before 1.

Feb. 11th. Extreme cold—C.S. had a bad headache—and we did not get out till late in the afternoon. Then we had a





A TYPICAL PAIR OF JARS OF 25 INCHES HIGH, WITH COVERS ; OF THE YUNG CHENG PERIOD : THE HENS AND CHICKENS, THE COCK AND ROCKWORK, INSECTS, SMALL BIRDS, TREES AND HILLS ARE PAINTED IN THE BRILLIANT ENAMELS FOR WHICH THE ARTISTS OF THE TIME WERE SO GREATLY FAMOUS  
*Lord Wimborne's Collection*





walk across the bridge to the Quai Voltaire and went into one or two of the shops. The only things we saw worth noticing were a pair of Marienberg vases, and two Staffordshire figures of Spaniards—the former very good—the latter rather peculiar, but dear. Called upon Mme. Rouveyre to inquire about the Chelsea plates she promised to get for us when we were in Paris in October. She now says the lady will not part with them. Probably she has sold them to some one else. Went to the Poste Restante where I found a letter from Merthyr. Some years ago he gave a large sum of money for a Sèvres déjeuner service which Louis Philippe had had made as a present to the King of Spain. He now wants to part with it and he thinks the Sèvres Musée might become purchasers. Accordingly, to-day we set out for Sèvres to see if we could do anything about it for him, but we found that they would not buy anything of that date, and indeed were still making services of the same model. His specimen is finer than those we saw. But I do not care for the art, and the combination of yellow and green offends my taste. I made a point of seeing Riverina and seeing if anything could be done for Merthyr, but he said that Sèvres of the Louis Philippe period was utterly valueless, and that the Fabrique had never been so badly treated by the government (or so little encouraged) as during that reign. But to return; to go to Sèvres we had taken Omnibus at the Place de la Concorde—three horses, going on rails—and arrived in three-quarters of an hour at the doors of the manufactory, which is a very large building, almost falling into ruins, and in many places held together by external props. We walked through the sale department first, in which were some pretty and very expensive objects, but scarcely in taste which we could admire. The things that struck us most were the magnificent plaques or rather shields of enamel on copper, and one or

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two rather bizarre vases in soft paste. Thence to the Musée, which is most interesting but which does not contain much of the fine old Sèvres. It is rather a collection of types and specimens of universal range. England is very badly represented, and would have scarcely anything to show had it not been for our friend Mr. Binns of Worcester. There is no Bristol, no Plymouth, scarce any characteristic Bow; a few good bits of Chelsea, Chelsea-Derby, one of Rockingham (very good) and Mr. Binns's Worcester contribution. We found amongst the enamels a fine Liverpool printed mug (Masonic) signed Sadler, Liverpool—which M. Riocreux forthwith took note of. They have a few bits of printed Worcester—none signed. In M. Riocreux's apartment was hanging up a very fine Battersea enamel plaque, transfer printed in red, of the Trojan horse—he told us it had been given to him as the work of a Frenchman “Le Paroy”—but this was a mere tradition, and we have no doubt of its English origin. Also in his rooms we remarked a spirited terra-cotta medallion in the style of Nini—which he told us was by a pupil of that artist called le Petit Nini. They have a few very good Ninis in the Musée. Of course there were many things we should have liked to have studied had time permitted. M. Riocreux, who is a courteous old gentleman, suffering from bad eyes, sent an assistant with us, bearing the keys with instructions to let us see everything. We were particularly interested in the fine specimens (5 in number) of the Frederica porcelain—and also in having the opportunity of examining, in a broken piece, the fracture and construction of the Henri Deux Ware. Altogether we enjoyed our morning very much. Left again at 3—walked into the town—took another omnibus back to the Place de la Concorde, and had time to call in at one or two shops before returning to table d'hôte. In a shop near the Madeleine we were tantalised by

the sight of two beakers, so like Bristol that it really required some examination to convince us that they could only be French—however, I must look at them again. Nothing to be met with anywhere.—Worms's, Rue Royale, full of modern trash. Christie's fix the 7th; and Sotheby's the 1st, for our few weeded goods. Mrs. Haliburton writes that she omitted to send in some of her lots for the latter, which occasioned us three letters to-night to rectify her error.

14th. Made a tour of the shops about the Rue Jacob and the Rue Bonaparte back to the Quai Voltaire—very little of any interest in any of them. Merthyr had given me a commission to look out for blue enamel ornaments (Turquoise) set in Marcasite, and I made due search for him but not very successfully; these seem to be rare things. At Evans's there were one or two pieces of enamel and some specimens of ware which pleased us, but they were so frightfully dear that we must give them up. Mme. de Rouveyre told us that she had again tried to get "the Lady" to part with her Chelsea plates, but without success! At Caillot's, 29 Quai Voltaire, we concluded the purchase of the two Marienberg Vases or ornaments which we had seen on Friday, at £3, and she also put aside for us an Oriental bottle (on approval) at 10/-, or 12 francs. We left these things (paid for) at the shop, to be called for on our way back from our tour as we did not wish to carry them all the Continent over, with us. Went to Mrs. Oppenheim's, 84 Rue d'Aboukir. She has sold the fine Venetian set, from which our vases were separated, to a dealer. She has little but what is modern. One Derby figure of a Dwarf (not quite perfect) which we shall probably buy.

15th. Long walk among the shops in the Faubourg Montmartre quartier. Visited the old Fourniers, in the Rue Faubourg

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Montmartre, and once more looked over their small but fine private collection, and were very much tempted by four Sèvres cups and saucers which they showed us, but which we are to think over. Nonon, in the Rue Blanche, has still some lovely silver book mountings which I, all but, bought in the autumn, and which I am still inclining to invest £2. in. We went, by chance, into a large miscellaneous shop, Duvenve's, 58 Rue de Cardinal Pesch, where we saw several good pieces of Battersea enamel; amongst these we selected a very fine oval green box, 4 inches by 3, the subject at the top representing a lady sending her son to school. In one hand she holds his hat, in the other the brush she has been using for it. [This design is from a picture by Chardin called *La Gouvernante*, charmingly engraved by Lépicié with some amusing verses. Lady Charlotte presented one of these imprints to the South Kensington Museum.] There are four exquisite medallions on the lower part; in these the outline has been printed, having a spirited female portrait inside the lid:  $3 \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ : and also another box, oval,  $3 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ , with a rose in high relief on the lid—not perfect in some part, but very good. For these three we paid £5. 12. 0. These were all the purchases we made. We went into one or two other shops, among these Topena and Duvaud, in the Rue St. Lazare, and Mme. Jacobi's, 68 Rue Caumartin. There we saw an Italian Medicine Vase like one we already have, which at 84/- is under consideration. We have several other places to visit another day.

16th. Received news that Maria had another daughter on Saturday last. Sunday's snow still remains unmelted in many places in the streets. After Poste Restante, walked on to Mrs. Oppenheim's; bought her Derby Dwarf for £1. 12. 0. Called at Spitzer's, where we saw nothing in our line but a very fine Terra Cotta Plaque, by Clodion, 3 to 4 feet long.

After this we went on to the Louvre, and spent two hours among the pictures and enamels. Saw a Jewel box of Anne of Austria (Louis XIII.'s Queen) of exquisite silver work laid on silk. This reminds me of Henry Layard's description of one he has met with at Madrid, and which is probably something of the same kind. There is a Zurbaran of one of the female Saints, which made me think very highly of the Zurbarans at Canford, which are much finer than this one. On leaving the Louvre we walked on to Bourdaller's, Rue Louis le Grand, where we saw a mass of gaudy modern furniture. At the table d'hôte happened to get into talk with a gentleman just come back from Spain, and gained some useful hints from him.

17th. Went again to Sèvres. This time we went direct to Mons. Riocreux's Room. We had several inquiries to make of him. One was as to the dates of the different decorators and gilders at the Sèvres works. He showed us that this was an investigation on which he was at this moment engaged, but he said that the list would take a long time to complete. He showed us a magnificent Bleu de Roi écuelle and stand painted in marine subjects by Morin. It had been sent to him to dispose of; price £200. After some varied conversation, he sent his assistant with us to open any of the cases for us where we desired to examine specimens, and at parting he presented me with a pamphlet on Doccia porcelain in which I made him write his name, but why he dated it "January" instead of "February" 17 I cannot tell. We had a very pleasant hour with the assistant and the keys. Examined various specimens of old Sèvres, etc., the basin painted with a view of the old Château at Vincennes, bouquets of flowers. We were very much struck with a very large piece of faïence, painted with a landscape, and signed at the back with the representation of a castle with



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pointed roofs. This was made at the Tour d'Aigues, and it is said that only one other specimen of it exists. We looked particularly at the Marienberg faience. There is one vase in the style of those we bought on Monday, but the printing is better executed, and the vase itself is larger than, though not so characteristic as those we bought on Monday. The cream ware of Luneville and of Pont aux Choux attracted our attention as being so like Wedgwood's Queen's Ware. The bust of Louis XV. on a pedestal representing a lion interested us very much. A duplicate pedestal was offered to us by Mme. le Clèse of the Rue Jacob, for a trifle the other day. Now that we know that it is either Luneville or Pont au Choux (Mons. Riocreux says the former) we shall buy it if still to be had. Note also, a fine plate of Salvignie's (Beauvais) Ware, in bright green and moulded, like the Nuremberg productions. We tried to obtain some information about artists in Terra Cotta. The Sèvres Musée is not rich in specimens; it has no Clodions, but we took down the names following from signed pieces, Pajou (circa 1783), Roguier (1784), Renaud (1780); to be added to these names are those of Clodion, Marin, Lambert, Claude Gautherot, all of the last century. Claude Gautherot was pupil of Nini and surnamed le petit Nini; he died 1702, æt. 73. At both my visits to Sèvres, I was scandalised at the bad state of repair of the manufactory. To-day I was comforted at hearing that the establishment is about to be removed to a building in the town lately prepared for it. The models have already been taken there. I shall regret, however, the old associations connected with the ancient site. [The old building still retains its original appearance, but is now a school for young ladies.] We left Sèvres at 3 o'clock and had to walk nearly to the town of Versailles before the "Americaine" overtook us and conveyed us into the town.



THREE EXAMPLES OF EARLY MING PORCELAIN. THE SACRED HORSE; A PRIEST AND A KYLIN, AND A GOD SEATED THEREON FORM THE THREE DIFFERENT PIECES, WHICH ALL SHOW THE SOMEWHAT ARCHAIC STYLE AND THE BRILLIANT GLAZE OF THE PERIOD

*Lord Wimborne's Collection*



We had intended to go and look at the skating, but the time was too short, and we confined ourselves to the shops. At Mme. Henry's, close by the omnibus terminus, we found a *very* fine Mennecy basket and cover with coloured flowers in relief, which not being marked, she had no special value for, but thought it might be Saxe, so we were only asked 12/- for it, which we gladly paid. She sent us to see a collection at a tobacconist's but it was all trash. Then we went in the Rue Duplessis, and in a little shop found three coffee cups, painted with female miniatures exactly in the European style, certainly very curious—10/- for the three. Then we had to hasten to the railway, rive droite, starting at 5, by which we reached our hotel soon after 6, walking from St. Lazare. At breakfast and dinner saw Lord and Lady Exeter, who are stopping here, having their family at Versailles. [This would be the 3rd Marquis of Exeter, who married Lady Georgina Pakenham, daughter of the Earl of Longford, some of whose seven children may have been at Versailles at this date.]

18th. Walked to Oppenheim's to look at a green shell clock case we had admired; they are to clean it up better before we decide; then walked to the other Oppenheim's at the Faubourg St. Martin, a small unpretending shop full of rubbish, where, however, we found an exquisite *pâte tendre* St. Cloud group, or rather a figure of Astronomy attended by a Cupid. She holds a sun in her hand like the conventional emblem of Louis Quatorze, which was also the mark of the St. Cloud china: price £1. 8. It was rather heavy to carry home. We walked up as far as the Bastille, looking at the shops on the Boulevard Beaumarchais on our way without results; Crispin still possessed the Zurich cups we saw there two years ago. From the Bastille we took a cab to the Basse Rampart (No. 2) where Mme. Flaudin tantalised

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us by telling us of all the fine Chelsea pieces she had recently sold!! Ransacked the Rue de la Ferme des Maturins, but found nothing. In the *one* shop of the Rue de la Paix (No. 12) there was a lovely box, enamel, in the form of a piano, but they asked an outrageous price, between £11 and £12. Back in time for table d'hôte.

19th. Went to the Spanish Embassy and found a passport was not necessary for Spain. Walked about in the Faubourg St. Germain, Rue de l'Université, de Bac. No success. Looked again at Mme. Leclerc's Luneville pedestal but found it too much restored to buy. Fetched away our Marienberg Vases from Caillot's; bought there also an Oriental vase with stripes, 10/-, also a piece of Venetian glass at Lasonibe's, 54 Rue Jacob, for which we gave 8/-. These, together with all our other Paris acquisitions, we then took in a cab to old Mme. Fournier's, and deposited them with her, to remain in her charge till we should return from our trip to Spain (or elsewhere) and pass through Paris again. In search of Marcasites she recommended Mme. Brideau, Rue Lafitte, who had nothing "pour le moment," but seems a worthy tradeswoman, and may have something another time. Came back through Rue Port Mahon, St. Roche: we went into some shops but found nothing of any kind.

20th. Not being in time for morning service we intended to go to that of the afternoon, but we wandered over the river, and presently found ourselves at the Luxembourg, and went in. We did not linger in the collection of modern French pictures, which are generally speaking most vile, but among which we found Rosa Bonheur's "Labourage Nivernois"—the original from which Ivor's picture is a replica. We went to see the apartments; the Throne Room is very fine in its space and proportions, and I was interested in seeing again the Chamber where the Senate meets. When we had gone

the usual round, our guide took us by favour to the apartment of Marie de' Medici (not usually shown on Sunday) which is quite a bijou. By the time we left the Luxembourg it was past the time of our English service, so we went till four into the Maison de Cluny, which is always a very great treat. Observed among other matters of interest three beautiful Ninis, an excellent piece of Henry II. Ware, and *the* Luneville Lions, marked. Note—There is a fine Limoges enamel of Catherine de' Medici at her devotions. It bears the celebrated monogram, which proves (if proof were wanting) that this mark had nothing to do with Diane de Poitiers, but related to Henry and Catherine his wife. The same device was on a portrait of Catherine de' Medici, exhibited at the Exhibition in Paris in 1867. Being so near Notre Dame we strolled in there and were very pleased with its noble simplicity. It is now in very good order, but the restorations of the carvings fall far short of the originals; they are poor, clumsy, spiritless—essentially modern French. This place revived in my mind many memories. Note the ironwork on the Gates. The Sainte Chapelle was closed when we left Notre Dame. One of the most curious sights of the day was the Fountain of St. Michel, where the monsters were spouting water through two immense self-formed jets or conduits of ice with the most bizarre and beautiful effect. Since table d'hôte I have been with Lane to M. Waddington's, and find after all that he has been in Paris and is gone again! However, they expect him to return to-morrow.

21st. Called on the Fourniers, who admired our two French pieces immensely, but thought our Swedish vases modern forgeries, and told us of places where we could find similar ones. We made the search, but saw nothing in the least like them. Called on the Lutheroths who were not at home, and found M. Waddington had been here in our absence. Just



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before table d'hôte, at Tabut's, bought an old Staffordshire Ware tea-jar with portrait of George III. in relief for 10/-, a good specimen.

22nd. I walked with Lane to the Rue Jacob about some marcasites for Merthyr, which, however, I did not purchase. About 2, we went out for our daily walk. Stopped a long time at a sale of the Demidoff pictures, brought from San Donato, near Florence, where we had seen them all last spring. The sale was going on at 26 Boulevard des Italiens. Only modern pictures were sold to-day; I did not care for any of them, but it was a curious scene. We saw the Ary Scheffer of Francesca da Rimini sold for £4000. Koche's Lady Jane Grey went even higher. Yesterday Lord Hertford bought the Bonington, "Henry IV. playing with his children." [Now in the Wallace Collection.] From the sale we went again to the Fourniers to deposit our purchase of the George III. tea-jar in their case, and we engaged to take one of their Sèvres cups and saucers, gros bleu, with gold decoration, and a painting of musical instruments as a trophy. We are to pay £10. It is an experiment for us to touch Sèvres, but this seemed tempting at the price, and the Fourniers are such pleasant folk and so civil to us that we wished to do some little business with them. On our return we looked into one or two shops, and visited the Salles des Ventes which was a still more curious scene than that we had been at in the Boulevards. Such noise! such bustle! Amidst such rubbish it might occasionally happen that something good might be found here.

23rd. Up rather earlier but not out till 12. Went to the Louvre where we spent till after 2; most of the time in the Sauvagest Collection, and amongst the relics of the old French Sovereigns where there are some beautiful specimens of manufacture, and the dear old throne of

Dagobert which I have so often drawn. Thence to see the Demidoff Greuzes and Bouchers, which are on view for the sale of Friday. At Nonon's in the Rue Blanche bought three little silver plaques with scriptural subjects in relief, which have been intended as book mounts, but which, I think, may be converted into the top of a box. Called at Fournier's en passant, and at Mme. Flaudin's, where we got into a talk with a collector who proved later to be Mons. Danvilliers; he, by his account, must have fine things, the result of 20 years' search. We must try and see it on our way through next time.

24th. Started to-day from Paris by the express leaving at 11. A.M. and reaching Dijon walked to the large bric-à-brac shop, which we found full of furniture and faience and modern things. As far as we could judge in the dark there was nothing in our way at all.

Friday, 25th. Joined a table d'hôte déjeuner à la fourchette soon after 10, which amused me from its novelty and was a very good repast; afterwards walked out. Went first to the large curiosity shop where we really saw nothing we cared for except a small Persian bottle which was, however, much too dear. Then to the Museum in a building, part of which was the Palace of the Dukes of Burgundy. Much pleased with the old Tombs of the Dukes removed from the Chartreuse, and with some beautiful wood carvings from the Cathedral. Again sought the old shops and found several. At Hartmann's, Place de St. Jean, C.S. spied out a biscuit plaque having a portrait of Louis XV., marked Crown Derby and very good; slightly imperfect in the frame work, 4/-. In another shop, Cazet's, 40 Rue Chabot Charin, we found a Worcester vase with Chinese figures, blue and white, not curious or uncommon, but too good to be left at the price, 3/4. Besides, we liked old Mons. Cazet, who seemed to

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have a love of art, and with whom we had much talk, and so we were glad to buy a trifle of him. Having finished all our researches, we took a cab and drove to the Chartreuse to see the Puits de Moïse, which occupied till 5 o'clock.

26th. Lyons. Up early ; long day's work ; only 2 purchases, a Lemon in Venetian glass at Pingeon's, 16/—, and a faience teapot with grotesque figures at Vernier's, 8/—. Though slightly imperfect as to the flower, I was glad to obtain the Lemon as I believe they are curious, though not extremely rare. Lady Hopetoun has one, I missed one at Water's and another at Sotheby's. [This was the wife of the 6th Earl of Hopetoun, daughter of C. T. S. Birch Reynardson, Esq., of Holywell Hall, Lincolnshire, mother of the 1st Marquis of Linlithgow ; she died in 1884.] Barker has one on exhibition at the South Kensington and there is another at the Sèvres Museum, where it is labelled as being of the fifteenth century. One of the dealers, a Mme. Sicard, took us to her private house to show us some terre cuites, and there we found an accomplished intelligent husband, surrounded by his own paintings, and music, etc. I observed to her on his accomplishments, and she seemed very pleased, but answered with a melancholy smile, "Ah, il sait tout, excepté de se faire riche". We were rather taken with a Lancret en pastel, which he showed us—but refrained. One of our next visits led to rather a painful scene. We called on M. Bock, 59 Rue Bourbon. He had hardly anything to show us, but he told us his sad history, to the effect that he was a Russian of private means, had lived many years in England, and, in the course of his travels had made a very fair collection ; that he lost everything in the failure of a Bank and was obliged to sell it all ; and then, having a wife and seven children, turned dealer. He told us of his struggles, but said he never lost courage

while they were all spared to him. He had known Mayer, Franks [afterwards Sir Augustus Wollaston Franks of the British Museum to which he gave so valuable a collection of objects of art. Long an intimate friend of Lady Charlotte and of great service to her in regard to the famous catalogue of the South Kensington collection], Panizzi [Sir Antonio Panizzi, librarian of the British Museum and designer of the reading room], in fact all our finest collectors. If true, his tale was a very melancholy one. From his house we went to see the Museum in the Place des Terreaux, where are some beautiful Limoges enamels, and other things. The pictures are not shown at present; and then we went to the Musée Economique, or Industriel, where we were delighted with many things. Being now four o'clock, we took a carriage to finish the shops—found nothing in any of them, but were very much diverted by a visit we paid to a certain couple by name Danomartin, who lived at the top of the steps in the Rue Notre Dame de Fourvières. They had two or three rooms quite crammed with objects of every kind; they did not know what they were, and positively refused to sell any of them. They said they had been collecting for 30 years, and were now going to retire and arrange their collection. I asked them how they carried on business, and they said they lived by the sale of common furniture. It was getting late when we left them, but they expressed themselves anxious for us to call again that they might show us all their possessions, and they were very polite. Table d'hôte at half-past 5. Went out afterwards to the Quai de l'Hôpital to get our purchases.

27th. We had a long walk, and wrote several letters in the course of the day; among other things sent inquiries to Spain to know if it was safe to travel thither as there were alarms of Carlist risings.

28th. We prowled and had a long walk. Went into

the Church St. Nizier and then across the Saône to the other quartier, and found ourselves at the Cathedral, which we visited. Passing the Archbishop's Palace we saw the long queue of those who were going in to see the poor old man lie in state. He died on Saturday. Recrossed to the other side by a bridge which took us to the fine Cours Napoléon, along which we walked; thence by the Quai and the Rue de la Charité to the Place Louis le Grand. On our way, much tempted by a watch we had seen at a small shop. Having taken a carriage we went up the Hill Mantauban to 10 Chemin de Greillon, which is quite a steep ascent from the town. Here we knocked at a very humble and dilapidated gate, and after some delay were admitted by the owner, M. Garraud, who had been put down in the directories as a dealer, but whom we found to be an amateur collector, possessing some of the finest things in the world, which he very politely showed us. I cannot describe the collection. It was entirely Moyen Age, and contained some pieces of the rarest description. Among these may be mentioned the chess or draught board of Philibert, Duke of Savoy; the sword given by Henri II. to the chief of his fools; and an ivory scabbard which had belonged to Rollo of Normandy (William the 1st's father) and inscribed with his name. M. Garraud had armour, furniture, domestic articles and heaps of things too numerous to mention, all of the finest quality. He told us that he was about to move into the heart of Lyons, and certainly any change would be for the better. I never saw a more tumble-down receptacle for cobwebs than his present abode, and his magnificent possessions require a better locale to exhibit them. We were most gratified by having seen them. Left Lyons at 5.



## MARCH 1870

AVIGNON : NISMES : MONTPELLIER : ARLES : CETTE : NARBONNE : PERPIGNAN : GERONA : BARCELONA : MONTSERRAT : TARRAGONA : VALENCIA : ALICANTE : MADRID

March 1st. Lovely spring day. Walked all about Avignon. Visited the shops, the interesting Museum, where I gathered violets at the foot of Laura's monument; the Doms, the Gardens, the Papal Palace. We are charmed with Avignon, its remarkable site, and quaint old remains. Delicious turrets here and there, but most squalid streets. Met there some English people, Mrs. Cunliffe Owen and others. It had always been one of my dreams to visit Avignon, and my expectations were more than realised.

2nd. Up early, but did not get off till 10½. Took an open carriage and drove from Avignon to Nismes by way of the Pont du Gard. Dull morning, but soft and pleasant; charming drive, and charming ramble about the aqueduct. Luncheon of bread and wine at the cicerone's hut. Reached Hôtel de Luxembourg, Nismes, at 5, in time for dinner. Before leaving Avignon we purchased at a small dealer's, called Guérin, a pair of yellow wax vases, nicely modelled, with marks, vine leaves, etc., price 40 francs.

3rd. Visited the three (so called) antiquaries, and at the shop of one of them found an intelligent youth who volunteered to accompany us and to show us over the town. He sometimes picks up things himself, and promised, on our giving him notice, to look out for specimens for us should we come to Nismes again. His name and address—"M. Suel Alfred, Rue St. Paul 41." First we went to the Maison Carrée where we found a wretched collection of modern pictures desecrating the old Roman Temple. Then to the gardens, with the Baths and Temple of Diana, and up to the Tour, which is a most inscrutable building. It commands a fine



view; the concierge was away so we could not mount it, but its site gives a magnificent prospect. Lastly to the Amphitheatre which is very perfect, but is not nearly so large as that at Verona, and did not impress me nearly so much. We looked into the old Cathedral, the interior of which is wretchedly spoilt, but which has some beautiful remains in the façade. Our last act in leaving the town was to buy a coffee pot of the tortoise-shell Avignon ware at a broker's shop at the corner of the Rue Guizot in the Boulevard Grand Cours, by name, Banquière, price 16/-. We left Nîmes by a train at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 2 and in about an hour found ourselves at Montpellier in pouring rain. Hôtel Nevet. Here a telegram met us from the English Consul at Barcelona—"Advise delay, will write." This upset all our plans, which had been to the effect that we should go on to Perpignan to-morrow, and reach Barcelona on Saturday. Went to two antiquaries at the house of one Daumas, Rue St. Foy, close to the Hotel, we bought for 16/- a good Wedgwood Coffee Pot, transfer printed in red with subject, Minerva and emblems, and legend "Let wisdom unite us," birds, stags, and other ornaments. Also two Chelsea stags of goodly size in bocages, pretty perfect. These are the only things we saw at Montpellier. Excellent table d'hôte. Washed up our china and faience in the evening.

4th. Went to a curiosity shop, Rue des Canons—nothing. To the Grande Promenade which commands the most magnificent view I ever saw. To the Musée. Wrote letters in the afternoon. Since table d'hôte have been in old Daumas's, and had a long talk with him.

5th. Off before 8. Reached Arles at 10, and then had breakfast at the buffet. Then walked into the town; looked into the Arena, the Amphitheatre, the most interesting Cathedral, with its beautiful Byzantine façade and



A PART OF THE LARGE HALL AT CANFORD MANOR, SHOWING SOME FINE BLUE AND WHITE PORCELAIN AND A STATUETTE  
OF MR. MONTAGUE GUEST BY SIR EDGAR BOEHM, R.A.  
*Lord H'imbome's Collection*



cloisters; a most picturesque town is Arles, and we were very glad to have seen it. As to "antiquities" there were two little shops, beneath notice, near the Arena, and in the Rue Royale we found a whole Church given up to an old Jew who had made his dwelling in the entrance, and had filled the rest of the building with a lot of rubbish, furniture, faience, etc., all of the worst description. I never saw such a desecration of a sacred edifice; it was worse than the modern pictures in the Maison Carrée. Returned to the station in time for a one o'clock train by which we reached Marseilles soon after three. The weather was magnificent. Such a sky! and the views over the sea quite lovely. After our arrival we had time for a walk up the Rue Paradis and the Place de la Préfecture, in search of curiosity shops, and found four or five, all very bad. The only thing we coveted was an enamel box, black transfer printed, very good indeed, but so dear that we left it. Found here a family of Sinclairs whom we had before met at Avignon and Nismes.

6th. Walked to Longchamps. The Fountain and new building of the Musée very fine, and a grand view from the Gardens. Both this and last evening Mr. Darlow, who was passing through Marseilles, came and sat and talked to us.

7th. After breakfast had another lounge among the shops and discovered an amateur collector (M. Colombe, rue de Pionée, 64) who showed us all his things many of which are very fine. His French faience is especially good and he possesses a pair of the best cabinets I ever saw, laid with subjects in ivory after Rubens' designs. These once belonged to a King of Spain and must be priceless. He sent us on to see a Juge de Paix named M. Mostreil, who had a good quantity of faience, but not so many *fine* pieces as himself. We had some sport in our chasse among the shops.

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In a small place in the Boulevard du Muy, kept by people of the name of Taillon, we found a very large (16 in.) circular dish marked Wedgwood, and painted with a landscape and figures in black, and with an oak leaf border. Also a milk jug of the same ware (unmarked) with the anti-Gallican badge and motto "for our country" printed in red. [At Canford there is now a tea service of Oriental pieces with this once-popular badge. These are illustrated here.] For these, in addition to a small Worcester or Caughley mustard pot with a rather pretty handle, they took 16/-. A man named Esmien, who has retired from a shop and become a private dealer, Rue Paradis, 81, sold us 5 cups and four saucers Venetian, with Maroon scale borders, and a Wedgwood and Bentley plaque of Shakespeare, black, of exactly the same form and mounting as those of Rousseau and Washington which we found last year at Dresden. This lot was not very cheap. We had to give £2. 8. 0. for it, but the cups are of rare colour. Our only other purchase was the Battersea box with subjects in black transfer printing which we had admired at Valli's, Rue Paradis, on Saturday. We had to give £2. for it, but it is the best piece of the kind (almost) that I ever saw. Having completed our rounds we hurried to the station and left Marseilles at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4. By Arles to Lunel which we reached before 9, and where the train stopped for supper. The other train, however, which was to have taken us on a little later, came to grief somewhere or other, and we were kept at the Lunel Station till one in the morning, not arriving at Montpellier again till near three.

8th. Left Montpellier before noon. Had a short delay at Cette and availed ourselves of it to rush into the town which is neither pretty nor interesting, and to visit a large private Museum there, to which, on stated days, access is given to the public. At Narbonne we had only "quarante



minutes d'arrêt", but by walking very fast, we managed to go over the Cathedral and to get a glimpse of the curious old buildings, with terraced-walk, which adjoin it. Narbonne is most picturesque, with several Churches. Through lakes of water and swamps to Perpignan, arriving before 7. Hôtel Bosch.

9th. Left by diligence at 10. Grand scenery among the Pyrenees, though tame after the Alps. Dry clear day, and the roads no longer wet, but they are wretchedly bad; more like ill-ploughed fields with occasional pits in them than anything else. In about an hour we came to a full stop. A pickaxe was applied to the wheel and a whip to the horses, and the travellers alighted. Then the ponderous diligence got under weigh again and by 10 at night arrived at Gerona. Small Inn, but good supper. Amusing scene at frontier passing luggage with my china.

10th. Went to the Cathedral and other churches; the former is fine. Tried to find curiosity shops but failed. Left Gerona about 12 by railway to Barcelona, and passing through a rather uninteresting country arrived soon after 4, but not in time to do anything as there was a delay in passing our luggage. Fonda Orientale was good. We had grand apartments: not dear and very clean. Since Perpignan, we have travelled in company with some agreeable people named Adlam, and at to-day's table d'hôte made acquaintance with Mr. Black, a Scotch Minister who is in Spain connected with the movement for the spread of Protestantism. He is stationed at Seville where he is bringing up Spanish young men for the Ministry.

11th. Called on the English Consul, Mr. Hannay, who accompanied us to the Cathedral, with which we were delighted—especially with the cloisters, and the trade emblems on the tombs of some of the tailors, shoemakers,



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etc. buried there. We walked about generally, and went into the street of the goldsmiths ("Plateria") hoping to meet with something old in jewellery or other articles, but unsuccessfully. There is one rag and bottle shop in a street close to the Liceo, and behind the Plateria there is a private house with a few articles in it, but the husband being out, the wife could tell us nothing, and there did not seem to be any objects at all in our line: in fact, in respect of collecting, Barcelona may be recorded as a blank. It is a most bustling mercantile town. The crowds in the Rambla are astounding.

12th. A very early move. Went accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Adlam and Mr. Black to visit Montserrat. Took the train to Monistrol where a diligence met us to convey passengers to the Convent. We engaged places in it, but as the diligence stopped some 20 minutes at the village for passengers to breakfast, and, as the morning was quite lovely, I set off to walk and Mr. Black went with me. We were not overtaken by the diligence till we reached the Convent, so we had a walk of some two or three hours arriving at 1 P.M. I enjoyed it immensely, for the scenery was very grand. It was rather a peculiarity, that, while hot with the baking sun, I felt at every breath I took as if I were swallowing ice. The air was so cold that the brilliant sun had no power to warm it. By this time we were naturally hungry. We got an excellent breakfast at the Fonda and then went into the Church, and were introduced to the Black Virgin by an old Prior, whose reverential attitude while we made our visit to her is never to be forgotten. It was altogether an impressive scene. I admired some painted tiles which floored part of the edifice, and the Prior politely caused two to be given to me; they are not of any antiquity. When we had lingered about long enough to enjoy the

glorious view from this level, we scrambled down the mountain by a short path and took up our diligence again at the village of Monistrol; thence to the station, and so by rail again to Barcelona, arriving about 9. It was a charming expedition. We had been told it would take three days to accomplish it properly. But there was a German gentleman who went in the diligence with us, and found time to mount even up to the highest peak (which we were not ambitious to do) and to see Monastery, Virgin, etc., between the arrival and departure of the diligence. Most of our party were very tired, and C.S. had a bad sick headache, but we sat up till midnight dissecting an account of our sale at Sotheby's on the 1st of the month, which we found at the Hotel awaiting us. It was a fair sale but nothing splendid.

13th. Barcelona full of excitement at the news of the fatal Montpensier duel. We went to the principal Club (called, I think, the Equestrian) for C.S. to see the papers, and then looked into the Church of Santa Maria del Mar. Took lunch at the Consul's where were the officers of an English Ship of War, stationed off the coast. We had planned to take a drive in the afternoon, and told Balcon the guide to come to us with a carriage. To our consternation he appeared in time with a regular Court conveyance—a splendid open barouche decorated with blue and silver, with gorgeous lamps, and with two servants in State liveries to correspond! Too absurd. It was a great relief when we found that this stupendous vehicle could not ascend to the Fort; and after some delay a more modest equipage was procured. While this was being arranged we went and saw a private collection belonging to a dentist just opposite to our Hotel, which was for sale. I never saw so much hopeless rubbish in my whole life. At length we ascended the Castle, and a more delightful view is nowhere to be found. Walked about

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there some time, returning only in time for table d'hôte. We had been told that this excursion would occupy a whole afternoon, whereas we might easily have made a pleasant walk of it. We feel an additional interest in Barcelona by reason of the curious old prints we have of the siege of the place by Lord Peterborough in 1705, which we had so much difficulty in verifying, as the margins had been destroyed and there was no text to inform us what town was represented. Letters till late after going to see the commencement of a play on the life of Christ.

14th. Left Barcelona at 6, reached Tarragona by 9. C.S. not feeling well, slept on the sofa after breakfast, while I wrote, and amused myself in watching the soldiers from the opposite Barracks, who were going through a sort of review in the street. About 1. we walked out. The Cathedral was then closed, and we had to wait till two to get it open. A very fine Cathedral; the retablo wonderful; cloisters unusually interesting; they are the resting-place of many brave English soldiers, whose tombs are simply designated as "6th. Company," "5th. Company" (query, of what Regiment). Got a carriage and drove to the environs of the town, and as far as the Roman Aqueduct, which we should think fine had we not seen Nismes. Fine view over the plain towards Rues. The Director of the Museum, Señor Hernandez, showed us all over the antiquities collected there, which are most interesting and most beautifully arranged. No vestige of a curiosity shop at Tarragona. Walked in the Esplanade overlooking the sea.

15th. Left Tarragona at 9. Reached Valencia at about 8, and were sorry that it had become dark before we got to the prettiest part of the road. Put up at the Fonda del Cid.

16th. A wretched night. C.S. ill with cold and

threatening of fever. I took fright and suggested returning home. Got up tired and ill myself, and went off to the Consul, Mr. Dart, from whom I learnt that there was a steamer going the following day to Marseilles. However, in the afternoon C.S. was better, and Mr. Dart called and took us out to drive and see the Alameda. Troops reviewed in the dry bed of the Turia. Made acquaintance with an English gentleman, Mr. Gibson Craig, who had been staying at Madrid. [It is not quite clear who this may have been, but probably the 2nd Bart. the Rt. Hon. Sir Wm. Gibson Craig of Ricardon, who married a daughter of J. H. Vivian, M.P., of Singleton.]

17th. C.S. better: determined to pursue our plans. Went out at 12 to see the Water Council, an assembly of peasants who meet to confer about the irrigation. Visited the Cathedral, which disappointed me. Fine Chapter House. Went to the top of the Tower to see the view, accompanied by Mr. Black, who arrived at our Hotel the night before. Then Mr. Dart joined us again, and took us to see the image of the Virgen de los Desamparados, which is in the Church near, and is laden with jewels. Hunted for curiosity shops. Found one in the Calle S. Vicente, an old hatter, a nice old man, from whom I bought some Moorish dishes for Enid according to an order she gave me, also one or two trifles to give away, and, for ourselves, two pieces of faience; one of these a chocolate stand, which will make an inkstand, of Alcora fabrique, 2/6. The other, a dilapidated Biberon of Talavera Ware, 2/6. Mr. Dart took us to the house of a gentleman who had, he heard, a good private collection. With him we found a few things. We were rather surprised when he expressed his readiness to sell, so we selected a few objects for which he promised to give us a price. The gentleman's name was Jorge Dies Martinez, and his house



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at 40 Calle larga de la Seggiuola. He was an urbane old man, and I was pleased at this glimpse at a Spanish interior. Went to silk shops and Manta shops where we ordered curtains for our dining room. Mr. Dart came to us after table d'hôte, with a note of the Spanish Don's prices. He asked £60 for the following articles: Top of a table inlaid with the arms of Spain in ivory and various woods—£20. A bowl, cover, and dish of Alcora China, £20. A sceau of Sèvres painted in birds, £8. A small bowl of blue and white Nankin, £4. A cup of Buen Retiro, marked but not fine, 8/-. A chocolate stand of Alcora Ware, in form of a dove, 16/-. A plate, or dish of Alcora Ware, white, £4. A plate of Marseilles Ware, 16/-. A dish of Talavera Ware, £2. The nine objects £60. We sent back a message to say we would call next day.

18th. Went to the Lonja, with fine columns, a remarkable building. The streets full of people, being the Vigil of St. Joseph, in many places were figures as large as life, decorated and dressed to represent living characters, and placed in prominent positions, intended to be burned (like Guy Fawkes) at night; a very curious sight altogether. Pursued our curiosity hunting. Went to the house of the Conde Pascent, to look at a fine carved oak cabinet, for which they asked the enormous sum of £300. He has an interesting old coach richly decked and painted. We went through the large, now desolate house which once must have been very beautiful. Ballroom floor prettily tiled. Went again with Mr. Dart to Señor Martinez, where it ended in our buying 7 out of the 9 objects (excluding the Talavera dish and the white Alcora plate) for £15 !! These had amounted to near £60 according to this poor gentleman's estimate! The only other scraps we met with in Valencia were three plates of Alcora Ware prettily painted in landscape with representation of a flaming

sun, 6/-. Two small Alcora Coffee cups (china) 2/-. One little white tray imitating basket work, 9d. These were in a small shop in the Calle de Caballeros. Mr. Dart took me to the Bull-ring, which in itself is a sight, but where to-day a sort of gala was to be kept. In the centre of it has been erected a kind of temple in which stood six life-sized mannikins dressed as dancers. These every now and then were made to move round at a very solemn pace to the sound of military music, which was very good. There was a pretty good attendance. We sat some time listening to the music; between whiles a man played on a sort of flute or pipe, resembling in sound a bagpipe, accompanied by two drums. He elicited the most enthusiastic applause. There were arrangements for lighting up this bull-ring and letting off fireworks in it preparatory to the closing acts of burning the central Temple. I wanted to see this finale, so we took a box for it, and hurried back to dine. Unluckily no one knew the exact time at which this performance was to take place, and so, when I went there just after dark with Mr. Dart, Mr. Black, Mr. Adlam and Mr. Gibson Craig we found it just over, and only the smoking remains of the central bonfire were to be seen. Went on to look at some of the other effigies in the streets, which were crowded. Got into a polite barber's to see a grand erection representing the column of the Prado in Madrid, which appeared to be falling, and, which effigies of Prim, Serrano, etc. [Spanish statesmen of the day], seemed to be vainly attempting to support. There was a balcony full of musicians, and the crowd seemed to be very happy listening to an extempore performance in one of the houses where some one made faces by the shadows of their hands against the window blind! so easily do these Valencians seem to be amused! We could not wait to see the final bonfire at 10, for there was so much to be done



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to get our acquisitions packed and sent off for England by the kind help of that most agreeable of Consuls, Mr. Dart.

19th. Off by a 6 o'clock train; most lovely morning, and most lovely scenery. I never saw anything so beautiful as this garden of Valencia, with its oranges in full bearing, the peach trees in full blossom, its palms, its rice-fields, its brilliant green, contrasting with the brightest sky and the bluest sea. It was really a Paradise. Longed to stop and explore Xatifa. Reached Alicante at 4. Exquisite moonlight in the evening. Our hotel was on the quay. A merry Italian landlord, who, after table d'hôte, made us go into his private apartments, and see all his family, and hear his daughter play.

20th. Visit while at breakfast from the Consul, Col. Barrie, a very old man, who brought us letters. We went over to Elche, taking a little omnibus carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Adlam, the landlord accompanying us on the box. Perfect weather. Delightful expedition. We were charmed with the Palm Forest and with Elche itself, where we visited the Cathedral and ascended it for the view. Went as far as the bridge over the now waterless river. Called to see an excellent old antiquary who spends his time in collecting all the Roman remains which are found in this part of the country, and has got together some very good things. His name was Aureliano Ibarria y Manzoni. A good piece of tessellated pavement at his entrance. He gave me two pieces of the embossed tiles from Toledo.

21st. Col. Barrie's daughter called and took C.S. and me in her carriage to a little suburb where the principal people of Alicante have their country houses. We went to see a house where it was thought some china, etc., might be to be seen, but there was nothing; then went to Col. Barrie's

villa, which is quite one of the prettiest of them, and where they gathered me ripe oranges and lemons from the trees, and sweet flowers. The Consul got me some lace to look at, and some little bits of Oriental china of no account. Our only purchase at Alicante was some black Spanish lace, from an old Jew, Miguel Pierani, who keeps the sole curiosity shop in the place—6 yards of broad, five of narrower, £2. At 4 left Alicante for Madrid. Travelled all night : reached Madrid about 8 next morning. Looked at the Palace of Aranjuez from the station. Madrid very pretty as we approached, backed by its snow mountains, in the morning light.

22nd. Henry Layard was at the station to meet us with his carriage, and we were shortly at the Legation. Found Enid wonderfully well. I must make a short résumé of our most pleasant stay at Madrid, which we did not leave again till Thursday the 31st. Having dressed and breakfasted I sat talking with Enid till luncheon. After it Henry took us to one or two little curiosity shops. At Vicenti's I found a tortoise-shell snuff box or small coffer, studded with small silver cockle-shells, rather pretty ; this, from emblems of the cypress rudely etched upon it, I was afterwards told was the work of Carthusian monks ; gave for it 8/4. Late in the afternoon we drove with Enid and Henry through the grounds at Moncloa, a pretty drive with views of the mountains. The name is associated with china, but in its time of decadence.

23rd. We had a hunt among the curiosity shops, of which there are not very many, nor are they good. Some of the best things are kept by the landlord of the Fonda de Paris, who sells them through a kind of commission agent attached to his house, named Calvetti, a brother of the London dealer, and an Italian. We took this man with us

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on the following day (Thursday) and went with him into some of the shops, but found little. Again on the Friday we had a ramble with Giovanni, the Major-domo of the Legation, and penetrated as far as the Rastro, to which again he took us on the Sunday morning to see the great market, which is a most curious sight. Crowds of people buying all sorts of things—meat, dress, old keys, everything laid out in stalls or on the pavement. Sometimes, they say, that objects of value have been met with at this market, but, certainly, we saw nothing but heaps of rubbish. Of our purchases during our stay at Madrid, I will give later a résumé. Of the sights, I may say that one of the most interesting was the Armoury, which we visited, I think, on the Thursday afternoon, and where there are some wonderful specimens of workmanship. One of the employés at the Armoury, an intelligent little man, brings curiosities occasionally to show Henry ; we hoped to have got something by his intervention, but have not done so. Twice we were at the Museo, revelling in the beauty of the pictures. The afternoon of Wednesday was spent chiefly in visits. We went to see M. Zuloaga, an artist in metal of great merit, and who possesses many specimens of porcelain and faience. Our visit to him was very interesting, but not so much so as one we paid afterwards to Mme. Riaño, a daughter of the author M. Gayangos, whose rooms are beautifully fitted up and arranged, and are full of china and pottery not only interesting but extremely decorative. She has some excellent Buen Retiro figures, and many things I should like to carry away. Mme. Riaño is one of the most charming people I have met in Madrid. She is very intimate with Enid. She has lived a great deal in England and speaks English perfectly.

Friday. I have mentioned our long morning's ramble ; in the afternoon we drove about. Among other pleasant

drives we went one day over the bridge, returning by the Toledo road. Several times we drove about the Prado.

On the 26th, C.S. and I went over the Palace, which is a fine building, fitted up in the worst taste—the very worst of all being in Queen Isabella's private rooms, which have a melancholy kind of interest—alas—poor Spain! There are four fine vases of Buen Retiro à la Wedgwood (a style, however, that I do not admire). There is a lovely little room all panelled and ceiled and decorated throughout with Buen Retiro; and there is another room with a sort of Rococo ceiling of the same fabrique, but very inferior. On the evening of Saturday we went to the Opera, and heard the Puritani, not very well done. Tamberlik is their best singer. In the afternoon Henry had taken us to the Cortes, where we saw Prim. [The famous Spanish General and King-maker.]

27th. Up very early to go to the Rastro Market at 8. The weather, which had been delicious up to to-day, now suddenly became quite cold, indeed a few flakes of snow fell in the afternoon. Service at the Legation in the morning. In the afternoon we went to the Circus to hear a magnificent concert of classical instrumental music, given under the direction of M. Monasterio. We had Nicolais' overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor." All Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream, Beethoven's Egmont, Mozart's Marche Turque. All admirably performed. The only drawback was that everybody smoked, which made an unpleasant atmosphere. After the concert, Henry took us to see M. and Mme. Bauer (of Rothschild's House) whose residence is full of fine things, especially of tapestry, some of which is the finest I ever saw; six pieces of the Seasons—signed. They possess a life-size bust of the Comte d'Aranda made at his own Alcora Works, which I should have given much to get, and a good bust in Dresden China of Augustus's Jager,



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with a mouse in his mouth and others running about him, the tradition being that some of his companions put mice in his drinking cup, as a joke, which this china commemorates. Remember a fine figure in wood by Alonzo Cano. The Blandfords are at Madrid. [The Marquis of Blandford, afterwards 8th Duke of Marlborough, and his wife ; the brother of Lady Wimborne and Lord Randolph Churchill and the Lady Georgina Spencer Churchill here mentioned. This last lady was married some years later, in 1883, to Viscount Curzon, then eldest son of the 3rd Earl of Howe.] They dined here on Friday (to meet the Attachés), and to-day, as Lord Blandford had gone to Toledo, Lady Blandford and her sister [-in-law], Lady Georgina, dined here again, as did also the Italian Minister, M. Ceruti. The mode of Society is very pleasant at Madrid. It would seem that people are left alone in the morning to follow their own pursuits. In the afternoon they drive ; then at the Legation, there is always a dinner party of 12 every Monday, with a reception after it, and there are frequently people at dinner besides. We have met some very pleasant people, among them, Gayangos, whom I like very much. Mr. Ffrench (a clever agreeable person with great love of bric-à-brac), Mr. Ashburnham, Mr. Seymour, and Mr. Hunt constitute the Legation. The last has a nice little Spanish wife. They both sing. One evening we had some very nice Spanish music. Mme. Esperanza and the music master (whose name I forget) played Spanish duets charmingly ; and Mrs. Hunt sang, and then danced, and it was very merry.

28th. In the morning we had a visit from M. Zuloaga. We were anxious to obtain from him all the information he could give us on the subject of Spanish china and faience ; he has promised to draw up a little memoir for me on this matter. He appears to have more ceramic infor-

mation than anybody I have yet met with in the country. It appears that a friend of his possesses a mountain which they find to be full of koalin with a substratum of petuntse. It is somewhere in the neighbourhood of Toledo, and he talks of setting up a manufactory on the spot. The afternoon was spent chiefly at the Museo, then at some shops. Enid had one of her dinners, and a reception after it, attended by most of the corps diplomatique. I was introduced to several of them, Mercier, the French Minister, Kanitzki, the Austrian, the Swede, Sickles the American, and others.

29th. C.S. with a bad inflammation of the eyes, which kept him in the house for the rest of our stay in Madrid. Went with Enid and Henry to the Archæological Museum; a charming collection of all sorts of things. We spent a good deal of time among the Peruvian, Oriental, Roman and Pompeian antiquities, which are too deep for me to understand. The Mediæval remains below, which are not yet arranged, were more in my way. The Museum is now located in a very pretty spot with an extensive view, it was once a Casino of the Royal Family. M. Zarco went with us, a very intelligent man. Enid, after this, was tired and went home. I then went with Henry to Mme. Riaño's, who had some things sent to her house to show us. We also called at my old friend Mme. Comines, whom we saw, and at Mr. Ffrench's to look at his rooms, which he has fitted up very "tastely."

30th. Weather still cold. Neither C.S. nor Enid went out, but Henry and I were at some curiosity shops, and at one of them he made some rather large purchases of furniture. Among them, a Marqueterie table, inlaid with a portrait of Charles IV. on horseback, Royal Arms, etc., and the companion with portrait of his Queen. These from a woman called Jesusa, who has some good



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things. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt dined, and sang very pleasantly in the evening.

31st. At 3 went with Enid to the Palace, where I wanted to see the celebrated 4 Buen Retiro vases which are in the rooms inhabited by General Serrano. So we went by appointment. The Regent received us in the ante-room when we arrived, two of his sons being with him. He has a nice genial face with a charming manner, both courteous and cordial. Mme. Serrano (or rather the Duchesse de la Torre) is a pretty little soubrette, very much made up, good-natured but dull, and with but very little conversation. We paid a short visit. As to the vases, they are wonderful in size and execution, but they are not of a style I care for. Too much mixture. In shape like immense pitchers, with arabesques in bands, and raised cameo work intermixed. I should think they are of a very late period. There was a fine clock in the room, with china figures, of which I only just got a glimpse as we were leaving. Enid and Henry went to complete the purchases of yesterday, which presently began to be sent home. We at 9. P.M. took the train for Seville. Travelled all night.

## APRIL 1870

SEVILLE : CORDOVA : GRANADA : MADRID : BURGOS :  
BORDEAUX : PARIS

April 1, 1870. At daybreak found the carriage windows covered with ice. We took provisions with us, so made our breakfast in the train, at Menjibar—another at Cordova, and found ourselves soon after 5 in the afternoon at Seville. Mr. Black had taken rooms for us at the Hôtel de Londres, in the New Square. Capt. Burnaby at table d'hôte, who knows the place thoroughly. [This was, of course, the famous soldier and author of *The Ride to Khiva*.]

GROUP OF GLASS CONTAINING AN EARLY PAIR OF CANDELTICKS DECORATED WITH SPIRAL THREADS OF BLUE, VIOLET AND OPAQUE WHITE;  
A PAIR OF DOUBLE KNOP GLASSES WITH LIGHT OPAQUE LINES IN STEM AND A CURIOUS WINE GLASS WITH STAND FORMED LIKE A COCKED-HAT  
*The Countess of Bessborough's Collection*





2nd. Mr. Black called, and with him we made a long ramble; first to the Casa del Ayuntamiento; exquisite Renaissance with date 1539 on one of the arabesque pilasters. Then round the outside of the Cathedral, to the Library of Columbus, the Lonja, and finally to the Alcazar, with which I was quite enchanted. I seemed as if taken back to Moorish times. In the afternoon we went for a short time into the Cathedral, then made search for a commissionaire who could show us curiosity shops. Found one with whom we made an appointment. N.B. Note the curious Tile pictures in the Chapel made by Isabella in the Alcazar. The subject of the principal part of it is the Salutation of Mary by her cousin Elizabeth. This part consists of eleven rows of nine tiles each. The surroundings are arabesques with SPQR, etc., signed NICVLOSO. FRANCISCO. ITALIANO. ME. FECIT. and in one of the Arabesques is the date CCCCCIIII. The monogram of Isabella and Ferdinand are delicately rendered in the lower part of this altar piece. In the garden there is an alcove, or garden house, the floor of which is tiled with a beautiful formal arabesque pattern. One of the corners in the design bears the signature IVAN. H. 3.; another corner has the date 1546. These tiles are embossed.

Sunday, 3rd. Went to English service conducted by the Chaplain, Mr. Tugwell; after it called on the Consul, Mr. Williams. Then drove to Cartuja, where an Englishman, Mr. Pickman, established a pottery some 35 years ago. He supplies the whole of Spain with his wares, which are of the character of the most ordinary English productions without the slightest pretension to taste. The son, Richard Pickman, has a feeling for Art and is working very successfully at reproductions of the ancient tiles. He has also a small collection of interesting specimens of various descriptions of

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china. We were delighted with the old Carthusian Convent. Such a roof in the Refectory! Such remains of grandeur on all sides! Such tiling everywhere! In one part of the building there was a tiled Arabesque pattern, one of the tiles bearing date 1607. As I looked on this I beheld on the table near one of the said tiles, which Mr. Pickman kindly gave me. We found time to call and deliver a letter to Señor Bueno, a friend of Mme. Riaño, before coming in to dinner; and this completed our day.

4th. Went over the Cathedral with the Consul and a party of his. Señor Bueno also accompanied us. Saw all the Treasure, the Vestments, the Lace (which is good, but did not comprise any specimens of old Spanish or Venice Point), the silver Benvenuto Cellini dish, the Relics, everything, in fact, which the sacristy contained. Then we went into the Chapter House, where we sat quietly looking at the beautiful building and its decorations for some time. Next examined the High Altar and its retablo, the most wonderful work of Art I ever saw. After this went into the choir, and while we sat there, delighted with distant sounds of music which reached us from the Sagrario. We lingered long among so many beauties and then proceeded to the University Library, where Bueno has charge of one department. Saw the Chapel there. After this the Consul took us to one or two shops. It was the Marquis Sirra and his wife who went with us to the Cathedral.

5th. A long day with the Commissionaire, Alfonse Laboissee, visiting curiosity shops. Our only purchases were at Mariano Fernandez's, 17 Calle de Canteros, a little Rosary with gilt filigree (8/4). Two small leaves with currants in relief of either Staffordshire or Fulham Ware (15/-); and a pair of old paste bracelet snaps (12/6) which I bought for Enid, who collects these things. At a little shop, Diego



CHELSEA-DERBY GROUP OF LOVER AND SLEEPING SHEPHERDESS  
*Lady Layard's Collection*







ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE SAME GROUP SLIGHTLY DIFFERENTLY TREATED. THESE  
WERE BOUGHT BY SIR HENRY AND LADY LAYARD IN MADRID, AND WERE GREATLY  
ADMIRER BY LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER  
*Lady Layard's Collection*



Astma's, 97 Almeda de Escale, we found a curious collection, chiefly of broken things. Among them a very fine Moustier Ware dish, most delicately painted in blue, with the Rape of Helen in the centre, and Olympian deities and Arabesques all round and about her. Unfortunately it had been broken but had been well mended; for this we gave £1. 10. 0. At the same time we got a little marked Buen Retiro figure of Africa, one arm wanting, the head also having been off. Though the man knew nothing of what it really was, we had to give a sovereign for it. Antiquities are dear and bad at Seville! We looked at a frame with a small man, Cabriller, 20 St. Elay, but did not buy it. Called at an Italian's, Vivaldis, 17 Mendez Nuños, who had some extravagantly dear cabinets, and also a few good pieces of French ware, about which we paused. He is dear, and is a man I do not like, but has intelligence. I fancy he buys all poor Diego Astma's good things from the small miscellaneous shop and sells them at great profit. Went to Don Jose Devera, 33 Calle Amor de Dios, a superior kind of dealer, who has fine and high-priced things. To Ignacio Gallindo, 17 Calle de Saragosa, who was absent at Madrid, so that we saw nothing with him (his Madrid address is Fonda de Paris, or des Princes). Lastly, to a very original character, Don Manuel Robles, 5 Calle de la Cuna. He is a man of good means, a private gentleman, and buys and sells because he says it is his amusement; certainly he was our amusement for the time—but he talks too much, and his descriptions in bad French are interminable. We promised to see him again. We were told to-night that there were disturbances at Triana, but in the morning all was reported quiet. However, news came of a revolt at Barcelona. To-day the Consul and Mrs. Williams called about 11 o'clock to go out with us. We went first to the house of the Commissionaire,

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Alfonse, to look at some mantillas but they were not considered good. Then Mrs. Williams left us, and the Consul took us to the Picture Gallery, where, of all the Murillos I most fell in love with, was the Sta. Justina and Ruffina, standing together holding a representation of the Giralda, with the palm of martyrdom in their hands and the potters' vessels of their trade lying at their feet. Delighted in Zurbaran's large picture at the end of the room. After parting with the Consul we went to Don Robles'. Bought two earthenware vessels with the inscription "S. Huronimo de Buena Vista" and decorated with his Lion. These came from the old Convent of S. Jerome, price 4/2 and 2/1. A Triana earthenware barrel (worthless, but making up a sum 2/1), and a good old dish with scalloped edges, also decorated with a Lion, but said to have come from San Clemente (12/6). Also we went to Bianchi's, 1 Calle Cardinal, where indeed the Consul had taken us before. There we bought 4 good blue and white Japanese Cups at 1/1. each. Two pieces of curious old embroidery (7/6) only useful as patterns, and some Marcasite ear-rings and bracelet snaps, which will partly fulfil a commission of Merthyr's, £2. 15. 0. After table d'hôte, we drove in the beautiful gardens near the River, passing the Duc de Montpensier's Palace. Delicious weather! Lady Ely had arrived at Seville the previous evening. Spent some time with her to-day. [The widow of the 3rd Marquis of Ely; Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Victoria; she was the daughter of J. J. Hope-Vere of Craigie and Blackwood, N.B.] The accounts from Barcelona alarming. Great doubts thrown on the safety of even going to Granada!

7th. Again we had Alfonse with us. We had been amused yesterday at seeing him equipped as a sportsman. He had been out shooting with some gentleman, and after

14 hours' riding was bringing back one hare and 3 or 4 small birds! Went to San Panta's magnificent façade formed of tiles enclosing 7 Medallions, à la Luca della Robbia. Pattern Arabesque, comprising the "Tato Moto" emblem and inscription, the Marriage Yoke, the arrows, the S.P.—Q.R. the initials of Ferdinand and Isabella. One of the tiles bears the signature of "Nicoloso Francisco Italiano me fecit", and another has the word "Pisano". After this to the Church of St. Clement, where there is a great deal of tile decoration, the subjects being Arabesque, Saints holding scrolls, and texts from Scripture in Latin. The date of these as seen on one or more of the tiles is 1588. Went again to old Robles' to look at a Terra Cotta head of John Baptist, life size; dated 1591, and signed by "Gasper Nuñez del Cado, en Sevilla". The price named for it was about £7., but there seemed some difficulty about its being sold, and Robles promised to let us hear more about it. Next, to the Caridad. Then ascended the Giralda with very much pleasure. We had gone into the Casa Pilatus, a fine specimen of various tiling and altogether beautiful and interesting. Bought of Vivaldi a soupière and cover of Marseilles ware, signed V.P. with flowers of Vert de Savy (£2. 5. 0.), two Marseilles plates with Chinese figures (15/-), and a small Oriental teapot (6/8). After dinner drove to the Consul's. He had procured for us a Mantilla of black lace, for which we gave £6. 6. 0, and a Spanish Cloak of white lace £4. 4. 0; also a dish with house in blue, Triana, 10/-, and a larger one with pastoral subject in polychrome, *spared* to us by Señor Bueno, for which we had to give £1. 10. 0. From the Consul's we went to take one turn in the beautiful drive by the river side. Grand packing of our goods for Madrid at night.

8th. Left Seville with much regret at 10 for Cordova,



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arriving at about 2. Fonda Suiza. Our box of ware had to be despatched from the Cordova Station direct to Madrid, which brought us acquainted with an Englishman, Mr. John Rutledge, who has some authority at the railway [he was Traffic Manager of the Spanish Railway] and to whom the Consul had given us letters. Went to the wonderful Cathedral, passing to it by the Orange Court, and were perfectly enchanted. Hunted for some curiosity shops; found a little place kept by one of the firm of the Astrua at Seville. He had nothing, however; but inquiries with him led to our finding out one Sanz, opposite the Capuchins. We called, but he was out. Went again to the Cathedral. Back for table d'hôte, where we again saw Mr. Rutledge, a very intelligent man, who has lived here so many years that his Spanish is better than his English. It was pleasant to hear him speak hopefully of Spain. The accounts one gets are wonderfully exaggerated; for instance, we were told the road to Granada was not safe; he quite laughed at the idea. Went out again in the evening, found Sanz at home. He has some good things and we arranged to see him on our way back. Bought a silver ring (15/-), and a pair of old-fashioned Cordova ear-rings, 10/-, at the shop of one Narvaez, Esquina Cuesta de Lujan 2. Our guide in all these ramblings was a droll little gipsy boy about 14 years old, named Pepe Kevio, who had a little smattering of French and was wonderfully intelligent. He told us he attended the night school of Mr. Duncan Shaw, a gentleman who has mines in this neighbourhood and who, I should think, is doing much good. I had almost forgotten that we got a paste ring of old form from the guide at Seville for 12/6.

9th. Called at 2 in the morning; at the train by 4. To Granada; a long pleasant summer's day. Just before we reached the Bridge we came to a dead stop, which was

occasioned, we found, by our running over and killing a bullock, and a little farther on our engine broke down. But luckily it was at a station and the damage was soon repaired. Breakfasted at Bobadilla. At Archidona took the diligence to Loja, where we joined the railway again. Altogether a delightful journey. Arrived before 5. Difficulty in getting the mules up the hill to the Alhambra. Hotel Washington Irving. Found letters for us there. Ivor writes word he has bought Hamilton House.

10th. Anniversary of our Wedding-day. Spent it chiefly in the Alhambra, and at the Generalife. I need give no description. Suffice it that the Court of Lions (which for 40 years I had longed to see) was all that I expected it, and it was happiness to sit and look at it and listen to the hum of swarming bees, which made a pleasant sound now that the fountain is silent.

11th. Walked into the town. Visited the Cathedral, the Sacristy and its treasures, and were just in time to see the Royal Chapel before everything was covered up for the ceremonies of the Holy Week. Tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella—Philip and Joan. Went into the Vault to look at their coffins. Interesting retablo, with representation of Boabdil giving up the keys of the Alhambra to Ferdinand and Isabella. Characteristically the Cardinal (Mendoza) takes them. One or two shops. At a carpenter's, Diego Hernandez, Calle de la Anima 4. He has some good Cabinets (articles which abound in Andalusia) but very dear. Bought nothing. Visited the Cartuja, a building of no interest, but where there are some fine inlaid doors, and some beautiful inlaid presses for vestments. Called on Señor Riaño, brother of the husband of Gayangos's daughter, whose letters we bore to him. He then took us in charge and kindly went about with us. A charming intelligent man, speaking French.

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Went with him to the Museo, where there is an assemblage of wretched daubs on rags—but one fine thing—a group of 6 Limoges enamels, which were the gift of the Great Chaplain to the family from whom they were obtained. The Custos of the Museo had for sale some 8 large and important pieces of Buen Retiro. They were of a bad date, and were very unprepossessing. The price asked quite ridiculous. Went to a little shop with Señor Riaño, where we bought a Moorish jug for 10/6.

12th. Spent the day with Señor Riaño. Went down to his house early. He took us to a Colonel of Artillery, Don Federico Valera, who deals in curiosities. He had nothing in our line but two Limoges enamels done en camaieu, which we are to consider. In the Palavicini saw the sword of poor Boabdil, and a wonderful ceiling with portraits in wood of the Conquerors of Granada, done in very high relief. Drove to the Old Moorish Town on the other side of the Ravine, whence we had a grand view of the Alhambra. Spent part of the afternoon in the Alhambra and took leave of my Court of Lions, which I desire, rather than hope to see again at some future time! The question of the tiles seems to be thus. The earliest were mosaic formed of small pieces moulded and baked and executed with such precision that the letters of inscriptions and the groundwork in which they were imbedded seemed one perfect whole. Of course there were many varieties of a bolder and less minute description. Next came the embossed tile of which the Alhambra is also full of specimens. On some of these are Arabic inscriptions, showing that they were made at the time of the Moors, and on others are the initials P.V. (for plus ultra), showing that they continued to be made after the conquest. Thirdly came the flat painted tile of the 16th Century, which has been made

ever since. At first beautiful with Arabesque designs and sacred pictures. Afterwards debased to the most ordinary and inartistic patterns. This subject must be pursued. I got for a duro a small specimen of the embossed tile, with inscription of the name of the Deity, in Arabic. Riaño told me that he saved the enamels in the Museo from being sold to a stranger, and that the fine furniture of the Cartuja was once actually sold for the value of the wood, but was fortunately seen in the streets of Granada (laden to be carried away) by an Effendi, who applied to Government and stopped the spoliation.

13th. Left Granada at 10. o'clock. Took a last view from the station of my lovely Alhambra—the dream of my youth and of so many successive years. Good journey through this fine country; reached Cordova before 11 at night. Crowds going to see the procession and fair at Seville, where, by the way, the Consul writes that there was a small émeute on the night we left. It took place in the Square opposite our Hotel—4 killed 8 wounded.

14th. Went out early accompanied by Mr. Rutledge; went to see a friend of his, Don Diego Elias, who had a little Oriental china and a number of bad pictures. Then went to Sanz. Looked again at a very good cabinet he has, but we thought the price (£35) too much, and came away without buying anything. Went again to the beautiful Mosque; looked once more at the Mosaics, which are the finest I ever saw, and passed through the Court of Oranges. Left Cordova soon after two in the afternoon; very hot; travelled all night; at 6 A.M. were at Madrid.

Good Friday, 15th. Service in the house. General Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars staying at the Legation. [At that time Governor of Gibraltar.] Mr. Cole [afterwards Sir Henry] of the S. Kensington, his son, and Mr. Campbell, of Minton's



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works, were at Madrid, and constantly with us during the remainder of our stay. Walked out in the afternoon to see a Church where we were told there were some fine tapestries displayed; we found they were only paintings on cloth, and very bad. Went on to call on Mme. Riaño. No carriage allowed in the streets from Thursday morning of this week to midday on Saturday. Went on the afternoon of Saturday with Henry, Mr. Cole, etc., to search some of the shops. The Hunts dined, and the Riaños came in the evening. Very pleasant music, and Mrs. Hunt and Señor Riaño showed us a Spanish dance.

Easter Sunday, 17th. Service at the Legation and Sacrament. In the afternoon a concert of fine music at the Circus. At night a party at Countess Montijo's, where two little dramas were acted by some of her friends. [The mother of the ex-Empress of the French, who entertained a great deal in Madrid at this time.] The hostess is nearly blind, but manages to find out every one of her guests and do civilities to them. She talked to me for a few minutes. The house is furnished in bad French taste. A picture of the Empress Eugénie when young interested me.

18th. We went to explore the shops in the morning. In the afternoon we went to the Bull-fight. I sat to see three Bulls killed and some six or seven horses disembowelled, and a man carried off for dead! I had made up my mind to see the worst, and did so; but a more brutal, disgusting exhibition cannot be imagined, and it must have a demoralising effect upon the spectators. The excitement and applause, or displeasure they evinced were very revolting. We were in Mme. Bauer's Box. Enid went, but left the ring exactly at the moment that the Bull entered it. She wanted to see the coup d'œil, which was certainly magnificent. Enid had a large reception in the evening, which was very pleasant.

Topete was among the visitors. [This was the important Spanish Admiral and Minister, who, with General Prim, made the revolution of 1569 and became Regent.]

19th. A great hunt among the shops, for the last time, as we *then* thought, but it did not prove so. Went to the Archæological Museum again. Got from the station our Seville Box, which we had sent off from Cordova on the 8th. C.S. and I accompanied Henry Layard, Sir F. Williams, Mr. Cole, his son and Mr. Campbell to Toledo, where we spent 4 or 5 delightful hours. Went to the Cathedral first; then to the various Churches, and to the two Synagogues; lastly, to the Grand Hall. Just as we were coming away we found to our disgust that there were two or three very good shops which we might have visited had we known it sooner. Got back about 10. C.S. had a bad sore throat, and we went to see Dr. Brehm about it on our return. He ordered us not to leave Madrid on the morrow as we had intended to do, so I got another happy day there with Enid, and in the afternoon walked out a little with C.S., and made a treaty about some cabinets with Vicente. There is not much for a stranger to buy; for the shops are ill supplied. But for a resident, who is known to collect, it is a very good place, as many of the Grandees are selling by degrees, and the dealers come and announce this when there is anything desirable to be had, and make the bargains between the parties. Henry Layard has acquired several fine things already, and will doubtless add to them very shortly. There is a system of communication now between the Master of the Hôtel de Paris at Madrid and the dealers in most of the towns, by which he gets a great many of the best articles; and in the provincial towns this man, Fallula by name, has branch hotels who all work for him in the same direction.



## LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1870

22nd. With deepest regret leave Madrid. Stopped at the Escorial. My maid had left her box behind, and the delay which ensued at the station in trying to telegraph for it rendered us late for the omnibus, and we toiled up the hill on foot in a broiling sun. I was utterly disgusted with the sombre, prison-like palace we had come to see. The rooms with the Goya tapestries are pretty enough, but everything else is displeasing. I did not admire the Church, but was interested in the tombs. From the top of the church I cast regretful looks towards Madrid. At the little garden villa we saw some very pretty bits of biscuit Buen Retiro, and the walls of one of the rooms are covered with lovely Buen Retiro plaques in imitation of Wedgwood, something in the style of our plaques representing the Virgin del Pillar of Saragosa. These were a lesson to us. After a bad but sufficient dinner at the station, we went on to Burgos, which we reached late at night.

23rd. Visited the magnificent Cathedral, the Cartuja, the Hôtel de Ville (where the bones of the Cid are shown) and drove about generally. Found no china in the place, but invested in a few silver trifles in the shop "Plateria Venancia Sta. Maria", Calle de la Paloma 12. Our purchases amounted to a little over £2. Bad and expensive Inn at Burgos. Left it again in the night, or rather at 2. in the morning of

Sunday, 24th. Made an excellent journey to Bordeaux, which we reached at 5 in the evening; put up at a small hotel which we did not much like. Great regret in passing the Spanish frontier.

25th. Reconnoitred Bordeaux. Delicious weather; charming old town.

26th. Visited some of the principal Churches and did a good deal of shopping. Left Bordeaux in the evening,



BUEN RETIRO PORCELAIN IMITATING WEDGWOOD. I. IS THE VIRGIN DEL PILLAR OF SARAGOSSA WITH KNEELING FIGURE ST. JAMES. THE OTHER TWO SPECIMENS ALSO POSSESS ALL THE CHARACTERISTICS OF WEDGWOOD'S WORK  
*The Countess of Bessborough's Collection*



1870

## NOTES CERAMIC

and after travelling through a hot night, found ourselves at Paris on

Wednesday morning, 27th. Cold and wet. Having breakfasted we commenced our researches, and found a few things during our stay in Paris. The most remarkable were four plaques of Buen Retiro à la Wedgwood, which we bought of Chapuis, Rue Dauphin, for the moderate sum of £12.

28th. We spent chiefly at the Louvre and the Hôtel Cluny. Out all day, and again after table d'hôte. Took our recent purchases to Fournier's, who packed them for us, and left Paris by the early train on Friday, laden with spoil. A good passage, and reached Langham House in the evening, after 12 weeks' absence—and a tour of very great interest and enjoyment.

## NOTES CERAMIC

SEPTEMBER 5 TO 24, 1870

### AT HOME

TATTON : RICCARTON : PITFOUR : ELGIN : HOPETOUN

5th. Visited the Fine Art Exhibition at Derby. Many objects of interest, but we thought better specimens of Derby manufacture might have been found than were shown there. Sir H. Crewe exhibited some Bristol under the title of Dresden, which we wished to try to get, but find it vain. Some of the old lace shown from Chatsworth very fine. Made acquaintance with the secretary Mr. Bemrose, who went over the Museum with us for a second time, and in the evening took us to his house, where we saw a book he is compiling on the history of Derby china. Slept at Derby. [The late Mr. William Bemrose, author of "Life of Joseph Wright of Derby," and a work on "Bow, Chelsea, and Derby Porcelain." His collection was sold in 1909 for a large sum.]

6th. Went on to Tatton, where we stayed till

10th. The only thing there of artistic interest to us (except curious books in the Library) was a very fine Chelsea vase, scroll handles, maroon ground, painted in subjects, 23 inches high, quite intact. Went on towards Edinburgh. Met the Gibson Craigs, who took us to their place, Riccarton, where we spent the Sunday.

12th. Proceeded to Aboyne. When in the train saw poor Lewis Gordon's death in the *Captain*, which

shortened and darkened our visit. We remained at Aboyne till the 16th and then went to the Ferguson's at Pitfour. On our way through Aberdeen we scoured the town but found nothing. Left Pitfour Monday, 19th. Slept at Elgin and visited the fine ruins of the Cathedral before going on to Dunkeld next morning.

24th. At a little jeweller's called Christie, bought a little box for counters with head of George III. for 1/-, and two glass pictures for 4/-. Went on to Linlithgow. At the Castle saw some curious old encaustic tiles, the pattern on which (J.M. united by a knot) would appear to show that they were made for James and Mary of Guise; he it was who built the latest side of the Palace, forming the triangle. Went on to Hopetoun where we stayed till the 10th of October.



## NOTES CERAMIC

APRIL TO JUNE 1871

### SECOND JOURNEY TO SPAIN

BORDEAUX : MADRID : CORDOVA : SEVILLE : CADIZ : GIB-  
RALTAR : TANGIERS : ARANJUEZ : AVILA : VALLADOLID

11th. Left London at 7.40. from Charing Cross. Steamer to Calais. Quick passage and very calm and bright, but cold. On landing thought the town looked sad, and everything chastened by recent troubles; found a train just starting for Amiens. Paris being impassable we got out at Amiens, which we found occupied by Prussians, and after a while took a slow train to Rouen, which we reached in the course of the evening. At Rouen the station was filled by Prussian troops in their bright helmets. We had to cross from one station to another. It was pouring with rain. Luckily we got a little carriage at Rouen; again there were delays, but we got off soon after midnight, and in two hours reached Mantes, where we stayed at the buffet till daylight.

12th. A lovely morning. Soon after 5 A.M. the train appeared, to carry us on, and we proceeded without change to l'Aigle. Rich beautiful country apparently in full cultivation, and none the worse for the war. By the next train we reached Le Mans in the afternoon. This was evidently a military centre, for here were French troops, just returned from German and Swiss imprisonment, being sent off to Versailles; others despatched to Toulouse, etc. The various cries of one of these military convoys were remarkable. Some shouted "Vive la République!" others "Vive Paris!"

and some even "Vive la Commune!" All looked well and hearty after their captivity, and seemed in excellent spirits. The railway bridge at Le Mans had been blown up, so we went over a sort of temporary contrivance—very slowly—at which they were still at work. We were an hour late in leaving Le Mans but got to Tours at 10. Found that a number of French troops had been moved in the same train. Waited many hours at Tours for the train which was to take us on. At last we started about 3, and reached Bordeaux soon after 10.

13th. Lovely Spring morning. Lilac and clematis in flower; other foliage nearly full. Put up (as last time) at the Hôtel de Londres. After breakfast took a little carriage and went to all the old shops we knew of. Found all much changed since last year: nothing but very bad faience. But at Duelo's we bought a small Medallion plaque in white biscuit of Franklin which may be Sèvres or Bristol; price 8/-. Returned early to our Hotel. Wrote letters, dined, and now to bed, to be ready for a start at cockcrow to-morrow.

14th. Left Bordeaux at 8 A.M. Lovely morning. After the dull pine forests we came to beautiful scenery which we enjoyed till dusk. Got food at Miranda. Good view of the Escorial. At 8 A.M. were at the Madrid Station.

15th. Enid well. The house wonderfully improved. We have a little suite of apartments on a floor above that which we occupied last year; very nice. Drove with Enid after luncheon. Mr. French at dinner.

19th. Church in the Embassy; then, immediately after luncheon we went to the Cirque for a concert. The performance was as good as last year, but except Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream, and one piece by Haydn, I did not like the selection so well. The King and Queen were present, and had Monasterio up into their Box to

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compliment him in his skill in directing. Messrs. Ashburnham, Seymour, Goschen dined, as also Mrs. Warburton, whom we had met at Tatton and introduced to Enid. Mme. de Martino came in the evening. Walked to Palmeroli's. We liked his pictures very much, and had some idea of his doing a painting of me. Went on to Prendina's. Bought at Vicente's, 10 Moncloa plates with Roman views (12/6) and two odd-looking pieces of D.V. china (2/9) price £2. 1. 8. This place is looking very charming, for the weather is temperate, and the sky most brilliant. The view from our windows at half-past five this morning, most lovely. The Riaños and Kanitzes (he is Prussian Minister) and some men dined here. There was a small reception in the evening. Went with Henry Layard to see an artist's collection, Señor Gato de Lema. He has some few fine things and many very interesting ones. We also went to the house of another artist, Señor Braccio, where Henry found a good Chelsea-Derby group, matching one he already has. This with three others he was fortunate enough to find on very reasonable terms at Madrid some short time ago.

19th. Walked out early; to Prendina's and Braccio's again, where we found a pair of figures exact facsimiles of our Pedlar and his wife, which we bought for two guineas. This is cheap, though they are rather imperfect as to the hands and will cost £2. 10. 0. to restore. In the afternoon when driving with Enid we met in Jesusa's shop a great collector of Buen Retiro, Don Juan Conde de Valencia, who engaged us to come and see his things. Found a little piece of Castleford Pottery, and a white sucrier and cover (St. Cloud?) at Jesusa's.

20th. The principal event of Thursday the 20th was a dinner at the Duke de la Torre's, where the party consisted of 12, all men except the Duchess, Enid and myself. They took us round the fine suites of apartments after dinner, and

then a reception commenced. A man played some pretty pieces of music on a piano and then a few people stood up and danced quadrilles on the thickest of thick carpets, in a very promiscuous manner, to music which did not pretend to be dance music. The Duchess looked very handsome, and, as usual, was very well dressed.

21st. Went to visit Conde de Valencia; he has some of the finest things I ever saw. Magnificent groups of Buen Retiro, and a few other pretty pieces, but the Buen Retiro unrivalled. The Riaños have two very fine Buen Retiro vases, which Mr. Gayangos got in a very romantic way. He was returning from England in the winter and met with shipwreck at Santander. This caused him to be delayed at that town, and during his stay there he was fortunate enough to meet with the vases. Nevertheless his adventure did not end there. The railway by which he went on to Madrid was snowed up in part and he found himself obliged to leave his carriage and proceed for some distance along the line on foot, which he did, carrying one of the precious vases under each arm. He was at great risk, scrambling, as he did, among rails and sleepers, but he fortunately landed them in safety at his house. They are very fine, with subjects from *Don Quixote en camaieu*. After our visit to Conde de Valencia we walked to the Buen Retiro Gardens. The King was going over the Museum there and we saw him drive away. Then we went up to the part near the Lake. The view to the mountains and over the town quite lovely.

22nd. Went to see some Dresden China and Marseilles Ware at a private house, whither we were taken by Conde de Valencia. Prices absurd. To-day I had a first sitting, for my picture, to Palmeroli. He has painted Enid and Adeline extremely well. [This excellent picture, now in Lord Wimborne's room at Canford, is reproduced here.]

## LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1871

24th. Another sitting. Dined to-night at the Bauers'. Met M. and Mme. Bernar, Ellin and others. A great pleasure to see their fine tapestries again. They have also some beautiful pieces of Buen Retiro and a fine head of the Conde d'Aranda, life size, in Alcora china, besides their matchless statuette (or Paso) by Alonzo Cano. Henry has been fortunate enough in meeting with a work of art of the same kind.

25th. I went again to sit for a short time, but not feeling well came away presently. Went out to the Banker's for money. Dined early, and by 9 were at the station for Andalusia. Henry and Enid going also. Storm of thunder and lightning. We made Enid a bed in the carriage and she slept pretty well. I can always sleep in travelling. A bridge had been broken down near Vilches and was still in a state of semi-repair. The engine could not go over it, and our carriages were pulled over one by one. This made us an hour late arriving at Cordova, about half-past two o'clock. Mr. Rutledge met us at the station. While Enid laid down and C.S. dressed (having had to follow his box and get it from the station) Henry and I went to the Mosque. They have found some good wall decoration since we were there last year. Sat a while in the Patio. The orange blossoms, palms, and cypresses charming, and the groups around the fountain, as usual, most picturesque. Table d'hôte. Sickles, the American Minister, with his old mother and family were there, and came and talked in the evening.

27th. After breakfast went again to the Mosque, where Mr. Rutledge met us, and introduced us to one of the Canons, Raphael Sierra, who showed us the treasure. There are some most magnificent works of Art among the Plate. The Custodia is remarkably fine; by the older d'Arfe. After this called in at some of the Platerias and got one or two



pieces of silver, a fan, etc. We had some luncheon after 12, and hurried to the railway station thinking we were to go on to Seville soon after 1. But the train had been delayed at Vilches, and we found it would not start for three hours, so C.S., Henry and I went back into the town. Visited M. Sanz. He has still got the cabinet we so admired last year, and we fell a victim to it. But his price now is £30. Mr. Rutledge will see about its being sent off to us. Looked at a Buhl table which Arthur recommended for Ivor. He asks 110 guineas. I am no judge of the value, but on returning to the station, I wrote Ivor a long description of it. We did not get off from Cordova till near 5. A most lovely journey; very hot, but charming. Of course it was dark when we got to Seville, where rooms were taken for us at the Fonda Madrid.

28th. After breakfast went to the Alcazar. In the afternoon to see our old friend Robles, and looked into some other shops. After dinner C.S. and I walked out and called at the Hôtel de Londres, where we were so comfortable last year. It was by mistake that we were not there now. The old landlord very glad to see us again. Gave us Chartreuse, etc. The weather now at Seville is very hot indeed, and our rooms were stuffy and full of mosquitoes, and *worse* insects.

29th. A great hunt among the old shops, but, generally, they are worse supplied than last year. Most of the things were sold at the fair, which is just over. Henry went with us in the afternoon to Robles'. Found there a fine old eagle forming a reading desk; carved (and gilt) in wood, of about Charles V. period. We bought it for Ivor at the ridiculous price of two guineas! Got one or two interesting bits of old English Ware from Robles; and bought a very fine Oriental vase, ground, black and green, from an amateur friend of Bueno's for £8. 8. 0.

30th. Museo in the afternoon with Enid and Henry



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Layard. The Director came there to meet them. We then went to the Chapel of the University to see the Roelas and the beautiful Genoese monuments. We went after this to call on an old French lady who was said to possess some china ; but she had none. She is a teacher, and gave us a curious account of some things which had come within her ken since she had lived here : how she had been robbed and so forth. In the evening after dinner, Señor Andradé, who was long an Attaché in England and speaks English perfectly, took us out in his carriage to drive in the Delicias, which was most enjoyable. It was hot and there was not a breath of air, but a fine moon with a glory round it.

### MAY 1871

May 1. Cathedral. Lonja. Ayuntamiento. And then through the Plateria, where we got a little reliquaire, 12/6, and an old Caravaca cross (silver), 8/4. Also called at Mariano Fernandez's. We bought several things during our stay both of him and of Bianchi. Went in the afternoon to Devera's shop, 33 Amor de Dios. Everything very dear, and the stock very much the same as we saw there last year. Here met Henry, the Consul, and others, and went with them to the Caridad. I should like to have the two *little* Murillos, Infant Saviour and St. John.

2nd. Long morning of packing. The Pickmans, who have been most kind and attentive, sent their own packer to help us, and we filled a box of china, for England, and got Ivor's eagle packed up also. In the afternoon looked in at Robles' and elsewhere. After dinner came two carriages from Mr. Pickman to take us to the Cartuja. Williams (the Consul) with his wife and daughter accompanied us. We were first of all shown the tiles which I had admired last

year, and we have now settled to have a table-top of them. Then we went through the other showrooms and into Richard Pickman's private collection, and, lastly, we were conducted through the gardens (men carrying lighted candles in procession to show us the way) to the summer house, where a pretty little supper of fruit and cakes and wine was set out for us, and where we found Mrs. Pickman's four daughters awaiting us. After doing justice to the entertainment, we returned in the Pickmans' carriages to Seville.

3rd. Our last morning. We made the best of it. Called to see Mr. Black, our Missionary friend of last Spring. I fear he is not so hopeful about the Protestant movement as he was then. Went on to the Sta. Paula to take another look at the Azulejos. Drove across to Triana, where we went into the pottery shops but saw nothing so good as the pieces they send into Seville for sale, except a plaque with a representation, en camaieu, of Murillo's Triana Saints, Justina and Rufina. I did not buy it at the time, but must write back for it; though modern it is so characteristic. Fine view of the Cathedral from the river side. We had made all our arrangements to leave Seville this evening, but Mr. Reade, the Cadiz Consul, happened to call in this morning and he got some erroneous information about the time of starting which misled us. The consequence was, that we only reached the station in time to see the train move off; so we had to go back to our hotel to sleep.

4th. Next morning, at six, we were at the station again. This time we had taken the precaution of arriving an hour before we were told to be there, and it was fortunate for us that we did so, as the train started  $\frac{1}{4}$  before 7 instead  $\frac{1}{2}$  past as we had been instructed. It was a lovely fresh morning. I shall never forget the view of the Cathedral from the open space in front of the station, the gardens

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grouping in front of it. Dos Hermanas pretty, Jerez interesting. Reached Cadiz at 12. Fonda de Paris. Mr. Reade came and drove with us about the town, which is very bright and pretty, lovely colouring. Went to look at Murillo's last work (which caused his death) and his St. Jerome, at the Capuchins'. At the silversmith's found a pretty necklace (coral and silver-gilt Spanish beads) and one or two other things. In one of the old shops was a fine Oriental vase, without a cover, about which the Consul has promised to write to us again. He says there are fine collections at Jerez, one especially, that belongs to Mr. Suter, the English Vice-Consul there.

5th. Joined the steamer before 7, that was to take us to Gibraltar. A bright morning, the sea like glass, but after about two hours, the wind got up. The sky looked dark, the sea looked angry, and it was quite cold. Still there was not the slightest motion of the vessel, and we made a quick passage to the Bay, on reaching which the sky and sea were all serene again. We were at Algeciras (Chaucer's Algesir) by  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3, and were transhipped by another little steamer to Gibraltar, where Sir Fenwick Williams's people met us, and brought us to the Government House. A warm reception. I laid down, feeling tired, till dinner. Only his aide-de-camp, Captain de Winton and wife, and Sir R. Walpole at dinner.

6th. Quiet morning, for I did not feel quite well and lay down. After luncheon went up to the Race Course, which was an animated scene, notwithstanding that the Cemetery lies in the middle of it. Two little boys called Llaros ran a race on ponies, etc. Came back to write letters, and later in the afternoon went back to the Race Course, whence Mrs. de Winton took us a drive to the Governor's Cottage at the other side of the Rock. Enchanted with the views both near

and distant, the opposite African Coast and its "Ape's Hill" standing out well. Flowers everywhere in profusion. Such scarlet geraniums! Col. and Mrs. Street and some other people came to dinner.

7th. Service at the Chapel at 11. for the soldiers. Late in the afternoon Capt. de Winton drove us in a pony carriage to the Cottage; we walked a little farther on. It was a pleasant afternoon and we enjoyed the drive and walk. C.S. went at 7. to service at the Cathedral. Col. and Mrs. Street, Mr. and Mrs. Dempster, Mr. Kensal and some other people dined.

8th. We were to have gone to see the galleries, and Col. Jones came at luncheon time to take us there, but it came on to rain, so we gave it up. C.S. went over a P. & O. boat which had just come in. Looked into some so-called curiosity shops where there was nothing worth a glance. Capt. and Mrs. Phillimore (she was a Fortescue), the Streets, Capt. and Mrs. Orr, Col. McLeod and his wife and others dined.

9th. We got up early, having formed a party with Capt. and Mrs. de Winton, and Mr. Delancy to go over to Tangiers. We embarked in the Spahi (one of the Messageries Impériales) soon after 8, but did not set off till near 10. It was a fine day. There was little wind and no sea, but the vessel rolled very disagreeably. However, we had a very good passage, and I was quite well. Reached Tangiers soon after 2, and I was quite delighted, all my anticipations of an Oriental town being completely realised. We went off to the shore in boats, and had to be carried through the heavy water in chairs. Put up at the Victoria Hotel, which is extremely clean and comfortable, a contrast to all I have been in since I left England. It is kept by a black man called Martin. The de Wintons know the English Resident,

Sir John Drummond Hay, and having been up to his house to tell him that we were come, took us also to see him and Lady Hay as soon as we had refreshed ourselves by a capital luncheon, to which the only drawback was a regular plague of flies, which the Jewish waiter tried to disperse with a fly-whisk, but in vain. Sir John took us a long walk all about and around the City. The first Oriental City I was ever in. We went through the street with the shops, the Market, a Caravanserai. Went to see the Belgian Minister's house, which was fitted up prettily enough in the Moorish style. Note the swing of 13 laden camels coming through the gate; the Cemetery near, with groups of females mourning at the tombs. The domed burial-place of the presiding Saint of the place, which is also a refuge for criminals, fleeing from justice. The Jewish women on the flat roofs; the shrouded figures of the Mussulman females; the picturesque costumes and all the other characteristics of Oriental life. Sir John took us to call on the native Governor, Seid Abbas Emkishet, a handsome old man, who received us courteously, and took us ladies through the female portion of his establishment. We did not see any of the women; they had evidently hidden away just as we approached. One Patio I admired very much, ornamented with fine columns, and with divans in the recesses opening on to the arched colonnade surrounding it. After leaving the Governor we sat some time outside his Castle Gate enjoying the picturesque, and to me, novel landscape. Dined with the Hays.

10th. Left Tangiers and returned to Gibraltar.

12th. Went to see the Galleries; St. George's Hall, etc. I rode a pony. C.S. walked with Capt. de Winton. After luncheon went off in the Governor's boat to join the steamer by which we were to go to Malaga. We were on board three hours before it started. The evening lovely, but after



we got well away from land we had much lightning and torrents of rain. Very smooth passage.

Saturday, 13th. Landed at Malaga about 5. Some rain. Mr. Dunn (the Consul's locum tenens, in his absence) came to see me. I went out with him. C.S. had a headache and laid down. Visited all the Platerias, found the silver mountings for a frame, which, as well as a small cross, we ultimately bought. Mr. Dunn took me to see a gentleman with a very pretty house, and a nice little collection. His name was Mr. Crooke, and on conversation I was surprised to find that he was brother to Señor Valencia and Mrs. Comyn at Madrid.

7th. Up early; off by 7, for Cordova, which we reached soon after 1. The scenery, especially during the first part of the way, most beautiful. Agreeable Malaga merchant in the carriage with us, speaking English perfectly. My heart sank when we passed Bobadilla, the junction for Granada, not to be visited this year. Saw Mr. Rutledge at the station. In the afternoon he took us a charming drive up the hill opposite Cordova and overlooking it. Went into a garden belonging to a friend of his. Mr. Cardwell (whom we had met at Gibraltar) was at the table d'hôte. Mathias Sanz came in the evening. The cabinet we bought of him is sent off.

15th. Went with C.S. and Mr. Cardwell to all the Platerias; found nothing. At Sanz's found a Cinquecento jewel. Enamel. Child Christ, surrounded with a crown of thorns, and a Magdalen cut in topaz; all the gold work enriched with enamel. He let me take it away to Madrid on approval. Left Cordova in the afternoon; travelled all night.

16th. Stopped at Aranjuez; rather a grey morning. Drove by the gardens. Saw the Labrador, a paltry little place with only Empire furniture. Went over the Palace,



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which is also fitted up in vile Empire taste. The Buen Retiro Room is very fine, superior, I think, to that in the Palace at Madrid. The Aranjuez were awfully dear and imposing. Went on at 11. to Toledo. Put up at a Casa de Huespedes, Señoras Figueroa, 16 Calle de Sta. Isabella. A jeweller with the Christian name of Clovio has taste, and, sometimes, good things.

17th. Spent most of the morning in the Cathedral. Then went to the Hospital (Sta. Crux). To the Palace. To the two transformed Synagogues; the Church and Cloisters of Los Reyes Catolicos, etc. There was a great excursion, partly of natives of Lisbon, looking through Toledo to-day, which helped to people and light the, now, much neglected streets. Left Toledo about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 5. On reaching the Legation (Madrid) found a party, the Martinos, Riaños, etc., dining there.

18th. Resumed my sittings to Palmeroli, which were now repeated every day until I left Madrid. Major Holland, who had come to present a book from our Government to the King, and Mr. Twistleton dined. [The Hon. Edward Twistleton, author of *The Tongue not Essential to Speech.*] Long and interesting talk on the proofs identifying Sir Philip Francis with Junius.

19th. Mr. Twistleton dined again. Afterwards we all went to the Opera at the Alhambra Theatre, where a Spanish piece was performed in which Mr. and Mrs. Hunt sustained the principal parts. Both sang well. He is a very good actor. The piece was "Don Fernando of Emplazado", the first work of a Spaniard, D. Valentin Zubiaurre; rather commonplace, but better in the 3rd act.

20th. Dinner of English people to celebrate our Queen's birthday.

21st. Church. Short sitting to Palmeroli in the after-



PORTRAIT OF LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER PAINTED BY PALMEROLI AT MADRID.  
IT NOW HANGS IN LORD WIMBORNE'S WRITING-ROOM AT CANFORD MANOR



noon. Then drove. The Hunts, Mr. Twistleton and others dined.

22nd. To-day they had one of their pleasantest dinners at the Embassy. Count Valencia, Miral del Bosch, Silvela, Esperanza, Stuart Mackenzie, Mr. Twistleton, Mr. Ffrench.

23rd. Mr. Bernar took us over the Duke d'Ossuna's Library, Armoury and Palace. The latter contains several portraits (family ones chiefly) which looked interesting, but is otherwise fitted up in ordinary modern taste. The view driving down to it very lovely.

24th. After luncheon went with C.S. to call on the Riaños. They took us to a newly established curiosity shop, 15 Calle de Gorguera, to show us some Buen Retiro sceaux.

25th. Extremely rainy day. C.S. and I (after usual Palmeroli sitting) took a cab with Giovanni and made a great round of the Prenderias, and invested rather heavily. Bought the two Buen Retiro sceaux at Lorenzo's, £20. Two cabinets and stands, the cabinets inlaid with ivory, at Vicente's, 25 gns. and some smaller purchases. Sir Charles Murray (our Lisbon Minister) and his wife and the Riaños dined. Duke de Fernan Nuñez, Kanitz, etc., came in the evening.

26th. A last sitting to Palmeroli, who is supposed to have succeeded very well with my portrait. After a short visit to the Prenderias, both C.S. and I drove with Enid and Henry to the Fuente Castellana, etc. In the evening to a small and very dull diplomatic party at Kanitz's. Played at "Questions and Answers."

27th. Out on various errands. Called on the Bauers and Conde de Valencia, and was busy up to the last moment of our happy visit to Madrid, which I was truly sorry to leave. Henry came with us to the station and saw us off for Avila at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 5. While I yet remember I must carry on this record

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of a charming journey, though only in skeleton, for the notes were not made on the spot. We slept at Avila, at the Hotel of one Smith, a worthy Englishman who, having been contractor on the railway, had settled down there, and made a most comfortable resting-place ; his married daughter waited on us. She had unfortunately allied herself to a Spaniard who left her and her children to the charity of her father, but she seemed very cheerful, and delighted to meet with English people. The next day,

28th, we spent delightfully. Smith himself acted as our cicerone and took us all over the town. It far exceeded all our expectations : the walls almost perfect and the Churches most interesting. On one of the old deserted Palaces the following motto struck me, "*Donde una Puerta se ciera otra se abre*," the date MDXL. "*Petrus Avila et Maria Cordubensis vxor.*" Left Avila again by the train at 10, and proceeded to Valladolid. We arrived about 1 or 2 in the morning, and went into the town (from the station) in an omnibus. All the Hotels seemed asleep or full, and those that C.S. inspected were so dirty and so dear that we drove back to the station again : but this was shut up when we got there, so there was nothing for it but to remain in the omnibus all night, and that night I shall never forget. The omnibus was put in a yard, under the *Porte Cochère* of which the driver left us. C.S. went to sleep, the maid, who was frightened, fidgeted, I remained quite still, watching events, for it did not seem to us that we were altogether quite safe. Although the gates were supposed to be locked, men came now and then in and out of them, as in a bad dream, and sleep seemed to be impossible, from the stamping and neighing of horses and mules, the crowing and cackling of cocks and hens, and above all the tinkling of a bell attached to a very playful restless goat. At length morning dawned, and it was with a feeling of relief

that I saw people from the neighbouring house come down to draw water at the well in the Court. At six our driver came to our omnibus, put in his mules again, and told us that we must turn out, as he was going back to the station to meet a train. We, however, preferred to accompany him, and at the buffet got a good breakfast, after which we sauntered back, on foot, into the town. First of all we visited a curiosity, or rather a large dealer's, shop. Then we went into some silversmiths'. One of them had some beautifully chased ornaments, for book mounts, but we found nothing in our line. Then we betook ourselves to visiting the Churches and remains of the interesting buildings with which the place, associated in our minds with the Duke de Lerma, abounds. They are not of the best time, but we saw some excellent Berruguete work. All this time we toiled on foot, the weather very hot, and with *the* red bag full of treasures on my arm. No carriage was to be had because of a fête to the Virgin, which was being held outside the town. At length, after some luncheon at a restaurant we *did* obtain a conveyance to go and see the said fête, which was a sort of fair in a large open space in front of a Chapel gaudily decorated, about two miles from the city; a curious sight and an immense crowd. Our day ended at the station, where the train took us up again in the middle of the night, and carried us on without further adventure to Bordeaux.

30th. Remained there that day.

31st. After well ransacking the town we called on the Consul to get information as to our best route to England, Paris being still closed by the Commune. He advised us to go to Versailles, and assured us that by taking tickets to Juvigny we should get on without trouble, as there were omnibuses, etc., there to take passengers on to Versailles. We adopted his suggestion and that night proceeded on our way,



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taking the late express train. We reached Juvigny at six o'clock that morning.

### JUNE 1871

#### VERSAILLES : PARIS

June 1st. By means of great promptitude we secured the three last places in the one solitary omnibus which waited at the station ; but this was so laden already with the goods of passengers that had been waiting to go by it for some hours, that there was not the slightest chance of its accommodating any of our luggage. Sooner than be parted from our luggage we gave up our places, and were only too delighted to find a small market cart in which C.S., I and the maid with our boxes managed to stow ourselves. We had a sturdy horse, which our loquacious driver told us he had bought of the Prussians when they vacated that neighbourhood, and so we set off. It was a lovely morning and I shall never forget that 1st of June. We were in high spirits and vastly amused with our conveyance. The driver stopped half-way, to breakfast at a little auberge, and we got some bread and capital gruyère cheese, and a bottle of vin ordinaire, on which, without descending from our cart, we breakfasted also. We did not get on very fast, so it was almost afternoon when we made our triumphal entry, in the cart, into Versailles. The town was very full, the Government, the Chambers, all being there, and at the Hôtel des Réservoirs they told us that there was scarce a room to be had. However, they directed us to a house where they thought it possible we might be lodged, and there we found one apartment (small), and a sort of cupboard for the maid, with which we were only too glad to be content. What was our surprise to find that our old friend M. Waddington, now a Deputy, the only acquaintance we have in France, occupied

the room immediately adjoining ours. He was looking out of the window when we arrived and was greatly entertained at our equipage. The Commune was by this time overthrown, and people were beginning to go into Paris. We were very anxious to do so too and to see the state in which it was left. We called on Lord Lyons to inquire if it would be safe, and he told us there would be no difficulty, with a pass, in getting *in*, but that it was not so easy to get out again, as the Paris Authorities required some tiresome forms to be gone through for that purpose. He thought we might be detained. This, as we were carrying important despatches for Henry Layard, we did not desire. That afternoon we dined at the table d'hôte, and did no more that day.

2nd. We took a carriage and drove to see the destruction of St. Cloud—a melancholy sight indeed! Returning at dusk through a wood, the driver lost his way, and said, “Ma foi, je ne sais où nous allons tomber!” Pleasant hearing, for the place was very solitary and we did not know what evil spirits might be lurking. We heard that all these woods were full of Communists, escaped from Paris and hiding from arrest—more fearful of us than we of them—but we got back all right to our table d'hôte. We had intended returning to England that day (by cross-roads to St. Denis and so on), but in the evening we heard that there was to be free ingress and egress to Paris on the morrow, so we changed our plans.

June 3rd. I walked out early. Saw workmen bricking up all open spaces and cellars under the rez-de-chaussée of the houses. On inquiry I was told it was a precaution against the petroleuses, as information had been received that they were expected at Versailles. I should mention that we had more than once walked in the Gardens and had seen the

prisoners in the Orangerie, but we could not go very near. We took a carriage and drove into Paris. It was a City of the Dead ; no life or animation ; scarce any one in the streets ; not a conveyance to be seen ; altogether a most melancholy sight ; the Tuileries and other public buildings still smoking ; the Vendôme Column lying in pieces on the ground. We went round to the scene of the principal conflagrations. There was a crowd round the ruins of the Hôtel de Ville. We called at the " Lille et d'Albion ", where we used to lodge, and found it shut up, but the maid in charge gave us sad accounts of alarms that had been suffered all round from the insurgents. We went also to some of the dealers we had been used to buy of—Mme. Caillot, Mme. Oppenheim had both died of fright or anxiety. Poor old Fournier had lost his reason. Mme. Rouvier told us that the mob had once given her notice to dismantle her house, as they meant to set fire to it, and so she put all her goods in the cellar, where they probably were not much more safe ! We found at Mme. Flaudin's some dishes matching our maroon Chelsea set which we bought of her, and she was overjoyed, saying we were the first customers she had seen for many months, dating from the beginning of the siege. While we were with her there was a great noise in the street—a brougham was going by. We found it contained the celebrated Roussel, who had just been captured. The escort had difficulty in protecting him from the fury of the people. As we returned along the deserted Champs Elysées we met some prisoners, bound and strongly guarded, with a little crowd hooting and menacing them. The whole scene was impressive and very sad, but I would on no account have missed it. It was very late when we got back to Versailles, but joined M. Waddington before dinner was quite over.

4th. We had a most charming walk in the Gardens and

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## NOTES CERAMIC

Park of Versailles, and enjoyed a most agreeable morning. In the afternoon we took the train into Paris. Had some difficulty at the Station St. Lazare to get a conveyance on to the Gare du Nord, but at length we arrived there, and so took our places in the train and returned to England.

## NOTES CERAMIC

MARCH TO MAY 1872

BRUSSELS: ROTTERDAM: THE HAGUE: GOUDA: AMSTERDAM:  
PARIS: BORDEAUX: MADRID: SEVILLE: CADIZ: JERES

2nd. Left London at 7.40. A.M. per Dover, and steamer to Ostend. Beautiful passage; sea perfectly calm, but, for about an hour, thick fog, which nearly led to an accident by collision. Not able to get luggage examined, etc., in time to proceed by the express train, and so had to wait about three hours at Ostend. Proceeded by the 6 o'clock train to Brussels, where we arrived about 8. Hôtel de l'Europe.

3rd. Up late. Drove for a couple of hours about the town. Lovely weather; like summer. Small shop in Rue de l'Escalier, where we found several little pieces. C.S. at Church at 3. I read, and wrote letters. Table d'hôte at 5. Slept a little; wrote letters and read till bedtime.

4th. Another lovely day. Up earlier and out by 10 o'clock. Then went the round of all the shops, amongst which we laid out about £10. very much to our own satisfaction reckoning that we had secured objects worth nearly £40. Among them was a pair of partridges on their nests with stands painted in bouquets—very perfect and all of old Bow. Also a curious old enamel box, transfer printed, with Britannia holding up the cap of Liberty, and crowning the British Lion with a wreath while she leans on a scroll, inscribed No. 45: an interesting memorial of Wilkes and the North Briton. I walked a little in the morning and drove in the afternoon.



A WHITE DRESDEN BISQUE GROUP OF THE MID XVIII CENTURY. THE DESIGN IS NO DOUBT SUGGESTED BY A FRENCH PAINTER; THE YOUTHFUL LOVER, THE HALF-SHY LADY AND THE EVER-BUSY CUPID BEING FOUND TOGETHER IN BOTH THE PRINTS AND PORCELAINS OF THE PERIOD  
*Lord Wimborne's Collection*





Table d'hôte at 5. Since that washing up and packing our purchases.

5th. Called at 6. A lovely morning, which turned out a very hot day. Left Brussels by a 9.20. train, and passing through Antwerp went to Moerdyk where we took the steamer to Rotterdam. The sun was very hot and it was very pleasant basking in it on the deck and admiring the pretty villages, avenues, etc., on the banks as we passed along. I always do enjoy this trajet. Dined on board. Reached Rotterdam at 3, and having taken our luggage across the town to The Hague station, C.S. and I started to explore the shops. Walked a little way: then got an open carriage and drove about. We found a few little bits of good English Ware at a little shop in the Waajen Strasse, and at Van Minden's Warehouse. But Rotterdam is not such a good hunting ground as Brussels. Took the train to The Hague soon after 6, and arrived before 7. Altogether a charming day, recalling many pleasant ones formerly spent in Holland. The weather unaccountably hot for the time of year—like summer.

6th. Not a very good night, but up in good time and out before 11. A long and pleasant day, driving about The Hague and visiting all the old shops, which we did to considerable advantage, as we found several curious pieces of marked English Ware. Ended by a visit to M. and Mme. Bisschop (near the Greene Weg), who have many pretty things. Altogether a lovely and pleasant day. Sarlin tried to impose upon us with a copy of a Louis Quinze inkstand. We bought nothing of him, or Schwale or Munchen, but made all our purchases at the little shops.

7th. A regular holiday. We left The Hague at 10, C.S. and I alone, without maid or other luggage than our sacs de nuit, and went to Gouda, where we had a charming

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chasse. We had scarcely left the station when we fell upon a curiosity shop, a very small one, but containing several good marked pieces. Next we went to the large shop, Pavoordt's. He himself was very busy with the market people and found it very difficult to attend to us, but we ransacked his stores and brought a goodly lot away with us. We then tried to find something in another antique's, but when, with some difficulty, we discovered the house he lived in, he had nothing; so we spent the remainder of our time at Gouda in walking about the town, admiring the quaint old square with its central Town Hall of 16th-century architecture, and visiting the Church with its wonderful painted windows. While waiting at Pavoordt's I had a curious insight into Dutch life, and it was very amusing. We had one or two April showers in the morning, but the sun was hot between whiles, and altogether the day was most enjoyable. At 2.33 we proceeded to Utrecht and reached it soon after 3. Took our room at the Belle Vue (the same we had in 1869), and then went on into the town. Gorkum, our friend, had been ill. He told us he still had his eye upon the Worcester service (Rochester he called it) which we wanted to get at our last visit. Returning through the Elizabeth Strasse we made one or two purchases of a nice little shop there (Caste) and then came in for the table d'hôte, 4½ to 5 o'clock. After that C.S. went out again. He found a good pair of Battersea salt cellars at Sanders's. He took him to Hambrook's, a large warehouse, where he saw some things with good marks, but at such absurd prices he bought nothing. Since his return he has been packing, and we have prepared for an early start to-morrow.

8th. We were called at 6, and having packed and breakfasted, got off by the train before 9, to Amsterdam. Arrived there before 10. Took a carriage and went straight

to Van Houtum's to see what he might have. Great was my delight and surprise on going to his best cupboard, to find a Bristol figure, a youth holding a comb, nearly perfect ! I was so astonished that I put it down again, hardly believing my own eyes at so great a find. Of course he had not an idea what it was, but because it was large he wanted £7 for it. It ended in our giving him £7 for that and two Bow sauceboats in red camaieu. We had brought with us all the purchases we had made since we left home, which we left with Van Houtum, who promised to have them packed carefully and forwarded to our address in London. This is a great relief, for we were beginning to be embarrassed with all our goods. From Van Houtum's we went to Sanz's, which used to be one of our best hunting grounds, but now he had absolutely nothing of our kind. Thence to Van Galen's. He has a number of figures—good but not remarkable—which he wishes to sell in one collection. Also the remains of a fine Chelsea-Derby vase, without lid, which, imperfect as it is, he asked £8 for. So we left him without purchase. Next to Hope's the Banker's to get some money, and then to Speyer's. We accompanied him into his various warehouses, and found one or two pretty bits of English Ware. The same at his neighbour Soujet's. After this we went to Boasberg's. He had a good box (slightly damaged) a scent case and an étui, Battersea Enamel ; for these he wanted £28 ! a price so enormous that we could do nothing. An infructuous visit to a man called Blick ended our search. We took our few purchases to Van Houtum to be packed with the rest, and, having dined at the Brack's Doelen table d'hôte, we joined the train at 6.30. and got back to The Hague at about 8 o'clock. The Bristol figure amply repays all the trouble and fatigue of the 7 hours' drive and chasse, but otherwise we found little at Amsterdam.

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9th. Up at 5. Left The Hague by train at 7.45. At Rotterdam were conveyed across by omnibus to the steamer by which we proceeded to Moerdyk. (I lay down in the cabin and read.) Our next change was in passing the Custom House at the Belgian frontier. Then at Antwerp we had to get into other carriages in which we went as far as Brussels. Then, again an omnibus conveyed across the town to another railway. We had another visitation of our luggage, and a showing of passports on getting into France. At Tergnier we dined, and finally reached Paris about 9, and after waiting some little time got a small omnibus to take us to our lodgings at the Hôtel S. Romain, Rue du Dauphin, where we arrived about 10 o'clock. Coffee and to bed. Found a letter from Cornelia saying that Ivor was suffering from pains in the face.

10th. Breakfast at 10. Then we strolled out. The sun bright and the sky unclouded, but a keen, though not a strong east wind. On the Quai Voltaire happened to go into a print shop and to find a fine Frye of George III. on which we pounced for 6/6. In another we got a lot of theatrical portraits, chiefly from Bell's British Theatre; the subjects are the same as on the Liverpool Tiles.

11th. We got out before 11 and on foot ransacked the whole of the Quai Voltaire. The shops there have not only improved in quality but have increased in number. The only things, however, that we found to suit us were an enamel writing box, Rose du Barri, and a pair of Chelsea birds at Leclerc's; the former costing 50/-, and the latter 32/-. On our way there we had met with a curious Octagon Chelsea cup, painted with insects, and marked in blue with the Dresden swords, 12/-, this was at Chapin's. Having gone through the whole of the Quai Voltaire and Quai Malaquais shops (including print-shops) we took a cab at half-past one,

and went on exploring for the next five hours. We stopped at every shop we saw, besides visiting all those with which we were acquainted. We went to Oppenheim's, Rue d'Aboukir, the other Oppenheim's, Ambigu, where we found a very good écuelle cover and stand of very decorative Ware; for this we paid 16/-. We went on to Stein's, Boulevard du Temple, but he was absent. Then we visited all the shops we saw or knew of on our way to the Fourniers'; but we found nothing. In two shops there were Ninis, but we mistrusted them, and they were also very dear. Mme. Fournier alone was at home when we got to their shop. She incited us to hurry off to the sale room in the Rue Drouot; where she said a very great sale was going on, commanding wonderful prices, and which she thought would amuse us; when we got there we found it all over, and we met the Fournier père et fils coming away from it. We went back to the shop with them, and there bought two figures (Bow) of Winter (one imperfect), for £6. 8. 0. This concluded our investments for the day. We ended by calling at M. Danvilliers', 23 Chaussée d'Antin, and spending a couple of hours most agreeably with him and Mme. Danvilliers, looking over his most valuable and interesting collection. We showed him our newly purchased faience écuelle, and he pronounces it Luneville. Not home to dinner till near 8 o'clock: have since been washing and mending damaged pieces, and admiring our new purchases.

12th. Up early. Went by a train at half-past ten to Versailles, hoping we might find something there as we had done on several other occasions. Visited Hamile's, Rue Vieux, Versailles, Masson, Buiset, and another, Rue Duplessis, Henry H. Hoche—but all in vain. Returned by a 12.30 train to Paris. Went to Mallet's for some money; then back to our hotel for letters. I found one from Cornelia giving a



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very indifferent account of Ivor, which makes me most uneasy. C.S. took me to Danvilliers and left me with him while he went to see the sale at the Hôtel Drouot. All the great English dealers were there, but C.S. did not think there was great excitement. We are told that the prices of all objets d'art have increased immensely since the times of the siege and the Commune: indeed, in our small way we found everything very dear. I spent a couple of hours with great interest at Danvilliers' and tried to add to my information. He gave me one or two specimens and his book. On our way back to our hotel, we found a pretty little Venetian cup and saucer (6/6) in the Rue St. Roch. Dined soon after 5, and left Paris by 8.15. train for Bordeaux, where we arrived soon after 7. next morning.

13th. Plenty of room in the carriage and the journey good. But I was very poorly and on reaching Bordeaux laid down till it was time to resume our journey. Meanwhile C.S. went the round of the dealers. At Soyer's he found a lovely sage-green Wedgwood teapot with subjects en camaieu; 12/-. Most of the other dealers were away and their shops empty, they having taken their goods to the fair. He represents it as a curious sight, but only found two teapots, both English, but without lids.

Came on by the 2.50. train to Bayonne, arriving after 8. A most lovely afternoon. We put up at the Hôtel de Nantes at Bordeaux and thought it good, the Hôtel St. Etienne here.

14th. Took a two hours' drive in and about Bayonne before leaving it again by the express at 12.40. It was a lovely morning and the place and surrounding scenery looked well. We were altogether much pleased with Bayonne. Long journey in crowded carriages, but I was not tired. Reached Madrid about 8.

15th. There were beans in flower at Bayonne, but near the Escorial we passed through snow on the ground. Spent the morning talking with Enid. C.S. went the round of the shops, but found them very bare. Drove in the open carriage in the afternoon to the Fuente Castellana, etc. The Riaños came to call. His agreeable brother (see April 11th, 1870) is dead.

16th. C.S. purchased a small white leaf with the mark of "Segovia" in the Calle de Gongeva, and a very pretty Leeds sucrier and cover at Soriano's. The Riaños and the Hunts at dinner, some music.

17th. Service in the Embassy. Enid now plays the harmonium and conducts all the music, which is rather an exertion for her, but she does it very well. A good Concert led by Monasterio in the afternoon. Again Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*; also Chopin's *Funeral March*. This last I do not like. After the Concert, C.S. and I went to see Salamanca's Palace. It is a fine structure. I am told the pictures are worthless, and such works of art as we understand seemed very far from good—and even spurious. The tapestries are valuable. It is a pity that the fine apartments are fitted up in heavy modern French taste. The young people of the Embassy at dinner.

18th. Quiet morning with Enid at home. Afternoon, went to the Fonda de Paris, and to Raphael's. At the latter place C.S. saw a Bow figure of Minerva, which he ultimately bought for £5. Raphael has some chairs like those we got for Ivor last year, and which have belonged to the Marquis de Pimental and Benevente. Walked a little in the Buen Retiro Gardens near the lake. Passed the King riding at the head of his troops. Again, later in the day, met him driving with the Queen. To-night a very pleasant dinner at the Embassy; the Kanitz's, Count and

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Countess de Valencia, Pedrovena and his wife, Vale del Zarko, Mr. Birch, and several people came in the evening and stayed late.

19th. Went to Ajera, Calle Hortolezza 40, for money for our journey, and then joined Henry at the Museo. It was very delightful to visit it again, and especially to look at the fine portraits of all the people we have lately been reading about in history. Our last book has been Dunlop's *Philip IV. and Charles II.*, which has interested us very much. After luncheon we again visited M. Gatto di Lema's collection (see April 18, 1871), and then we stayed at home the rest of the afternoon as it was very warm. C.S., however, went to fetch his Minerva from Raphael's, which he esteems very highly. M. Kanitz called, etc. Dined at 7, after which C.S. and I left Madrid at 9 for Seville, where we arrived before six this afternoon.

20th. Slept a good deal in the night and had a pleasant journey. Don Juan Rutledge came and talked to us at Cordova. There was a great crowd at the station there. Castelar the Republican had been expected, but he was not in the train. There was also a great crowd at another station farther down the line—men hanging in clusters on the trees to get a glimpse of him. Rutledge does not give a very good account of the state of things, and a Revolution may, any day, be expected. Bands of lawless people are forming in preparation. One of these in the neighbourhood of Vilches and Linares, headed by a woman; great precautions are taken for the safety of the trains in those localities, and some 4000 troops are stationed thereabouts. We found at Seville very good rooms at our old quarters of 1870.

21st. Our first care was to explore the curiosity shops, beginning with old Robles, from him we went to Devera's, and the man at 96 Column of Hercules; to Mariana

Fernandez, to Vivaldi's, etc. and Bianchi's. Concluded nothing but a small purchase, with which I was much discontented, at Fernandez's. It was a most lovely day. We had a small open carriage and drove about, enjoying ourselves very much in the picturesque, beautiful old town. Before coming in for table d'hôte we walked through the Platerias, but met with very little indeed. A sound sleep on the sofa after dinner.

22nd. Again with Robles and concluded some purchases, the principal of which was a sort of Urna or reliquaire of tortoise-shell, in form similar to a clock case, for which we gave him 10 guineas. It is not quite in first-rate order, but will be very pretty for exhibiting small objects, such as enamels, etc. After this we called at the Consul's, and there found a letter awaiting me from Cornelia, by which I regret to find that Ivor is still suffering. Mr. Williams reminded us of Dominguez's shop in the Alcazar. So there we went. He was employed in making up two Urnas for holding china, etc., which we were inclined to buy. At this place we saw a good old English clock in a Japanese case, red and gold, belonging to Galinda. An old Swiss clockmaker there (Victor Villiez) promised to overhaul it and let us know in the evening what condition the works were in. This he did, reporting favourably, but we thought the price (£13) too much. Meanwhile, before table d'hôte, we drove over to the Cartuja, and paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Pickman.

23rd. As we were going out this morning we met the Consul coming to see us. He walked with us to the Cathedral, and remained with us the rest of the morning. With him we went to Dominguez again and offered £25 for the two Urnas (without tables) which was refused. We then went in next door to the apartments of Don Manuel

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Urzaiz (a charming man, half amateur, half dealer), with whom we had made acquaintance the previous day. He has a fine Oriental Vase ("sintapedera"?) and we were rejoiced to see again the fine terra-cotta head of Gaspar Nuñez (see April 7th, 1870) which, it appears, has passed into his possession. On the present occasion he was not at home. Called on Robles and carried away our reliquaire, which he had packed for us. Called on our old friend Señor Bueno. Veneva in the same street (No. 4). We found a good old English china clock in ebony case, of which our Swiss horloger gave us information, which we bought for 6 guineas, and also brought away with us. We next went to look at a cabinet which old Robles' carpenter had told us of. It was at 6 Matahacas. We found it to be a most beautiful thing, inlaid with subjects in "Ecaille blonde" and mounted on a good table of dark wood; but the price they asked (£100) put it out of the question for us. Made a small purchase at Bianchi's. Looked at Colununa's fans, amongst which are some good ancient ones, and came back for dinner at 4, after which we left Seville for Jeres. The train was late and we did not arrive until 10 o'clock. Very good rooms at the Fonda de Jeres.

24th. Up late. A visit from the Vice-Consul, Mr. Suter. In the afternoon took a drive of two hours, in and about the town; the weather much colder. First went up to the Depositaria Aguas, whence the view is magnificent, over the plains and to the mountain (San Cristobel) whence the supply of water is procured. We then drove about by the old Moorish Walls and the Churches. Went to the Cathedral, which is late and poor, and into San Miguel, now under repair. Some of its columns and roof groining are magnificent. Table d'hôte at 5.30.

25th. Breakfast at 8. At 10. by the train to Cadiz,



there to spend the day. We took with us what articles we had found at Seville, and left them with the Consul, Mr. Reade, to be packed and despatched to England. Mr. Reade took us to the few curiosity shops of which the town can boast. They contained nothing good, but their prices were enormous. However, at an artist's, Señor Blases, we found a very nice Battersea Enamel box, painted à la Watteau, which he called *porcelain de Sèvres* and which we bought for £2. 10. 0. It was proposed that we should call on Mrs. Brackenbury, widow of the late Consul, who had once been the possessor of the fine Oriental Vase, with cocks in enamel, which we procured last year. (See May 4, 1871.) We did so accordingly, and to our surprise found that she still retained two large vases exactly like those we bought from Bueno's friend last year. (See April 29, 1871.) We asked if she would part with them, which she said she was not inclined to do, so there we considered the matter ended; but as we were going away, she said all of a sudden, that if we wished for the vases we should have them, provided we would give a large price for them—and when we inquired what that sum was she named £25, to which we gladly agreed, and so we took them away with us and left them also with the Consul to be sent home. The poor lady was left in bad circumstances and has been living on the sale of the fine things in her late husband's collection, which from all accounts must have been magnificent. Mr. Reade, after this, took us to call on a venerable old lady of 82, by name Mrs. Burdon, who lives in a fine house, covered with pictures, and full of (modern) ornaments. She is a Spaniard; widow of an English wine-shipper; very rich, a charming, stately, courtly dame, who likes to have all English visitors brought to be introduced to her. The Platerias were all closed for a fête day. We had to go to the station in the course of the



afternoon to reclaim one of our cases of curiosities, and while there, we were surprised by one of the most violent storms of wind and rain I ever saw—quite a hurricane. We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Reade (she is a pretty Spaniard, speaking very good English) and at 8 o'clock returned to Jeres. Walked from the station to the Hotel, which we reached just in time to escape an avalanche of rain which fell as soon as we got in, followed by a heavy storm of thunder and lightning.

26th. Early to-day we were fetched by Mr. Frank Forester, friend of Mr. Suter, who came to show us some of the objects of interest. He took us first, on foot, to the bodega of Messrs. Gonzalez, which was a curious sight and where we were asked to taste a number of different kinds of wines. Young Mr. Gonzalez met us and went over the establishment with us. After this we returned to the Hotel, and took a carriage to drive out of the town to a recreo (or villa) of M. José Gordon. Mr. Suter went there also with us and left us there to look over their valuable collection of fans. They possess nearly 100, all of the first quality and in excellent order. They have also a very fine crucifix of wood ; and many other things. On leaving them we went to see the Villa Pemartin, which is a monument of egregious folly, but with pretty gardens. Two cabinets there with objects painted on glass were for sale at an enormous price ; I did not care for them. This was our morning's occupation. At 6.30. we went to dine at Mr. Suter's in the Casa Riquelme. Only his wife and daughter and Mr. Forester were at dinner, but the young lady's intended came in after dinner. We had a pleasant evening talking of Spanish art, etc., and looking over their cabinets, china, etc. They happened to mention that coins (both Phœnician and of the lower Empire) were so frequently dug up in this

neighbourhood that they had come to be in circulation. Mr. Forester said he was in the habit of getting a friendly grocer to put aside for him all the old copper coins he took in change or payment. He sent over to him on the spot, to know what he had now collected, and the servant brought back a tin box containing several, for which, out of curiosity, we gave a douro and a half (6/3): all copper and many of them much defaced; but it seemed to me an interesting incident of Spanish life.

27th. Stayed within, reading and writing during the morning. Walked out in the afternoon. Went into all the Platerias, but could find nothing old or good. Happened to turn into a curious, antique-looking shop, kept by one Francisco Pinto, who seemed to carry on a varied trade in prints, false hair and other incongruous articles; we made out from him that he had nothing old himself, but that he knew a lady who had, La Hermana del Abogado Raimon de Torre, Calle Guadalete. To her accordingly we went, taking in our way the church of S. Dionisio with its Moorish windows and the Renaissance Ayuntamiento. We were surprised on reaching the Dona de Torre to find a house containing 3 rooms entirely hung with pictures, in which were a few unimportant objets d'art. In the Patio was a corner cupboard with a little china in it, among which, quite at the back, C.S. espied a bowl and cover of the "famille verte" like the jars we acquired at Cadiz and very fine. There seemed such affluence in the house that we did not venture to talk of buying; so we went back to our friend Pinto to consult with him about it, but he was not then at home.

28th. The first thing, however, after breakfast this morning we repeated our visit and then found him. He presently got some one to attend to his shop, and went with

us to the old lady's. We happened to ask her if she had any English prints, so we had to look through four immense folios without finding anything but one engraving of Charles Edward the Pretender done in 1748, which we took. Then came the question of the china, which our friend Pinto had to manage with discretion—but it ended in our carrying off the bowl for 12/6. We are enchanted with it, and should be still more so if it had not received a blow and been slightly cracked at one side. It is of the same colouring, but of finer description than our vases. On our return with Pinto, our bowl and our print, we met Mr. Suter, who turned and walked with us, and thought very highly of our new purchase. He gave us a curious account of Pinto, who began by being a barber's boy, who taught himself to dance, after which he became a dancing master, and who now, pursuing the calling of a painter! and a barber, is possessor of a small vineyard—a worthy man—the Figaro of the place! We have liked our stay at Jeres very much. To-morrow we go to Seville.

Good Friday, 29th. Left the Hotel very early (having been called at four o'clock in the morning). No vehicles being allowed in the streets we walked to the station, and our luggage was put on the back of a mule. It was a joyous Spring morning and we had a pleasant trajet to Seville. At Utrera an Englishman got into the carriage, and amused us the rest of the way by his (mercantile) experiences of Spain. At Seville Ricardo Pickman met us with their carriage, and before going on to the Hotel, took us on to the Cathedral, where we found the Monumento still lighted up, and were just in time to see the procession for removing the Host thence to the High Altar. *Not* a very impressive sight. The "Fonda de Londres" being full, they had taken rooms for us hard by, at 37 Calle Saragoza. Unpacked, dressed, etc., and went for breakfast to the Londres. Came back to rest and prepared to

accompany the Pickmans to Scerpes, where they had engaged a balcony to see the great procession (Paso) at 5.30. A violent rain, however, supervened, so the procession was given up and we remained in our apartment till time for table d'hôte at the Londres. Wrote to my dear Monty. It is his birthday, Good Friday, March 29, 1839. Thirty-three to-day.

30th. Storm of thunder and lightning early, frequent showers in the day, but pleasant atmosphere. Walked and drove about. C.S. went to see the "Rending of the Veil" in the Cathedral at 10. We called (of course) at Robles', and went also to our friend Bueno, who "spared to us an Oriental jar," for which we found a top at Bianchi's. After table d'hôte we walked to one of the Ballrooms near the Plaza del Duque to see the national dances, Spanish and gipsy, the latter very solemn and interesting. We had met Lady Lilford yesterday in the Cathedral and sat with her again to-night. [This lady was the wife of the 4th Baron and mother of the present.]

31st. Ricardo Pickman with a cousin, William Ponce, came to fetch us in their carriage at 1, and took us a drive to Italica. It was a lovely day and a most charming expedition. On our way we turned aside to Castileja, where we found a village fête and procession going on. It was a very pretty sight. When the figures had been restored to the church we went to see the house where Cortes died, prettily restored and fitted up by the Duke de Montpensier. The view over Seville and its plain from the roof is charming. We were much pleased with the *remains* of Italica, amongst which I scrambled about as though I had never been ill: on our way back we went into the Convent and its Church—burial-place of the Guzmans. Dined at the Cartuja with the Pickmans, who sent us back in the evening to Seville. Alarming reports of the train having been stopped by



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brigands between Manzanares and Madrid, which proved on the morrow to be perfectly true.

### APRIL 1872

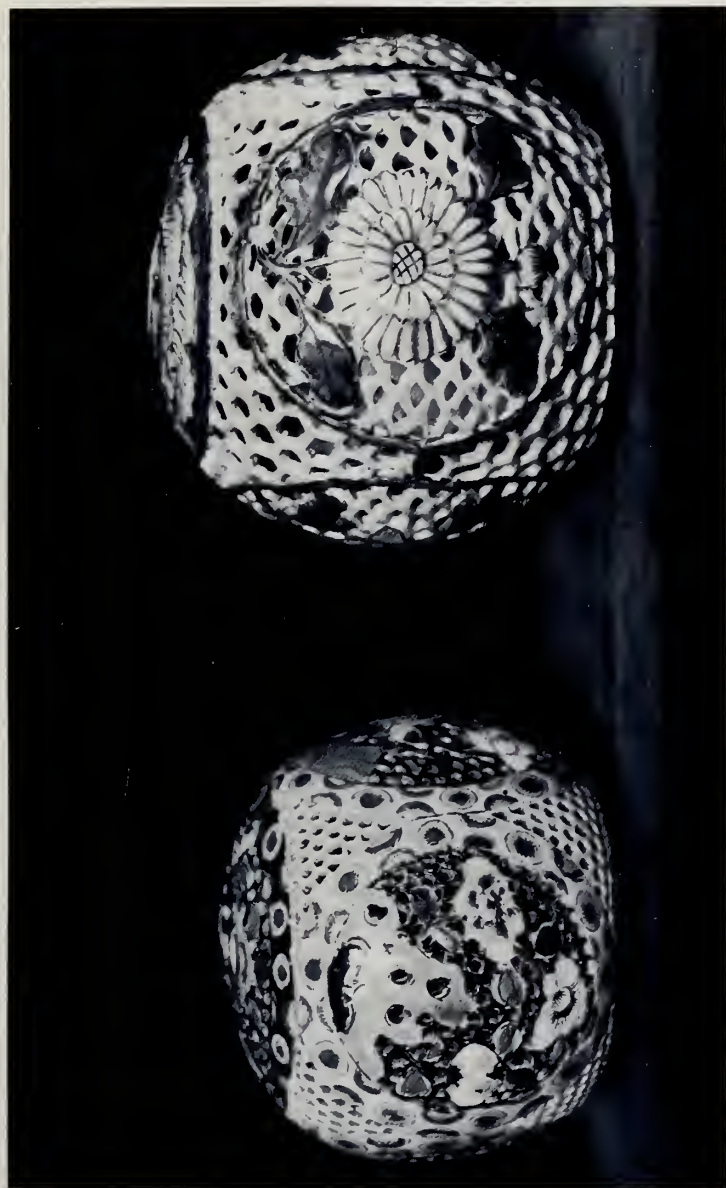
SEVILLE : CORDOVA : GRANADA : MADRID : BAYONNE : PAU :  
TOULOUSE

April 1st. Went to see the Duke de Montpensier's Palace, which is composed of fine spaces, but contains little of interest. Then to see the Duc de Palomar's Palace in the Plaza del Duque, and one in the old Moorish style. After this we went to the Banker's and finished with a drive in Las Delicias.

2nd. While at breakfast the Duke of St. Albans [he was the 10th Duke] came to us to get information about the state of the roads, etc. We gave him particulars about the curiosity shops, and later in the day met him again at Robles', after which we visited several of these places together. Early in the day we had paid another visit to our friend Urzaiz's, and he had arranged for us to go and see the collection of his neighbour Señor Goyena on the following day.

3rd. This accordingly we did at 1. o'clock. We were delighted with his specimens of Azulejos and of Musarabic dishes. He gave me two very good tiles, and Urzaiz presented me with a shell-shaped Triana dish, dated 1784. Made our adieux to Robles (with whom I found only some unimportant pearl buttons) and then drove to the Cartuja in the Pickmans' carriage, which they had sent over for us. We took our few pieces of china over with us, which they got packed, and which we, next day,

4th, delivered on board the Duke of St. Albans' yacht to be conveyed to England. Happening to meet Ricardo Pickman, he drove about with us and showed us one or two Moorish houses. He took us to the house of the



GLOBES OF MING (1) AND (2) CHIEN LUNG PORCELAIN HONEYCOMBED AND RICHLY ENAMELLED IN COLOURS. THEY SHOW THE DIFFERENCE IN THE METHODS OF THE TWO PERIODS TO GREAT ADVANTAGE  
*Lord H'Amhorne's Collection*





Marquis de Montilla, in the Calle de Cuna, which his family have inhabited ever since his ancestors scaled the Giralda in the 13th century. The Marquis is fitting up some apartments with tiles. Of these the best came from Morocco, and were put in their places by three Moors brought over for the purpose. Some very good ones came from Triana, and some from Valencia. All these, I am sorry to say, eclipse those made by the Pickmans at Cartuja, and have much more of the old artistic feeling. Went into the Archbishop's Palace. Being the time of the siesta we could not see the Hall in which Disraeli told me he dined with the *then* Archbishop forty years ago in company with some four hundred people and described by him as a fine sight. The present Archbishop is a friend of his. We did not see him but saw one of the lower dignitaries, Señor Beck. Parting from Mr. Pickman we went to the Alcazar and spent a delightful couple of hours in the Palace and its lovely gardens. In the Courtyard we found a man repairing old frames. One that he possessed seemed suitable for the picture Palmeroli painted of me last year: so we bought it and went again down to the river to speak about the conveyance of it to the Duke's steam yacht. Lord Ely seeing us came off in his boat, and took us on board his yacht, the Zelia, where we stayed talking to him until it was time to return for dinner. He sent us up in his boat to the Torre del Oro. The river lovely this evening. The little maid at the lodgings, whom we call (à la Dickens) "the Marchioness," brought us for sale a basket and stand marked "Leeds Pottery," which belonged to her Aunt. Curious how such things should still exist among the poor of Seville!

5th. Left Seville at 10.; reached Cordova after 2. Mr. and Mrs. Archdale in the carriage with us. Saw Don Juan at the station. Rooms ready for us at the Hôtel

Suiza. Soon after our arrival went the round of the shops. Our friend Mathias Sanz had nothing to our taste. At Diego Asturias' shop we got a pair of earthenware fishes encrusted with insects, etc. (qy. if modern). His son went with us the round of the Platerias. We found nothing, except one ornament, or spray, in gold or enamel with a few stones; an antique and curious piece, but not worth £70 which the man asked for it. From him I got the names of two "aficionados" of whom I had not previously heard.

6th. Don Juan went with us to an old acquaintance, Don Diego Elias, and left us there. Don Diego had nothing himself, but we got him to take us to the two aficionados of whom I had got the names: first to Señor Molino, where, after waiting a long time for him to come in, I saw a quantity, some 60 to 70, Musarabic plates, not either very good or very perfect. Then (while C.S. went to post a letter at the station) I went on to Señor Victoriano Rivera at the College, and saw some things that pleased me. So after parting with Don Diego, on C.S.'s return, I took him to see Rivera and his collection, and we brought away a handsome silver dish for £5. 14. 0. After this we went to the Mosque, and down to the Bridge, and lounged about till it was time to return for dinner. Charming weather, and all most enjoyable. We had intended going to Archena for me to take the Baths, but what we have heard since we came to Cordova has induced us to give up this plan and to go to Granada instead. After dinner Don Juan took us to be introduced to Duncan Shaw, the large worker of mines, etc., near the town.

7th. At 2.30 drove in a brake with Don Juan to the same gardens that he took us to last year. (See May 14, 1871.) Mrs. Mirehouse and her daughter (with whom we had made acquaintance at Seville) accompanied us. We had an unpleasant interruption in the gardens, which looked

lovely and which we were enjoying very much. We came upon a party of ill-looking men, some of whom Don Juan said he knew to be desperate characters from the town, and so he said he did not feel safe at our remaining there and we came soon away, but we gained by this, as we found time to drive out of the town again by Mala Muerte Tower, and so make a little tour outside the Walls. It was lovely. He took us to see some curious Moorish decoration in the house of an Architect, Amadeo Rodriguez. Near this in the church Santiago are the remains of a fine Rose window. We dined with Duncan Shaw, an interesting and remarkable man. He gave us all sorts of wine to taste, some of which he sent me as a present the next day! His wife, his nephew (Mr. Poole) and his wife and Don Juan formed the party. He told me he visited no one in Cordova, and he kept all his children in England to be brought up as Protestants. Rather dull for the poor uneducated Roman Catholic wife! But I quite sympathise with them both.

8th. They sent to tell us that our new friend Rivera had found out the two tibores we had heard darkly hinted at as being in Cordova, so we went to his rooms to look at them. They were not of a kind to suit us, but the visit led to our buying Rivera's Mudyar Cabinet for £25. Left Cordova this afternoon. Mrs. Mirehouse went with us as far as Bobadilla, where we branched off from the Malaga line (see May 14 1871). The line is now open as far as Salinas, which we reached at 8 o'clock. Then we took our places (ordered three days previous) in the omnibus or diligence, which by the help of nine horses mastered the fearful road to Loja in about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours. It was, of course, quite dark, and after the recent alarms of brigands it was not so pleasant to travel. But I slept notwithstanding that and the wonderful jolting we underwent; and by two o'clock we were safe in the

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Alhambra, at the Siete Suelos. Our luggage, however, was not allowed to be delivered to us till the following morning.

9th. We have charming rooms looking over the gardens and down the drive. Curious that our first visit here was exactly at this date. After a late breakfast we walked down into the town and hunted the shops, and found, by chance, a son of Washington Irving's old guide, who has married a rich wife and retired from business. But I think he will be of use to us. He possesses a magnificent embroidered quilt, but I fear he will want too much for it. We lingered till past six, then hastened back for table d'hôte.

10th. Our wedding-day. C.S. has a headache, so, although we got up very early, we are only *now* able to go out. The weather is perfectly delicious. On Monday there was a high cold wind here, and a slight shock of earthquake was felt. (2 P.M.) This delicious afternoon was spent quietly in the Alhambra, and we were very happy. The *Vase* has been moved into an upstairs room until some apartment (I think the Hall of the Abencerrages) can be converted into a Museum. I was glad to see it again. The bees were humming in the Court of Lions, as they were this day two years. We went to see Mateo Ximenes, Washington Irving's old guide, now so poor and old, and walked about the ruins. The Archdales made us come to their rooms in the evening, where we met Lord Ely, who has just come back from Seville—but I was early in bed.

11th. After breakfast (about 12) we walked down into the town. Sought out our new friend Jose Ximenes, and, while waiting for him to come in, went to call on the artist Fortuny, Plaza de Realejo. Unluckily for us he was gone to the Fair at Seville. But we saw his celebrated Arabian vase, which is very curious and of extreme interest



to me. Ximenes took us into the Plaza de St. Augustin, where we got some curious old Spanish ware vases crowned with fruits, and at the shop where we purchased our Musarabic jug before, a very pretty specimen of glass either Spanish or Venetian. We went to the bottom of the town to secure our places for Wednesday next for Madrid, and made an ineffectual chase in the Alameda, No. 33. Returning we bought a little Bow figure, of an artist in the Plaza Nueva (by name Morales Martin) and, calling at Tomas Perez's on our way back, got to our Hotel in good time for dinner. Perez had promised us a fine piece of Arabian antiquity if we called this afternoon, and behold he showed us a grès de Flandres jug of no merit. We have also made acquaintance with a Belgian or Austrian gentleman, Count O'Sullivan de Grays, who is as great an enthusiast as ourselves, but appears to give fabulous prices.

12th. We had appointed to be with Ximenes at 11.30. to-day and kept our time accordingly. He took us up to the other side of the stream to the house of a priest who is Superior of the Church San Juan de los Reyes. This good man, by name Don Nicolas Fernandez Pane, showed us a Vestment, which he called a Casaca, which had a good stripe of embroidery in bullion down the centre. He said it was of the date of Ferdinand and Isabella and had been worn by Talavera at the Mosque, which had been turned into a Christian Church on the very day that Boabdil gave up the keys of the Alhambra. Whatever might be the truth of this story the embroidery was very good, and we might have had it for £15, which was the sum for which our priest said he could buy a new one. But not being well up in such matters we thought it more prudent to wait till we could consult Henry about it, and the priest promises to give us time. The scene at his house was very interesting. He showed us his Library,



where he seemed to have spent a great deal of money on worthless modern books, and he played to us the chimes of a wonderful Swiss clock, the tunes of which were very indifferent and greatly out of order. To see the serious way in which we four, the priest, the guide and our two selves, sat listening before the said clock, would have disturbed most people's gravity. He took us to see the church of St. Paul and Pietro, where the old roof is magnificent. He showed us the vestments, which were gay and good but not ancient. Then we went into San Juan de los Reyes, with its charming Moorish Tower, and then ascended the Hill for a fine view of the Alhambra, Granada and the surrounding mountains. (See April 12, 1870.) There was an old Moorish house with interesting courtyards near there, which we went into. Returning to the heart of the City we went into the Palais de Justice, where there are fine wooden doors with heads in relief and a curious staircase; then lounged down to the shops of the Zacatin, etc. Took a carriage in the Alameda to go to old Colonel Valeras. When we arrived he was not at home, so we sat and talked to his pretty daughter. She had some nice marcasites in her ears and showed us the necklace, etc., to correspond. When the old Colonel came in, it ended in our buying these and a Spanish fan, a Chelsea snuff box, and a silver-mounted ivory fan, for £5. 5. Returned for dinner well pleased with our morning's work. It had been very pleasant, but the weather had been less bright and, consequently, less warm than on the previous days.

13th. Not out quite so early. Went out after noon and did not return till past 6. We did not take the guide with us to-day, but had a very pleasant lounge by ourselves, finding out numerous picturesque corners as we went along. Among other things, went again to look at the fine Enamel in the Liceo. After 6, we went into the Cathedral and saw

the precious relics of Isabella in the Sacristy. We had just got into the Coro when an "Office" began, so we had to remain "perdu" till the ceremony was over, and, hiding behind the tomb of los Reyes Catolicos were very happy there, studying the beautiful execution of the monuments and of the Reja until the priests withdrew. Then, to our hearts' content, we gazed at the good old Retablo, with its many associations. Went into many nooks and corners, and on our way up, bought a curious old book with prints of a Masque, given by Barcelona to Charles III. We got it through Perez, who lives close to Charles V.'s gate, and gave 16/8 for it; a small silver frame in the Zacatin for 6/3.

14th. Quiet morning in our rooms, where the view of the gardens, and the sound of the birds and the fountains are most delicious. At 2 we went down into the town, and in the Plaza Nueva found Ximenes, with a carriage waiting for us. We drove to the pretty little village of Subia, by a very good road, and were there shown an arbour which is all that remains of a wood of evergreen oak in which Isabella is said to have saved herself from an overpowering force of Moors by climbing up a tree! Ferdinand built a Church near the spot; the walls are said to be the same as in his time, but the interior shows no traces of antiquity. We walked a little about the village enjoying the lovely views, and the interesting, picturesque groups of its inhabitants, all in their Sunday best, and then returned to the Plaza Nueva, whence we made our way leisurely back, taking the upper path overlooking the City. Ximenes' whole family, including his wife, his father and his father's wife, a friend and a niece and her husband (only married yesterday) had gone before and joined company with us at Subia. It was altogether very amusing and very Spanish. Wrote a quantity of letters, and am now going, very sleepy, to bed.

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15th. Stayed at home till near 12. when we went to Perez's to see some jewellery and some Oriental vases, which he said belonged to an old lady of 80, the daughter of an officer, now a pensioner on a relation at Madrid, who has lately discontinued the supplies. However, when we got there we found that there was nothing to be seen there till to-morrow. We went down the Zacatin and offered Marselan for a table and a foot of a cross £25. but he refused it. Also we went to a Casa de Prestamos to see an Urna, but it was not to our taste. Then we got a carriage and drove to the Cartuja, whence the view is exquisite, and where we again admired the execution of the doors and the armoires in the Sacritier. Then drove to the Colonel's to conclude our Friday's purchase. We had been amused in the early part of the day at having been taken to a Casa de Prestamos to look at a Concha Urna a young man had there, in pledge. It was of no value, but *might* have been valuable. Old Miguel Torres, who had been out two days looking for antiquities, had nothing but an old sword to show us. He took us to a rubbish store in his neighbourhood, from which we got nothing but a "Davenport" plate, like one Ximenes' wife had presented us with (2/1). This and a small piece formed of a double eagle (also 2/1) completed the day's purchases. Miguel assured us that the Marquis de Salar possessed "Tibores," so we went on an ineffectual quest after the Marquis de Salar, and found that Fortuny (who bought his Arab Vase) now inhabits his Palace. It so chanced that mentioning his name before the driver of the carriage that took us to the Cartuja, the said driver volunteered the name of the Marquis's agent, and thence again we were directed to some other party, by whose wife (he not being at home) we were informed that all the Marquis's goods were in some other place, but that perhaps we might get





A CHELSEA GROUP OF A LOVER AND HIS LADY, SHOWING THE BOCAGE AT ONE TIME  
SO POPULAR FOR THE BACKGROUND OF THE STATUETTES MADE AT THIS EARLY  
FACTORY  
*Lady Layard's Collection*



access to them to-morrow, and, with this vague promise we went home, arriving just in time for table d'hôte. A woman with a guitar and children singing wild Moorish airs on the Hotel steps after dinner.

16th. Up early to pursue our inquiries in the City. A lovely morning and I got up full of spirits, which were dashed by a letter from Henry Layard, telling me that a cabinet we had particularly wished to have at Madrid, and indeed had thought secured to us, had by some mistake been allowed to escape us, which was very vexatious. By 10. we were with Perez, who took us to see the old lady's goods in the Casa de Prestamos. The vases were vile modern French and she had nothing of any value to us, however we bought a small locket with the X and Crown, given to her ancestor at the Coronation of Charles III. (18/6) and then went with Perez into one or two other places, but without result. We telegraphed to Madrid about our journey. Paid for our places, and finally went to our Banker's for some more money, having invested in Ximenes' quilt for Ivor at a cost of 35 guineas. Then we came back and rested awhile, and then went to the Alhambra to take a last look. The fountain was playing in the Court of Lions and the bees humming as of old. The view from the Hall of Ambassadors most lovely in the declining light. Stayed out as late as we could, returning for dinner; since when packing and accounts. There has been a great entertainment in the Hotel Gardens, given by the Deputies of the place, who are said to be Montpensierists. Speeches, etc., very animated. We leave this lovely place to-morrow at daybreak.

17th. We laid down for a few hours, but did not go to bed, having to be up so early again. Indeed, we were stirring about 2. At 4 went down to breakfast. At 4.30 got into the little carriage which took us down into the town.



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Travelled by diligence to Menjibar. Our places were in the Coupée, level with the roof, where we were sheltered from sun and dust. Two of the Mirehouse's party sat with us (but they got down at Jaen). The first part of the road, magnificent; all interesting; Jaen finely situated. We dined at the buffet at Menjibar, where the train took us up, and after a good and comfortable journey we reached Madrid without accident at 6 next morning.

18th. Found all well. Henry much better for a short holiday they had taken to San Sebastian in our absence. Walked with Henry in the afternoon and went the round of the shops.

19th. In the afternoon drove out with Enid to leave some cards and call to see the Mirehouses, who were at the Fonda de Paris.

20th. The weather had changed from being very fine to becoming cold and wet. C.S. and I went with Giovanni to look at an "Urna" (cabinet) in the Alcala, which did not suit. Then to Lorenzo's, where we concluded for a very good Urna and Mesa (table) (1500 reals) and bought some other trifles. We also got a miniature and some D.V. tea-jars in the Calle del Prado.

Sunday, 21st. Service in the Chapel. A violent hurricane all day so that we none of us got out. Very alarming accounts of Carlist risings: several arrests were made of Carlist Deputies and leaders. At dinner the Hunts, Mr. Ffrench, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Seymour, and Mr. and Mrs. Phillimore.

22nd. Weather still very rough. C.S. and I went to see Mme. Riaño and paid her a long visit. In the afternoon called upon the Valencias. Mme. Valencia was at home then we went to some shops—Vicento's, etc., but saw nothing to tempt. Ivor had sent me a commission to lay out

£200 for him, but I cannot find objects to invest half that sum. Commenced our packing for going away. There was a dinner party at the Embassy; the French Minister and his wife (M. and Mme. de Bouillé), M. and Mme. Morelli (he was formerly Minister of Finance), Admiral the Marquis de Montaignac (a charming old man who has a collection), the Duchess de Fernan Nuñez, etc. In the evening we had some good music. A M. Beck played the piano and then M. Romero (an amateur) was wonderful with the clarionet. Long talk with Russian Minister and his wife, Comte and Comtesse Koudriaffski. He was many years in England, and used to come to my house in Spring Gardens where he remembered the "Fête de Roses," the "Rose Ball." They have just come from Lisbon, which they liked much.

23rd. The day fixed for our departure. All the reports about the Carlist movements were very unsatisfactory. It appeared, however, that the road was still open to the North, and Henry thought that we ought not to delay our journey, as it was impossible to say how soon it might be stopped. I went alone to see the Valencias and their beautiful collection of Buen Retiro. He was most kind and gave me Azulejos, etc., and promised to assist my collection of them. I returned to the Embassy in time for luncheon, and after, C.S. and I went together to call on the Duchess de Fernan Nuñez, who showed us all over her Palace. The patios are fine, and it contains a few good things. Four magnificent Oriental Vases, bearing the Arms of Spain, which she called Buen Retiro. Took a final glance at one or two Platerias before going in. Then finished packing at 6, and left Madrid. Henry had procured a carriage for us, which we shared with our new acquaintances the Mirehouses, and so we had a very comfortable journey, mercifully without any interruption from Carlists or anything else. All that we remarked on the

road as usual, was the number of soldiers at some of the stations in transit from one place to another ; while we saw others scattered about in various directions in the country. It is always a trouble to me to leave Madrid, and now that the whole population seem in a state of excitement more or less, I cannot help feeling a good deal of anxiety at Enid being there. But it is her duty, and I must trust that God will protect her. The Mirehouses got out at San Sebastian ; we went on to Bayonne, where we arrive before 2 next day,

24th, and having settled our rooms, etc., at the St. Etienne we were soon out again, having taken the coupée of an omnibus to Biarritz. It was a pleasant afternoon ; we rambled up and down the cliffs and enjoyed ourselves very much. The view to the Spanish mountains was magnificent, and with pain I bid them a last adieu. Returned to Bayonne for dinner.

25th. Before 11. left Bayonne for Pau. A beautiful journey in beautiful weather. Put up at the " Beau Séjour "—very good, our rooms commanding a grand view. In the afternoon we walked about the town. Found a pretty good curiosity shop, " Cerf, Rue de Servias ", and bought of him an old metal obelisk mounted with coral ; probably Spanish or Neapolitan (£1. 16), picturesque, if not curious.

26th. Walked about ; visited the Castle, with which we were delighted, especially with the architectural remains and the tapestries. Walked a little in the grounds, then took a carriage and drove to see the Park, etc.

27th. It was a delicious day. In the afternoon we took a most charming drive into the country, to a Chapel called La Pietad. A fine view over the valley and to the distant snow-clad hills. We returned by another route. Bought of Cerf another of the old Spanish silver embossed plates, having a portrait in the centre, which is rare though not lovely. We thought Ivor might like it to add to his collection.

Sunday 29th. An excursion to see the Eaux Bonnes being determined on, we got up very early, and by 8. were on our way. We were in the little open carriage which we had driven in on the previous day. It was light, the horses good and we got on apace. But we had not reached our first resting place (the Hôtel des Pyrénées, where we breakfasted) before it began to rain, and the rest of the day was provokingly wet. Of course we could see no *distant* views but the country we passed through quite repaid our visit. We stayed some time at the Hotel at the Eaux Bonnes for the horses to rest, and then returned in a pouring rain. Called on our way back upon the Mirehouses, who were stopping at the Hôtel de France. It was curious, at the Hôtel des Pyrénées to meet with a literary man who had written on antiquities, Mr. Cæsar Daly, half Irish, half French, with whom we had some interesting conversation.

29th. Left there ; the weather still cloudy ; some of the scenery very pretty. Reached Toulouse at night. Was pleased with the view of the early market in the Place below, which, in spite of beating rain, began to be animated at that hour, and continued to increase in activity for many hours after. We walked out after breakfast. At an antiquarian's (Faucher), Place Lafayette, we found a few trifles ; we then ransacked every dealer's in the town, but with no success. Angeli had a fine Henri II. Ebony cabinet, for which he wants an absurd price ; another man had a good ivory hunting horn ; but all too dear. We found out a sort of amateur dealer, M. Pujol, Rue de la Colombette, who is quite a character. He has whole rooms full of curiosities, and very little of it, either faience or porcelain, valuable in my eyes, but, "he might have anything." We bought of him a large watch, dated Blois Di.D.C., signed Bonbruict. At a furniture shop, La Font, Place de Salin, we bought a small frame

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He had some cabinets which he was restoring, but though good, I did not think them very effective. Visited the churches of St. Sernin, in old Byzantine style, very interesting, and the Faur, which is very disappointing. Drove about the town and to the banks of the Garonne before returning to dinner.

### MAY 1872

MONTAUBAN : AGEN : LIMOGES : ORLEANS : BLOIS : PARIS

May 1st. Left Toulouse. Got out of the train at Montauban, and went into the town, leaving the maid and luggage at the station. There was one solitary dealer, a little man with small knowledge, and probably smaller means, but a true love of his calling : Fraysse, Rue d'Auriol. Of him we got a fine Tassie of Minerva (unluckily slightly imperfect) and three specimens of painted French Vases. We inquired of him if there were any collectors in the town, and he directed us to the house of M. Forestie, Rue des Rendezvous, who proved to be a newspaper editor and a great amateur of French faience. He showed us a number of specimens of Montauban pottery, bought from the late manufacturer's descendants (La Pierre by name), and some of the neighbouring fabrique of "D'Ardus," two of which were marked "D'Ardus 1739." The specimens were of a coarse description—not equal to fine Moustiers or Marseilles, but in the style of both. M. Forestie is publishing a book about his native wares. He has all the account books and their drawings, etc. He took me to see a more miscellaneous collection belonging to Abbé Polier, who, besides faience belonging to the district, has enamels and, notably, two fine Chantilly cachepots. We did not hear of the Hall of Edward the Black Prince and the Salle de Chandos till too late to visit them. Went on by the train to Agen, where M.



Forestie promised us we should find many collectors and several shops. We arrived about 5 o'clock, and, having taken our rooms at the humble and not very inviting Hôtel St. Jean, we started off on our quest. Mayon's shop was near the Hotel; he had nothing but rubbish and was insolent and apparently mad. Next we found out a book-seller's shop (Pozzi) where we were taught to expect great things. Pozzi had sold all his collection, and all the other collectors were said to have done the same or to have died; all except M. Pavilare, a jeweller, to whom we directed our steps. We found a fat little man in a kind of wooden booth, who seemed to us as mad as Mayon, but in another way. He had nothing to show us, but boasted of having executed wonderful works of Orfèvrerie, and produced papers from the Imperial family, etc., styling him "the Benvenuto Cellini of his age." He spoke of having these productions stored away in cases and told us their inspection would take two hours. We were far from wishing to undertake the task, but having been recommended by him to a dealer, called Gambaide, we set out in search of this individual. It was a difficult job, and we should never have found him but for the help of the Concierge of the Prefecture, whom we happened to accost, and who appeared the maddest of all the mad inhabitants of Agen. Nevertheless we discovered M. Gambaide, a stupid old gentleman, with nothing worth our looking at. After all this we were hungry and went to the railway buffet, but found it closed, and so betook ourselves to the Hôtel Jasmin opposite, where for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  francs each, we got one of the best dinners I ever ate. Got back to our own quarters between heavy showers of rain.

2nd. Were called at 4 next morning, and by 6 were en route again. Agen had been a failure. Stopped at Périgueux for a couple of hours. Breakfasted at the buffet, then walked



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into the town ; visited the curious church of St. Front, the view of which had been most striking from the railroad ; disappointing when entered ; but the Tower most interesting. Some charming old buildings scattered about. C.S. also went to see the old church of St. Etienne, while I waited with the omnibus that took us back to the station, and that saved us from a serious wetting, as a sudden thunderstorm supervened. Went on to Limoges, where we arrived about 5. Tried to put up at the Boule d'Or, but found it so bad that we went on to the Hôtel Richelieu ; also very bad and dirty. We found out afterwards that we ought to have put up at the Hôtel Caillot, in the Place Jourdan. Insolence of the omnibus driver and absurd conclusion. Dined at the railway buffet, after attempts to find some curiosity shop, in vain.

3rd. Walked all about the town. Went into the Church of St. Pierre, but had not time to visit the Cathedral. To both Museums. That containing the Ceramic specimens interested us very much, but we were disappointed that the Director, M. Adrien du Bouché, was absent. Our ceaseless inquiries led us at last to find out a collector who possessed Limoges enamels. This was one M. Taillefer, keeping a large tailor's shop. We found an enthusiastic old man, full of his subject, and possessing some thirty specimens, which he took great delight in showing us. Went on by a train at 2, and reached Orleans in the evening, Hôtel de l'Univers. Our only fellow-traveller in the train was an engineer, M. de Noir, who gave us much curious information about the beautiful country we travelled through and other matters. It had been a hot summer's day, and it was a lovely journey.

4th. Again up at 4, and by a train to Blois at 6. Breakfasted at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. We had missed Blois on

our 1869 journey. We were delighted with the place, though seen under difficulties, for rain had set in before we had finished breakfast, and we had only intervals of fine weather during the whole day. Went to the Castle, where we lingered a long while. Saw the Ninis, etc., in the Musée. The late Director, who wrote about the Ninis, has removed to Lyons. Bought of the Custodian an iron door bolt with chiffre de François Premier—the crowned F. After this we drove over to Chambord, pouring with rain. Went all over the grand old Castle. It is sad to see it so entirely stripped of furniture. The wonderful double staircase! Nothing to be found in the two Blois antiquarian shops; but we learned the name and address of a retired watchmaker and paid him a hurried visit to inquire if he could tell us anything about the Blois watch we had bought at Toulouse. The old gentleman showed us an MS. list (of the time) of the 47 Horlogers living at Blois in 1639, among whom we found the name of our artist, "Bonbruict," which was very satisfactory. Ruper's family had been 300 years clockmakers at Blois. We had just time to go through the beautiful Church of St. Nicholas on our way to Ruper's and the train; off at 6.15. Stopped at Orleans only long enough to fetch our maid and luggage and get something to eat. Then came on to Paris and reached the Hôtel St. Romain about midnight.

6th. Went the round of the shops. Found nothing in Quai Voltaire. At Mme. Flaudin's took two plates matching our "Hastings" Chelsea set, which she had put aside for us, and from Mme. Rouveyre got the address of Recappé (13 Passage Ste. Marie), where we saw a great many fine pieces of furniture, and were tempted to invest in an inlaid Italian table at £26. Dined at the table d'hôte of the St. James's Hotel, and there fell in unexpectedly with the Mirehouses.

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After dinner walked out and went to the Fourniers'. In their back room C.S. discovered a pair of partridges on nests and on stands, smaller than, but exactly similar to, those we got at Brussels on the 4th of March (£2. 16.).

7th. We went out early, and on Recappé's introduction, went to see M. le Roux (43 Rue Godot de Mauroi), who was said to be the best judge of watches in Paris, and to whom we showed ours, which he approved of. He has a beautiful collection of all sorts of things, and seems a very charming person. Called afterwards on Couvreur (Rue Le Peletier), who is considered an authority, but he did not give us quite so good an account of the watch; the handles and rim for the glass he considers modern, or at least "du temps de Louis Quatorze." We showed him also our miniature bought on the 20th of April. He thinks it to be by Tournon or Souaron, and that the subject of it is De la Rive (or La Rive), acteur de la Comédie Française. We tried later to identify the portrait at the following great print-shops, but failed to do so: Clément, Rue de St. Pères; and Vigures, 11 Rue de la Monnaie.

## NOTES CERAMIC

OCTOBER TO NOVEMBER 1872

DOVER : OSTEND : ANTWERP : THE HAGUE : GOUDA : UTRECHT :  
AMSTERDAM : BRUSSELS

Oct. 1872.

30th. Left London at 7.40. On arriving at Dover found a tremendous storm raging so, instead of embarking, went to the Lord Warden Hotel, where we remained the rest of the day, reading, writing. C.S. explored the town ; found two curiosity shops, but nothing in them.

31st. The weather still looked unpromising, but we found the wind had abated, so we went on board the Ostend boat. It was rough for the first hour, owing to the previous day's storm, but after that time it became perfectly calm, and we had a very good passage. Lunched at the Ostend buffet ; then came on by train to Antwerp, which we reached about 6. (Hôtel St. Antoine.) Dined. Then C.S. went out to explore, and I sat writing letters and making out books for future visiting in Holland. The weather is very hot for the time of year, but the continuous rain is a very great drawback. However, the excursion is most enjoyable.

NOVEMBER 1872

ROTTERDAM

Nov. 1st. Called at 5 : by 8.30. we were at the train. It was the first that went through by the new bridge to Rotterdam, avoiding the old steamboat trajet which I used to enjoy so much, as being thoroughly characteristic. The

new Bridges, or rather Viaducts, are truly wonderful. It was a lovely day, and Breda looked its best as we passed through it. We had been there in 1869, and since that time had seen Velasquez's picture, which now gives it increased interest to us. Nothing could be more beautiful than this entry into Rotterdam with all the vessels shining in the bright sunlight. Reached Rotterdam about half-past 11, and took two hours to explore the shops in the town. First we went to Van Minden, who was out. His shop had little to tempt us, and what we saw was horribly dear. We went on to the Kryzers' in the Waagen Straat, where we bought six Wedgwood plates (with Dutch ships) dated 1779; two enamel boxes, a small transfer-printed tea-jar, and a most curious Dutch brick, with male and female head and dated 1594; for all we paid £2. Next to the Oppert, where, at a shop full of Oriental china (Van der Pluyne), we found some charming Crown Derby custard cups and covers for which we also paid £2. They were sold to us as "*French Fürstenberg*"! These were a great find. We called again at Van Minden's on our way to the railway, and he accompanied us to the warehouse, but he had absolutely nothing and we made no purchases. Soon after 2. o'clock we set off once more for Gouda, where we stayed till 6. o'clock. Mrs. Cohen had nothing; Pavoordt has rearranged his shop and made it very grand; we did not find with him quite as many things as usual in our line, but we brought away six small pieces of "Don Pottery"; a pair of Ware baskets and stands, "Hackwood"; a Bow and stone-ware teapot, both without tops, and a very good stone-ware milk jug and cover, enamelled in choice figures, all for £1. After this we saw and bought an old pocket-book, with silver mounts, 16/8, and, I regret, a silver toy table, which I left behind. The glories of the day were over before we left Gouda, and a pouring rain had supervened,



which since has become quite a storm. We are now comfortably housed at the Hôtel Paulez at The Hague. We have dined. C.S. is washing up and appraising (and praising) our purchases, of which I have noted the particulars, and I am now going to bed. I should have noted that he found nothing but bad Delft at the shops he visited last night at Antwerp, and also that at Gouda, we called to-day at another dealer's, Frejbit's by name, but found nothing at his place.

2nd. Up early and out before 11. We went first to Munchen's, where we found a very pretty Battersea box, in form of a watch (better, much, than that we bought yesterday); a good tortoise-shell snuff box, with portraits of a King and Queen of France; and a small piqué plaque on tortoise-shell, subject, Harlequin and Columbine inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl, etc., £1. 18. 4. I think highly of this piece—C.S. does not. We next visited two shops in the Spui. At Jacot's we found two small pieces of transfer-printed Creil ware, 4/2, but at Van Gelder's, nothing. He had two or three pieces of Worcester, but too dear for us to touch them. From his shop we went to Tennyssen's in the Papestraat. At the old man's we got a small stone-ware milk jug (plain) for 1/8; at the son's we took a fancy to a satin-wood cabinet inlaid with old Lac (200 Gr.) and a Friesland cradle and sledge (100 Gr.) of ancient form and painted in subjects. After paying at a little shop 1/8 for two "Leeds Pottery" dishes, we proceeded, guided by young Van Gelder, to call on M. Bisschop; we found him at home, but not Mme. Bisschop; he very kindly offered to take us to see Mr. Loudon's wonderful collection of Delft and other Dutch objects. Mr. Loudon received us himself, and showed us his beautiful things. It was a great treat as well as a great lesson to see them. C.S. thinks from what he saw there that our new purchase from Tennyssen must be an old Delft Vase. Mr.



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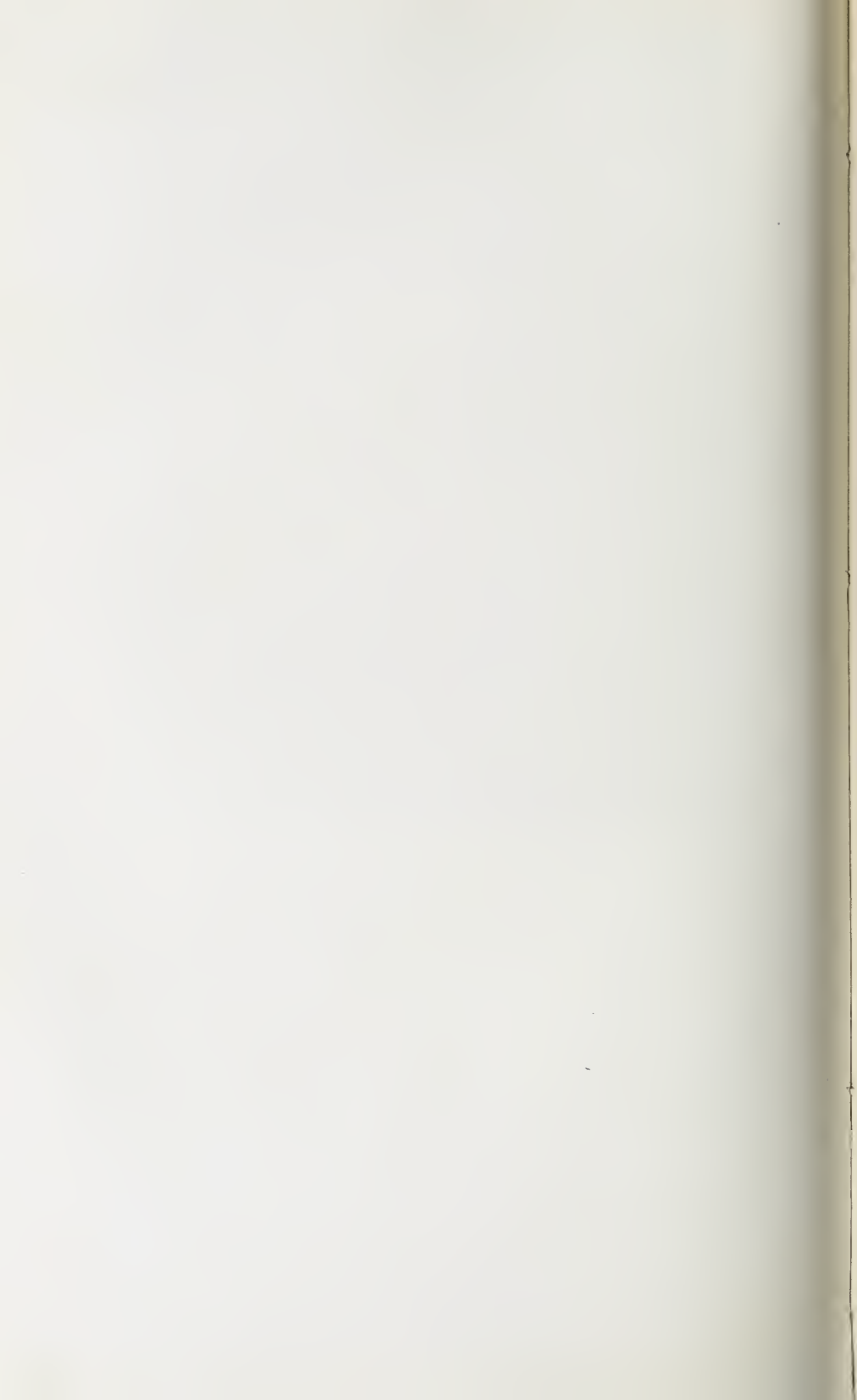
Loudon seems a most agreeable as well as a most polished man. M. Bisschop is going to look at the furniture we remarked at Tennyssen's, and give us his opinion of it on Monday. After parting from him we went to pick up our purchases which we had left at Van Gelder's, and we called at Visser's, 2 Ramstraat, to inquire if he had any Fryes. He is to search his portfolios by Monday next. Table d'hôte at 5. By 7. we were at Sarlin's and looked through his stock with him and his son, but everything was too dear for us. I should have said that Sarlin had got an idea about *Bristol* china, and had begun to look out for it, to our grief. We saw young Schaak, who behaved so ill about the box we bought from him three years ago. He persuaded us to go in and look at some things he had. Among them were two baskets of Cream Ware prettily printed with flowers and butterflies in red; they were unmarked, and to our surprise and disgust he asked three pounds for them, a price too absurd for the dearest London dealer.

4th. We were up at 6, and by 8 were in the train to Utrecht, which we reached soon after 9 o'clock. Walked to and from the station. Indeed we were on foot all day. In Elizabeth Straat (at Casti's) we got a pretty stone jug and cover (unfortunately it had had repairs) for 5/-; he began by asking 10/-! Gorkum, our old friend of 1869, was unluckily from home, but C.S. spied out among his miscellaneous stock a very fine apple of Chelsea china in the form of a box and cover, which Mme. Gorkum sold to us for 2/6. We went from there to the Hamburgers, who showed us through their warehouse, but there was nothing in it, as all their stock had just gone over to London, to be sold on Wednesday at Jones and Bonham's. Our guide to Hamburgers' (Van Goelen, Springwey) took us to his own little shop, which contained nothing of any worth, but detained us so long that



A PORTRAIT OF THOMAS FRYE FROM A MEZZOTINT BY HIMSELF. A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF THIS BRANCH OF FRYE'S WORK WAS MADE BY LADY CHARLOTTE. HE WAS THE DIRECTOR OF THE BOW WORKS FOR MANY YEARS AS WELL AS FAMOUS IN OTHER BRANCHES OF ART

*From a collection of engravings connected with ceramic matters given by Lady Charlotte to the South Kensington Museum, and now exhibited in the Schreiber Collection*



we missed the other dealer, Sanders, for whom we waited as long as we could, but he did not return. We saw, however, the things in his upper room, where there was nothing in our way, but we examined his plate and got some information about the marks on Dutch silver. Left Utrecht before 1. and were back at our Hotel at The Hague soon after 2. Started again at once on foot. Went to Block's, who has nothing; to Van Gelder's, where we paid £1. for a blue and white Worcester vase and beaker, and to the Bisschops'. Found them both at home and sat some time with them. Mr. Bisschop had been to look at Tennyssen's furniture for us, and approved of it. But we think it wiser to refrain from the purchase. Visser had looked through his portfolios and had found a fine copy of George III. by Pether after Frye, price £1. 5., and a female portrait unsigned and unlettered, which is included amongst the British Museum series of Fries, but which we think doubtful—15/-. Ended our walk by a visit to Schaab's; he had a large stock, chiefly Delft, very dear, but nothing to our taste. Since table d'hôte, at 5, I have been writing here, and to my poor brother Lindsey, whose birthday it is—he is 58. [This was George, the 10th Earl of Lindsey, born in 1814; he was an invalid, and died unmarried in 1877. The country seat of the Bertie family is Uffington, Stamford, Lincoln, of which Lady Charlotte often speaks.]

5th. Again up by 6, and off by railway to Amsterdam at 8. Got to Amsterdam at 9.30. and drove about to the various dealers till 4. when we went back to the station, and taking the 4.30. got to our Hotel at The Hague soon after 7. It was a long day's work, rather wet, but very warm, and certainly very busy and amusing. First we went to our old friends the Speyers; they took us to both their warehouses, which we looked over carefully, but could find nothing worth our taking away. Then to Ganz's, which is quite an altered

place since we knew it. However, C.S. managed to espy a pair of Chelsea dishes, not very decorative, which they gave us for £1. We went thence to the Van Galens, where I have little to remark, except a stone-ware jug highly decorated, English, which we saw there last spring. As Van Galen was out we could do no business. Thence to Boasberg's. (The Wareham of Amsterdam.) He has some very fine things, but very little English, and all dear. We bought of him a lovely enamel box, printed in blue, £2. 10.,<sup>1</sup> and an étui with a finely painted head (like one we already have), the ground, Rose du Barri, but the top unluckily imperfect, £4. 10.; also a pair of lovely Oriental plates, which I could not resist, red borders, with medallions of black and green and flowers, £5 (one being a little imperfect). Next, to some print-shops, in which we were to hunt for Fries (unsuccessfully) and to get some views for poor Lindsey. On to Kalb and Soujet's, where we did good business and revived our drooping spirits, for at all the places we had visited before we have heard of nothing but absurd prices, without seeing anything we cared to have. *Now* we are able to buy a pair of Chelsea butter-boats, covers and stands, very perfect and unusual, £3. A charming locket with portraits of William and Mary in mother-of-pearl, enclosed in a small silver case with his or her Royal Arms engraved upon it, £1. And a little silver box heart-shaped, "M. Ouvrez sans rompre", 10/-; and a Wedgwood smelling bottle with portrait, 10/-; all these we highly esteem. We only found three trifles at Van Houtum's, a pair of Battersea salts, 30/-. One Rose du Barri ditto, 17/6. Two darling Mennecy shoes, 17/6. But we got our things re-packed for our long journey, and he told us of another dealer, Blitz, St. Anthonies Brestraat, where we bought a good Battersea tea-caddy for 15/-. This was our last call on our way to the station. We have since

written back to Soujet's (with a cheque) to buy six fine Oriental cups and saucers which he offered us for £2. 10.; and we have also requested M. Bisschop to purchase for us Tennyssen's satin-wood Cabinet for 200 gs. All the evening I have been writing, while C.S. has been packing for an early start homewards to-morrow.

Wednesday, 6th. Again dressed by candlelight in order to be off by the express train to Brussels. Our first contretemps was that they started us from the Hôtel Paulez without our luggage! But the mistake was soon found out and rectified, and we got to the station long before the appointed 9.20. Mme. Kanitz came and spoke to me there; she was travelling back to Madrid, where we last met. I was very glad to see her, but her being in the train proved unfortunate for us, since she had so much luggage that the boat across from Rotterdam to Fine Port was 10. minutes late, and so we missed the express on that side, and instead of arriving at Brussels at 2, we did not get in (by a slow train) until 6.30. This occasioned a stupid delay at the little Fine Port station, where I sat and worked patiently for about 2 hours, and also deprived us of the afternoon at Brussels, which we had reckoned on for visiting a great many of the shops: fortunately though cloudy there was not much rain, so that on the whole we did the journey comfortably enough, though the confusion at the frontier Custom House was awful, and travelling with three hand packages full of china makes all locomotion a matter of anxiety. We reckoned that we had 16 changes to-day between The Hague and Brussels, where we now are (Hôtel de l'Europe), having dined and C.S. gone out to see if all the curiosity shops are closed.

7th. One of the most heavenly days I ever remember, not a cloud, the sun bright, and the air delightful. We were out soon after 10. and till 11. visited on foot the curiosity



shops in the Montagne de la Cour and its neighbourhood ; in this round we found nothing. At 11. we took a little open carriage on the Place and drove about till near 3. ; made few purchases. In the little shop in the Rue de l'Escalier we got a printed Ware tea-jar for 1/3. At Genie's, Rue de l'Evêque, a small blue and white Worcester vase and lid, 6/-. At Huysman's, Rue de la Fourché, a lilac bodkin-case, 8/-. We finished with Marynens, Rue des Petits Carmes, where we were tempted to invest in a Mazarin-blue Oriental tea-jar with cocks in medallion, 35/-. And a Battersea box in form of a swan, 15/-. Just as we were coming away I espied some lovely lace lappets, one pair of old Flanders, the other of Lille, which I bought for 3 guineas ; said to have belonged to a lady who had sent them there for sale. I know but little about lace, but these *seem* to me very cheap, and I know they are very good. From 2 to 5 we went out again and walked in great enjoyment. Called at Henninck's, 126 Rue Royale ; found nothing ; and at Stoovbant's, Boulevard d'Anvers, where there were many fine things, but very dear, and we made no purchases. We continued our walk through the old town to the magnificent Grande Place, with the Hôtel de Ville, Egmont's statue, etc., and by St. Gudule, which was, however, closed. On our way back we got a lilac Battersea salt-cellar, 15/-, and also a box with figures on the top, 15/-, and the bottom of another box, blue with good subject medallions, 10/-, at Cools Thyssen's ; and at Del Hougue's 2 teapots, one Worcester, the other stone-ware, 8/- each. This was the amount of our purchases for the day. Less than we had hoped, but not bad on the whole. We had visited many other shops without any success, viz., Daene, De Vries, Montagne de la Cour ; Slaes, Leroy, Polaquet, Rue de Lombard ; Müller, 25 Rue de l'Etude ; Weil, Rue de Ruysbrook ; Lambracht, 22 Rue de la Paille ; and Handelaar, 54 Rue

de l'Etude. At this last both the man and his wife were out, so we promised to go there again after table d'hôte, as we had seen there two rather pretty little figures. I hoped to get some Fryes at Brussels, and we went into Goupil's, who promised to look over his stock against we called again, but on our doing so we found that he had not got any. Our morning's work of 7 hours had taken us into not less than 16 shops. The drive and the afternoon's walk were quite delightful, and when the sun was set the after-glow was beautiful and most remarkable. After table d'hôte at 5, we went out again, first to the Post Office, where I found a letter from Blanche. [Lady Charlotte's youngest daughter, who afterwards married Mr. Edward Ponsonby, now the 8th Earl of Bessborough. This lady inherited some of the many objects of art collected by her mother, many of which are reproduced here, and she has also the complete collection of mezzotints by Thomas Frye, in search of which Lady Charlotte spent many happy days.] To St. Gudule, where service was going on; the grand old Cathedral being lighted up. There was a large and apparently devout congregation, and the whole scene was most impressive. After we had been there a few minutes a priest began to preach about purgatory. It seemed all tautology without eloquence, but we had no time to stay. On going again to Handelaar's we found the wife at home, but she could tell us nothing about prices. The dealer George Bradbee, whom we remember here since the time of our first art visit in 1867, has failed. His goods were sold yesterday and to-day, and we hear fetched enormous prices. We have now to get our new acquisitions packed preparatory to an early start homewards to-morrow.

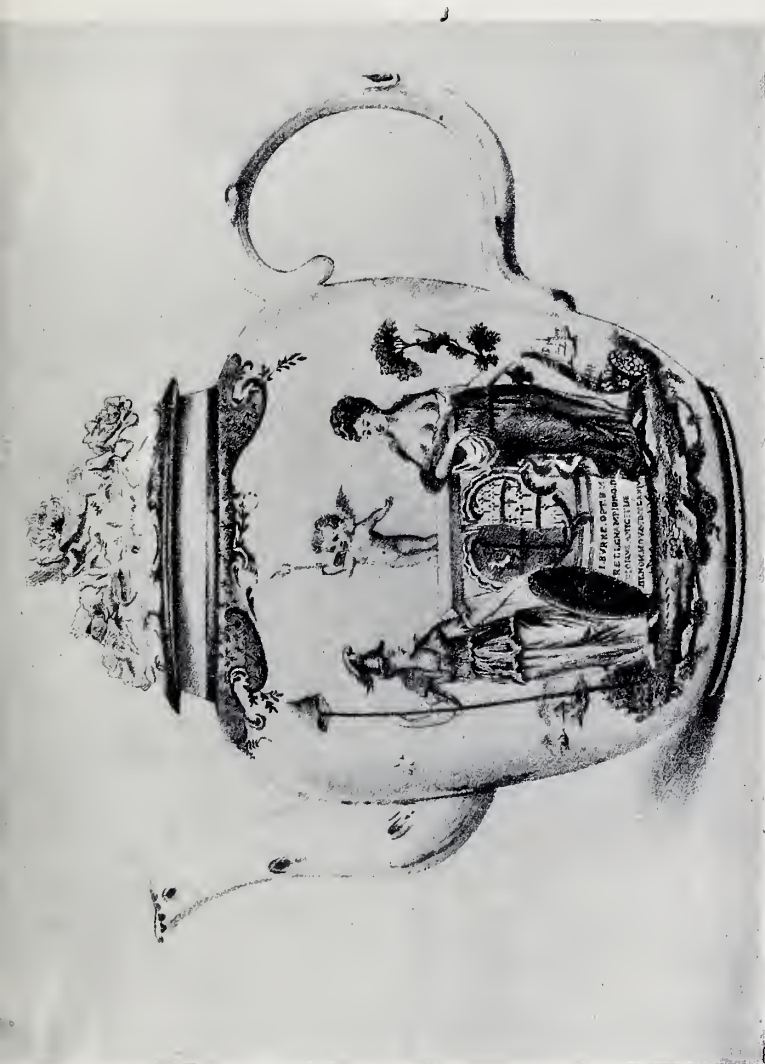
## NOTES CERAMIC

MARCH TO MAY 1873

BRUGES

March 1873.

31st. Left Charing Cross Station at 7.40. Thick fog all the way to Dover: embarked in Ostend boat; after about a quarter of an hour of very thick fog, the sun suddenly burst forth. We had a still and lovely passage. Read mostly. Reached Ostend soon after 2. Ivor had gone over the previous night, and was waiting for us at our landing; after a hasty luncheon we went on by train to Bruges: very hot—put up at Hôtel de Flandres, and having chosen our rooms, walked out all about the charming old City. Visited the curiosity shop of Renders, with whom we found nothing. By indications which had reached us, we managed to make out Mr. and Mrs. Berrington, from whose house Walker got the celebrated Bristol set of china made for Burke, which realised such wonderful prices two years ago. We made bold to call upon them and they received us very kindly, and have promised to get us permission to see some old collections to-morrow. This completed our work before table d'hôte: a slight thunderstorm with rain, whilst we dined, but it did not cool the air. Since dinner Ivor and I have had a long ramble amid the quaint old streets, which we have enjoyed very much.



A BRISTOL TEAPOT FROM THE WELL-KNOWN SERVICE MADE AS A WEDDING GIFT FOR THE FAMOUS STATESMAN,  
EDMUND BURKE  
*The Schreier Collection*



## APRIL 1873

BRUGES : LILLE : TOURNAI : ATH : BRUSSELS : LIERRE :  
 ANTWERP : DORDRECHT : GOUDA : UTRECHT : THE HAGUE :  
 AMSTERDAM : PARIS : DIJON : GENEVA : LAUSANNE : LYONS :  
 MARSEILLES : AVIGNON : VALENCE

April 1st. Visited the Tour de la Halle, the Hôtel de Justice with its marvellous chimney-piece, the Chapels in the adjoining buildings, Saint Sang, where the Custodier is wonderful. After this we went again to the Berringtons'. She took us to see a collection belonging to Mme. Thores, which is to come for sale. It was chiefly Oriental; not of the best, and did not interest us.

2nd. Out early. Went to the Cathedral, where some fine brasses are set up in the wall; one, richly enamelled in colours set in the floor of one of the Chapels. Then to Notre Dame to see the tombs of Mary of Burgundy and her father: soon after 12. we went on to Ghent. Luncheon and dinner at the Hotel in the Place d'Armes. Went to the Cathedral to see the Van Eyck pictures. To the Town Hall, when we went through the large desolate rooms, and to some shops; *very, very* little to buy: at 8 went on to Brussels; Hôtel de l'Europe.

3rd. A long day among the shops, but very little to be found in them; we found that they had just been swept by Collins, the Bond Street dealer. At Slaes Kochs we got a fine Chelsea smelling-bottle for £6., and a beautiful yellow étui, painted in Boucher subjects for £4. 16. Having done all the shops we came back to the Hotel. It had been a lovely day but began to rain about 6., when Ivor and I, in a cab, drove to the Post for his letters.

4th. Up early and off to see Lille; went to three or four shops, but did not make any purchases: a curious old



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man—Catteau—with three houses full of china, carvings, prints, and every other thing, amazed us very much. He reminded me of Smith of Abingdon. Having taken some dinner at the Hotel, we retraced our steps as far as Tournai, which we stopped to explore. Found only one dealer, M. Détail, Boulevard Leopold. Went into the fine Cathedral. The Beffroi is under repair. From Tournai we started again before 7. Ivor went with us as far as Ath, where he branched off to Mons on his way to Paris, while we went back to Brussels. Thus ended our pleasant little tour together, which had no contretemps till the last moment, when Ivor found his luggage had been detained and locked up at the last Douane we had gone through, and he had to proceed without it, which was most annoying.

5th. Left Brussels before 10. Went to Lierre, where we had once heard of good things; found little or nothing. Visited the amateur we went to see last time, M. Krools; he had a pretty little collection, chiefly Oriental. Went on to Antwerp, where, our train being late, we had barely an hour. Went to Van Herck's; and went to look at a "View" of things to be sold on Monday; all modern; in the same house we discovered a new dealer, Mlle. Eva Krug, no purchases. Next, to Dortrecht, where we spent nearly an hour. The only shop where there might have been anything (Van Kampen's) we could not see because the master was out. Hurried back to the station on foot, whence to The Hague by the new line. It had been a bustling and fatiguing and not a very profitable day.

Sunday, 6th. Quiet rest. Hôtel Paulez. C.S. not very well.

7th. Bad weather; frequent showers, yet we walked all over The Hague; found less than usual; Munchen's seems the best shop now; we saw some good things there, which we

are to look at again. Nothing at the old accustomed little shops; a few purchases at Tennyssen's; a trifle at the little stall in the Gedempte Gracht; four prints at Visser's, who showed us some fine Battersea enamels, very dear, which are under consideration. Table d'hôte, china washing, etc.

8th. Up at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 5. By 8. at the railway station for Gouda. Cohen was in a carriage to go off by another train, when the little newsboy at the station found him for us, and he went back with us; but he had only a broken Derby-Chelsea Cup and saucer. Pavoordt had a few things, but was just off en voyage, to get some china from an amateur's collection at Rotterdam. We promised to return to see him to-morrow. Went on to Utrecht; uncertain weather with frequent showers, but we managed without getting wet, and walked about Utrecht for 3 hours, without making a single purchase. Costa had but one good piece, a Chelsea figure of Milton, which he had bought at a recent big sale and for which he asked five and twenty Pounds! Gorkum was absent, so also were the Hamburgers; Sanders had nothing: with some trouble we found out Reuser (S. Pieter 345), who still has the gold ground leather we found there some years ago. I had a commission from Lady Marian Alford to inquire about it for her. Took the train again before 3. and at four were at Rotterdam. Van Minden very wild; very dear about his enamels and small figures, but we got from him an excellent Chelsea bird on its nest, *marked*, for £3. 6. 8. It is the fellow to one in the possession of Munchen at The Hague, for which he says he paid dear, and for which he wants £10. Two purchases *completed* (having been negotiated in January) with Kryser, on our way to the station. Violent rain. Reached The Hague at 7. Munchen was to have had a figure to show us, but it was not there. C.S. ill and tired. It had been a long day of 12 hours and not very fructuous. We find everywhere

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that Bernard and Duveen of Hull have been before us making wonderful purchases. [Duveen was the well-known dealer and father of dealers, who was knighted some 30 years later.]

9th. Again to Gouda to see what Pavoordt had got from Rotterdam. There was nothing in our line, but we got a few pieces of blue and white Worcester and were back at The Hague by 12. o'clock. Found an exciting letter from Gorkum, saying he regretted not seeing us yesterday, as the party possessing a "Rochester" service, which he had told us of 3 years ago, was now willing to sell, and he would like to have shown it to us. We forthwith telegraphed that we would be with him on the morrow; most likely, after all the price will be beyond us, and we shall come away disappointed. But the "Chasse" is interesting. Visited the Musée. Then went again to Munchen's, where we thought he might have liked our partridge in part exchange for some of his things, but no! Then to Schwaab's; through the Spui, and on to Visser's buying some prints, but deferring an answer about his enamels: no other purchases but some trifling cups in the Gedempte Gracht.

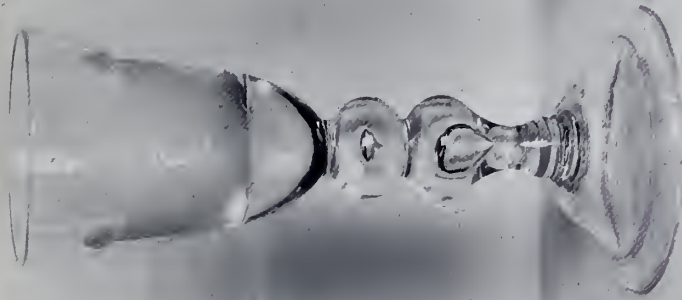
10th. Again up at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 5. and to the station at 8. A bright sun lighting up everything in cheerful Holland, and so, light-hearted and full of curiosity as to what Gorkum might have to show us, we arrived at Utrecht soon after 9. We went direct to Gorkum's house. He told us the Service (dessert) belonged to two maiden ladies. The name, as far as I could make it out, was Daugenberg. He described it as being of the finest purple Worcester, painted with flowers, and consisting of dishes, baskets, 50 plates, etc., in all 70 pieces. Accordingly we went to see it; we found it quite up to what we could have expected, but the ladies would not name a price, and said they had refused 400 gns. for it. We tried to find out if they would dispose of four very fine figures of the Seasons (in



ENGRAVED IN RICH  
GOLD "J.R." AND  
CROWN, PROBABLY  
JAMES REX



EARLY XVIII CENTURY,  
THE GLASS ENGRAVED  
WITH THE ARMS OF  
ENGLAND



XVIII AND XVIII CENTURY GLASSES  
A GEORGE II GLASS EN-  
GRAVED WITH ARMS AND  
MONOGRAM



ENGRAVED WITH THE  
ARMS OF ENGLAND FOR  
ROYAL USE



CURIOUS EARLY ENGRAVED  
GLASS PROBABLY DUTCH  
XVIII CENTURY



Chelsea), making up a sum of £500. for the whole. But they declared that nothing would induce them to part with the figures, and that as to the service they could not say *what* they would take. So there, perforce, the matter ended. We left instructions with Gorkum to keep his eye upon the service, in case of their changing their minds; bought a little Mennecy figure of him before returning to the station, and proceeding at 11.40 to Amsterdam. We had with us all our little purchases, which we took to Van Houtum's to get packed and forwarded to England. We then went the rounds, found nothing at Blitz's, Van Galen's, Ganz's. At Van Houtum's only a small wax figure of Harlequin. But at Speyer's we lighted on a service of 49 pieces of Worcester, a dessert set beautifully painted in bouquets of flowers, but on a white ground. As it was unmarked they did not know what to call it, and were glad to offer it to us for £33. 15., which we were glad to give. They showed us a large and very fine Screen for which they want £50. (delivered in London), gold ground; leather wonderfully decorated with birds in the Oriental style. Lady Marian Alford has asked me to look out for such an one for her, so I wrote to her about it. Having completed all our researches, we dined at the Brack's Doelen table d'hôte. Called in again at Speyer's to look at some wonderful Gouthière branches (price £600), and bought a pair of Oriental Ducks for £6. Then proceeded to the railway, and were at The Hague at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 9; slept nearly all the journey. As though we had not worked hard enough, we still went to Munchen's to complete our purchase with him of a Chelsea-Derby figure, a finely engraved goblet, with English Arms, and two little bits of enamel (£10.), then went on to Visser's for a few minutes.

Good Friday, 11th. We were to have left The Hague to-day, but deferred our departure for a little rest, after all the



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previous exertions ; C.S. also suffering much from face-ache. The morning very bright, but a cold wind. Went to see a celebrated collection of pictures belonging to M. Steengracht. At Schwaab's I secured an enamel plaque I had long wished to have (the subject evidently historical, but still to be explained. We have since made this out. It is inscribed "De Dantzic à Barr", and alludes to the flight of Stanislaus) signed "Fromery a Berlin", "Herold fecit". The price was £10. but he took £6. in money, and a very ugly Feuner glass picture, for which C.S. had given 10/- in London. Saw Mr. Loudon at Schwaab's. Came in at 4. and wrote to Enid while C.S. in pain, laid down for an hour before table d'hôte. Since then we went out again to Visser's, who ended by persuading us to buy the four best pieces of his client's Battersea enamels—but at a great price—above £35. Since our return have packed up for an early start to-morrow.

12th. The Hague to Paris, where we arrived at 9. Hôtel St. Romain. Not one of the most agreeable journeys. Tried a 2nd class, but had to change.

13th. Tired. Up late. Took a carriage and drove to the Bois. Then walked in the Tuileries Gardens ; hot sun, cold wind ; but Paris notwithstanding its ruins looked very beautiful ; the young green coming out.

14th. Went to the Quai Voltaire, but found nothing in any of the shops. Called on the Duchess [of Marlborough] to hear about Ivor. Went to Longchamps. I had never been to the races before ; a pretty sight, but bereft of much of its ancient glory. The day was perfectly lovely—quite hot with no wind, and only air enough to make it delicious. We walked about a little on the course, and saw two races run. The crowd of carriages and pedestrians in the Champs Elysées on our return was a curious contrast to what the same place exhibited when we went through the morning after the

Commune (3rd June 1871). Then it was a desert. Called to see the Fourniers before going to dinner.

15th. Out all day visiting shops. Found but little, and made very few purchases, but enjoyed the drive. In the afternoon called at Récappe's and tried to interest him in the Needlework Loan Exhibition.

16th. Various shops visited in the morning, with no results. Very fine old Dresden figures at Laurent's in the Palais Royale; and good things with Bloche, 3 Rue de Helder, but all these very dear. In the afternoon we had a pleasant excursion to Versailles. Dined at the Hôtel des Réservoirs; only purchase, a large Dresden dish, at Henry's, Rue Hoche; but the shops are now quite hopeless.

17th. Went early to Mme. Rouveyre, who had promised to try to get for us the service of Maroon Chelsea, which we have so long heard of and desired. She now tells us that the family have become rich and will not sell. At 1. we went to see the collection of Madame Beavan, a curious character, a German married to an Englishman, parted from him, etc., a regular dealer with very fine things, but calling herself "particulière". Found two bibelots, and a pair of yellow birds with her—very dear, £13. Walked and drove till late in the afternoon. C.S. very tired. Heard that Lady Hopetoun [the widow of the 6th Earl of Hopetoun] was in Paris; after dinner we went out and tried to find her; after beginning at several Hotels we discovered her at the Hôtel Mirabeau, on her way to England to bury her poor husband next week. Pleased, poor thing, to see us, in her great grief; we spent the evening with her. On passing the Boulevard we had bought a *Times*. In it we read that my dear Merthyr had had a very serious accident hunting—his horse falling on him at a leap and breaking

bones ; this is a dreadful anxiety ; we had fixed to leave Paris on the morrow on an excursion southwards, but now all our plans are changed, we stay and telegraph for better information before deciding what to do. [The second son of Sir John Guest and Lady Charlotte Schreiber, of Inwood House, Blandford. He married Lady Theodora Grosvenor, youngest daughter of the 2nd Marquess of Westminster. He was, in the future, to frighten Lady Charlotte by many a heavy fall across country.]

18th. We walked a good deal and visited a good many shops ; all along the Rue de Provence, Rue Laffitte, Lafayette, Châteaudun, St. Lazare. Bought two bits of enamel cheap, some Oriental plates and Dresden cups and saucers. Drove out later and found at Mme. Flaudin's a lovely pair of Derby-Chelsea figures ; Boy with dog, and Girl with cat. They were very dear, but quite irresistible at £14. Saw Lady Hopetoun again for a few minutes before dinner. Oppenheim has been inquiring for us for Chelsea groups and vases, at Vienna, but cannot get them : this is the third great chance we seem to have had, but all have come to nothing. I had omitted to mention a hurried visit to M. Danvilliers on Thursday afternoon, where we saw Le Roux, who was so civil to us last year. Danvilliers showed us some beautiful Buen Retiro, and some wonderful tapestries, one dated 1488. Apropos of these things I have been trying to interest some of the dealers here in our Loan Exhibition. Vail, 12 Rue du Petit Thouan, has a wonderful collection. After our return for dinner we got a telegram from Blanche with a good account of dear Merthyr, and another came from Mrs. Bertie [now Felicia, Countess of Lindsey, widow of the 11th Earl of Lindsey, Lady Charlotte's younger brother] just before I went to bed saying that he was going on well. Thank God his dear life is spared !

19th. We went out early. Tried to find M. Dupont at home. He is *the* great collector of needlework, on which he is preparing a work: unfortunately he is not in Paris. Went to some shops, Rue Blanche, made some small purchases. After 3, walked up to Lady Hopetoun's to amuse her with some of our little bibelots. Mrs. Amcott came in while we were with her; afterwards drove in the Champs Elysées, for a rest. Bought two little figures in the Boulevard Haussmann, and went to Nelson's, Rue Pasquier, (his father, an Englishman taken in war, married a French woman and settled in Paris). Since dinner a telegram with good accounts of Merthyr.

20th. Letter from Blanche with more particulars, all going on well. Was dressed for Church, but felt ill and stayed at home. Visit from M. Danvilliers in the afternoon; he promises to help us about our Battersea enamels. When he was gone, after despatching our letters, we took a little walk; the weather turned very cold. Called to see Lady Hopetoun; her sister better; she hopes to leave Paris to-morrow. Walked about, and came in for dinner at 7. o'clock.

21st. Left Paris by the 11. o'clock train to Dijon. The last portion of the road very pretty, and the whole country gay with the fresh green and the white blossoms on the trees: arrived after 5.; dined at the buffet. Leaving our luggage at the Hôtel de la Cloche (where we have the same rooms as 3 years ago), we walked to the shops, but found nothing but a soft-paste cane-top at Cozet's, and an old work on Embroidery.

22nd. C.S. out early; took me after breakfast to Tagini's, where we found some fine furniture and where we were tempted to spend £20! namely, on two finely modelled white figures of the Virgin and St. John. Both figures signed "Este" and one dated 1783, impressed in the paste, £10., and

a snuff box with medallion portrait of Louis XV.; this came from the family of the Comte de Reuille, and some smaller objects, £10. 16. The Este figures I like much and think they will be a valuable addition to the collection. Of the box must hear more but have no doubt of its being very good. Went into the Church of St. Michael, and then to the Musée to look again at the tomb of the Burgundian Dukes, John sans Peur, and Philip le Hardi, etc. Went on in the afternoon to Geneva, which we reached at night, having dined at Mâcon. An agreeable Englishman in the train with us, whom we found afterwards to be Mr. Fell.

23rd. Sent a note to poor old Mr. Flamank [at one time a tutor in the Guest family] to come and see us, then went out and began our search among the shops. Went to one or two on the Place de Bergues; at Picard's found a pretty German Enamel étui—pink fish-scale ground, and small landscapes in medallions, cheap at £1. They gave us renseignements to see a private collection—that of M. Revilliod in the Upper Town. On our way to his house, we went on to a fine terrace, whence we had a lovely view of the surrounding country. Found a very interesting and well-arranged collection at M. Revilliod's; his servant showed us over it. Promised to return the following day. On our way we saw two good English prints (one of Garrick after Gainsborough) at the door of a small shop. Bought them for 12/-, and got, later, at Fiorini's two small circular, French, coloured prints in a style which I believe is now being sought after, 8/-. When we got back to our Hotel we found Mr. Flamank awaiting us; we had planned to go by steamer to Lausanne, and we made him accompany us, starting at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past two. It was beginning to be cold, and we only sat a short time on deck, during which we invested poor Mr. Flamank in *my* fur jacket (which he innocently believed to be C.S.'s coat!) and made him carry off that,





A PAIR OF ESTE FIGURES  $15\frac{3}{4}$  INCHES IN HEIGHT. THE FIRST IS THAT OF THE HOLY VIRGIN ; THE SECOND THAT OF ST. JOHN. BOTH ARE MARKED ESTE, THE ST. JOHN HAVING THE DATE 1783  
*The Countess of Bessborough's Collection*





and subsequently our fur rug! He looked pinched and frozen. Good dinner down in the cabin, which we hope may have cheered him up. Reached Lausanne after 5. It had been one of C.S.'s most treasured schemes to go there to visit Etienne Baud, from whose shop in 1869 we got some charming English china. Bitterly, however, were we now disappointed. Baud had moved up into a magnificent house, with fine, flaring, expensive furniture, and much modern imitative porcelain. He is no longer a modest useful collector, but a swaggering, overbearing marchand, possessing nothing that would be of any value to us, so we came away disgusted. But we enjoyed a lovely view over the Lake before leaving the town, which we did by railway, about 7 o'clock, arriving after 9 at night.

24th. Mr. Flamank came to breakfast; after it we walked up to M. Revilliod's, and found that gentleman at home. He went through parts of the collection again with us, and gave me a book of which he was the author. He was formerly Swiss Minister at Constantinople, and is a polished and most agreeable man. To-day it was really cold; that and our long walk were, I fear, too much for our poor old friend Flamank. We missed him part of the time, but he afterwards remained with us until we left Geneva. I was very glad to have seen the poor old gentleman again. He is much altered, but his eye is as bright, and his conversation as brilliant, with learning and quotations, as ever. Found a small ivory portrait on a box and some Bartolozzis at Forini's; and at a new shop, Serez, a good Chelsea-Derby mug, and a Nove, coloured, double group—28/-. Mme. Serez told us she got the mug from a Mme. Delapert, a lady living at the Campagne Artichauts, Terrasse Brillant, who possessed, she said, much china, and would certainly show it, perhaps part with some; accordingly we drove to her house, but found the family in

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trouble at the illness of M. Delapert, so that we could not be received, or have anything shown to us. Left Geneva at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3, after taking luncheon at the buffet, opposite the Gare. Dined at Ambérieu; got to Lyons between 9 and 10. Grand Hôtel de Lyons.

25th. Very cold, a shower of snow before we left our room. Long day among the shops, where we did not find very much. But we paid a very pleasant visit to M. Currand, who showed us the fine mediæval things which his father had collected, and which we saw in 1870. The poor old gentleman had died since that time. *He* then lived in a wretched tenement, but before his death removed the collection to 2 Avenue de l'Archevêché, where they now are. M. Currand bought the James I. coat (white kid, stitched in a pattern on to red satin) which I admired so much in the Meyrick collection, in the South Kensington. I then got a drawing made for me of the design. He has some wonderful things, and the visit was a lesson. Called on the Dommartins, a curious old couple who have many rooms full of the most wretched rubbish which they prize highly, and not one bit of which will they part with. Drove about to do all this in an open carriage. It was very cold. Dined at table d'hôte at 6. After dinner packed up and left Lyons that night, arriving at Marseilles between 6 and 7 in the morning.

26th. Daylight before we reached Avignon, and very bright sunshine, but a cold wind, which on reaching Marseilles was found to be a severe visitation of the much-dreaded Mistral. As soon as we had breakfasted, notwithstanding the cold and dust, we walked out. Had a long ramble among the shops, but found very little except the eternal "Faïence", much of which is doubtless "contrefaçon". Indeed we got by chance into the establishment of a clever workman, Ferdinand Gaidan, 43 Boulevard du Muy, who was busy making

all kinds of reproductions, which he showed to us with great pride, some of them (his Satsuma, his Faïence Emaillée, etc.) most successful. Many of his original pieces also very meritorious, in terra-cotta, etc. Our largest purchases were of engravings with an old M. and Mme. Pimont, Rue des Deux Arts. While these were proceeding, I happened to look around, and saw high up on the wall a picture of the subject of one of our favourite Battersea enamel printed plaques. Pimont called it a Watteau, and said it went by the name of "Le Calendrier des Vieillards" from an inscription on the wallet of one of the figures. The interpretation of the subject has always been a mystery to us. This picture increases it. But as our plaque would seem to authenticate the picture in some measure as being old, and as Pimont only wanted 55 francs for it, we ended by becoming the purchasers. The picture is evidently of some antiquity and seems to be pure; in some places it has been slightly injured and has been re-lined. But the price would seem to militate against its being of any value. If, indeed, we have got a veritable Watteau, or the work of even a creditable contemporary, for £2. 4., I shall retract what I had said after a long day's search, that "there is nothing at Marseilles worth so distant a journey"; we shall see! Part of our work we did on foot, but it became so cold, and the wind became so high, bowing the trees and tearing off the young green leaves, that we did the concluding five hours by help of a shut cab.

28th. Left Marseilles by express about 11. Beautiful view over the City and to the Mediterranean. Got out at Avignon, where we spent a couple of hours; went into the town and had a hurried look at the shops, which are very poorly supplied. Bought a couple of engravings. Saw *one* Vase like the pair we brought here 3 years ago—not perfect, price £1. Left Avignon after 3.; again a most striking

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and delightful view of the town on leaving it. We had time to go out on the Bridge for a moment through the Porte de l'Oulle, and recalled the lovely day we spent at Avignon, 1st of March 1870. Valence in time for dinner, passing Orange, which we saw to advantage en passant, with its grand Roman Arch and Amphitheatre towering over all. The valley of the Rhone very beautiful and fertile, with its picturesque high grounds and ruined Châteaux at intervals. But it was sad to see all the mulberry-trees blighted by the late Mistral and sharp frosts. The vines and all the fruits have suffered severely but we could only see the mischief done to the mulberries, which all have their leaves destroyed, most of them looking yellow, some quite black and denuded. Slept at Valence. La Poste.

29th. Witnessed a table d'hôte breakfast. We breakfasted alone; then went out and prowled about the town; there are no curiosity shops, but we were attracted by the sight of some fine vases, of the Avignon description, in the window of a chemist, Bastier, Porte S. Félix, and he told us they were made by a "Médecin" who had established works at Première near Dijon, and made beautiful things, his name Le Docteur Lavalle. Visited the Maison des Têtes, and the house with the curious staircase. The lady of the house, Mme. Dupré la Tour, had some fine looking-glasses and furniture—curiously enough she was a great friend of Mr. Penrice Bell, who was returning officer when C.S. became Member for Cheltenham. Hence went into the interesting Cathedral: stilted arch round the Choir, and curious row of arches outside the building, high up. The Pendentif, said to be the burial-place of the Mistral family. It naturally occurred to us as a pity they could not have entombed the so-called wind with them. It has created ravages in the valley just now. In the Cathedral, fell in with an old mendicant

of 86, who interested us by telling us a good deal about the Wars under Napoleon ; he was in the retreat from Moscow. By dint of many inquiries we found out that there was one amateur collector at Valence in the person of the Commandant d'Artillerie, name Hustain, or something like it. We called on him, but unluckily he had just gone out. Lounged on the Bridge and went back to the Hotel in time to pack up and leave Valence at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4. Curious invalid family, whose Italian Courier was in the carriage with us, leaving the train at Vienne. Travelled all night (dining at buffet at Lyons), and reached Paris at 6 in the morning.

30th. Train being behind time, dressed and breakfasted. Young Mr. Cole at our Hotel (S. Romain). He is in Paris, among other matters, about the Embroidery Exhibition, in consequence of letters I had written him on my way through here 10 days ago. The Committee have sent him over to follow up the researches I had already set on foot. Long interview with him. Afterwards Mr. Marsh came to see us and took us to some print-shops ; we then went about to various places, partly about dress, and joined Mr. Marsh again in the Avenue Friedland at 5. We went with him to see a friend of his, Mrs. Jones, who had been collecting in Paris, lived in a very pretty apartment, and had evidently been a victim to the dealers : all her things being forgeries. It was now getting late. C.S. and I walked home from the Barrière de l'Etoile to our Hotel, Rue Dauphin, a pleasant walk, not quite so cold. Dined at 8.; after I was so *sleepy* that I did nothing but *sleep*. Our purchase to-day a small white figure and a plaque, Battersea, with Misers counting money ; £1. 16., at Nelson's, Rue Pasquier. Oppenheim had telegraphed to us in London about some Chelsea figures he had discovered in Germany—the telegram came to us here, and we went to see him, but the price asked was so preposterous



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that we could make no offer—13 figures £450. We had visited to-day a beautiful collection, chiefly Oriental, belonging to Mme. Florist, 2 Rue Tronchet. Her things are wonderful, but outrageously dear.

MAY 1873

PARIS: AMIENS: BOULOGNE

May 1st. Drove about all day ; went to several shops, but bought very little ; a good enamel box of Mme. Boiss, Quai Voltaire (Turquoise and gold), some combs at De la Roche's and an Arras milk pot ; a print on the quai. We found that our picture is a copy of Boucher's "Calendrier des Vieillards" of which we saw a print at Danlo's and De Lisle's. We have left a commission with Lemièrre to try to get a copy of the print for us. Several interviews about dress, bonnets, etc. Called to see Constance Reynardson [sister of Lady Hopetoun]—her sister still in bed. Then we remained out the whole day ; when I came in I found myself very poorly with a cold, but I slept after dinner, while C.S. packed up.

2nd. I am better, though not well this morning, Interview again with Mr. Cole. We left Paris at 11.40. Left the train at Amiens, and went about the town for some hours. Visited the Bouvier collection, and at Pontentier's got an enamel plaque, etc. Then called on a friend of Mr. Marsh—Mme. Dupont—a charming old lady, who sent us on a wild goose chase after some Limoges Enamels. We had scarce time to get something to eat before going on by a 7.30. train to Boulogne, where we slept. Hôtel des Bains.

3rd. A bright clear day, but cold, and I fear windy for the passage home.

Sunday, 4th. Went into the town. Found two most curious English Ware tea-pots, with inscription, at Delaunay's,

and a Marcasite necklet, Duchuchoir. Then went to the boat, where I got ensconced in a comfortable place long before we started at 2.30. A very rough passage, but I was well, and read nearly all the day. Got home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 7., which was an hour after the time due.

## NOTES CERAMIC

AUGUST TO NOVEMBER 1873

OSTEND: BRUGES: GHENT

August 1873.

16th. Left London by the 7.40. train from Charing Cross. A "temps couvert," which on our getting on board the steamer turned to the most broiling sunshine, so we had the smoothest, hottest passage imaginable to Ostend. The boat was very heavily laden and we took  $4\frac{1}{2}$  hours to arrive. Many of the passengers were going to attend the Iron and Steel Congress at Liége, and I was addressed by a well-dressed middle-aged man, who introduced himself to me as a former Dowlais schoolboy, and told me that he was now partner in a rolling-mill near Stockton-on-Tees. He said, having been a poor boy, he owed all his success in life to his teaching in the Dowlais school, and remembered, on one occasion, my having patted him on the head and told him to be a good boy! (Oh! how many years ago?) He seems to have well obeyed my injunctions. His name, he said, was Prosser. I shall inquire more about him. He introduced me to Mr. Bell, who was going, also, to this meeting of the Institute, I think, as President, and with him I had much talk. Lay down some time in the cabin and slept, for I was very, very weary with many days' previous hard work and much anxiety, first about Maria's health, and then at Enid's having to return to Spain, now in so dreadful and perilous a state. I took leave of her on Wednesday. When shall we



THREE LARGE EXAMPLES OF KANG-HI POWDERED BLUE PORCELAIN RICHLY DECORATED OVER THE BLUE WITH GOLD, AND ORNAMENTED WITH DELICATE DESIGNS IN THE RESERVES  
*Lord Wimborne's Collection*



ever meet again? [In February 1873 a republic held rule in Spain until the restoration of the monarchy in December 1874. At that time, and long after, Spain was a dangerous country in which to act for any foreign Power. Sir Henry Layard's ability was well known, but for a time no one was safe under the anarchical republic.] At Ostend we did not hurry but let all the passengers go on by the train before we took our dinner at the buffet. After that we sent Dell and the luggage to the Upper station, and ourselves took a stroll through the town, which is neither pretty nor striking, and went as far as the Kursaal on the beach, which was full of smart people, and presented an animated appearance. Looked in a china shop, all Oriental or Delft, as also was a collection of rubbish, to be sold on Monday at the Rooms in the Rue Christine. This is evidently a Dutch "Importation" sale of the meanest character. Met Francis Gordon. [A connection of the Huntly family, son of Lord Francis Gordon.] Took the 6. o'clock train to Bruges. Hôtel de Flandres; very full, but we got small comfortable rooms overlooking the garden. Heat intense; laid down and slept in the evening.

17th. A day of complete rest, which indeed I needed. After 5. o'clock table d'hôte we strolled out, returning at 8.; a most delicious evening. Went on to the Boulevards to the east of the town, which is a very pretty walk. Some of the streets leading from a fine old gateway, the Ghent gate, in that direction were decked with flags and strewn with rushes as if some procession had passed, which had a gay effect, and all the population seemed to be out of doors enjoying the glorious weather.

18th. Up very early and ransacked the stores of Render and of Vandyck, but all to no purpose; we saw nothing, except some bricks, of the date and with the insignia of Charles V., which were at the latter shop, and which I rather coveted. In



our morning's ramble we were struck by a specimen of repoussé work in the window of a small jeweller; it showed great merit, so we went in and talked to the artist; from him we got the address of the man who had been making the models in the Notre Dame and Hall of Justice (M. Pickery, Rue des Bouchers). We wanted to get a model of the celebrated inkstands there, and went to Pickery's on the subject. He refers us to a man at Brussels, Colinet, 28 Rue du Commerce. After our visit to Pickery, who showed us some bad statues of his execution, we came in and I rested, for I was very tired. At 3. we set out again, and called by appointment on Mrs. Berrington, who, after some little talk, took us to the house of a Mr. Weale, whom we had heard of in the collecting line. [Mr. W. H. James Weale, the well-known writer on art and at one time Keeper of the National Art Library at South Kensington. His many books on Flemish painting led on to the great work of his life, *Hubert and John Van Eyck*, published in 1907. This volume, the result of forty years' research, is so thorough and exhaustive that it can never be superseded. The author, who interested Lady Charlotte, was born in 1832 and has long been one of the greatest authorities on Belgian and Flemish art.] He was not at home, but we saw his wife, and appointed to go to him early in the morning. After this we returned to our Hotel and I read Bulwer's *My Novel*.

19th. On foot nearly all day; called soon after 10. on Mr. Weale, with whom we were charmed. He is a most interesting person, full of knowledge and research, and seems to be struggling with poverty and a large family in all cheerfulness. He told us much which was of interest to us, about manufactories of the place, etc. He promised us a skeleton route, C.S. being anxious to examine Belgium minutely. Visited the Academy, and Memling's pictures there; were

most pleased with the head of Van Eyck's wife, which Mr. Weale told us was found in the Fish-market, where the back of it was used for cleaning fish upon. Called at Kerkhove's (an artist of whom we had made some purchases last April), and looked over all his prints, but found nothing at all in our way. Poor man, he has just lost an only son ; got very wet in going there ; a short but heavy shower. Next to the Salle de Justice ; then to Notre Dame, all which occupied us till 3., when we met Mrs. Berrington by appointment, and went with her, first, to see some unimportant figures at a grocer's, then, to the collection of a Mr. Paterson, in the Rue Espagnol. It was indeed a most extraordinary sight, whole rooms full of basins, cups, plates, etc., of the most mediocre Oriental, arranged on tables ; he appears to collect English also, which he makes over to some man in London, doubtless for sale, but so much rubbish I never saw together. This poor Mr. Paterson seems quite mad ; they say he has property, and had married a woman with money, madder than himself. They first met in a Lunatic Asylum, and now she is suing him for a divorce, and is putting him to great expenses, so he will sell, probably ; he parted with a lovely marcasite watch to us for £3. 10. and persisted on our partaking of a first-rate bottle of port wine, which he opened in our honour. On our way from Mr. Paterson's, we called at the house of a Mr. Minne, who had a few pretty pieces of Oriental tastefully arranged, the remains of a fine collection which he had sold some years ago. It was nearly 6. when we got back to the Hotel for dinner. I read and rested after it.

20th. We had appointed to meet Mrs. Berrington in the Grand Place at 10., which we did accordingly ; she took us through the Park to see the collection of a M. Piessens—all Oriental—and chiefly blue, of a much better class than any we had yet seen in Bruges, but it contained scarcely anything

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but plates, cups, and such small objects. Returning through the "Park", which is a pretty little piece of pleasure ground, we sat down and rested, and talked very pleasantly about Bruges, its manners and customs, and then set off into an historical discussion. I do not know how long we stayed there. We afterwards went to Mr. Weale's and got from him his guide-books and some more renseignements for our travels, and here parted from Mrs. Berrington. A visit to the Museum in the Halle, one to the Hospital of St. John and its Pharmacie, and another to the Cathedral, filled up the remainder of our time till the table d'hôte—immediately after which we proceeded to the station and came on to Ghent; arrived at 8. The Hôtel Royal was full, so we went on to the Hôtel de la Poste, where we are very comfortably lodged.

21st. A pouring wet day—seemingly hopeless. Last night I read to C.S. from Weale's book; when at Bruges I read to him a great deal; the Life of Sir Francis Vere, from Gleig's book *Military Commanders*. [George Rupert Gleig, who, when in the army, had served in Spain in 1813 with the Duke of Wellington and was his personal friend. Later he took orders and became chaplain-general of the army. He wrote largely for the magazines, as well as military history and biography and novels.] We visited De Buyser, Veremer, and the two little shops in the Rue Neuve S. Jacques, all with the same non-success; so much rubbish I could hardly have imagined it worth to offer for sale. In the course of the morning we called at M. Omghena's (a jeweller in the Rue des Champs), to whom Mr. Weale had directed us, and there we saw a beautiful collection of Mediæval and other objects. Tried to find a place for buying old prints, in vain. Table d'hôte at 5. Afterwards drove to the Béguinage and, having seen it, its locality, Museum and its Church, full of Sisters, in their peculiar costume, we drove back to our

Hotel, and then finished the day's wanderings by walking to the station to get to-day's *Times*. Curious old Spanish building on the Boulevards not far from the Béguinage.

22nd. We did not get out till nearly one, and intended to go and visit all the Churches, but we were drawn aside by a notice in the Conciergerie setting forth that there was a curiosity shop (of which we had not already heard) in the Rue Digue de Brabant, No. 15. So thither we walked first. The name of the shop was L. de Lastre. There was not much in it, but we got a good, though slightly imperfect, Turner tea-pot for 4/-, and were directed to go a few doors farther, where we came to the shop of one De Clerc, who had a large collection of various sorts, and took us up to another house of his (Rue Basses des Champs 83) which was a place quite after our own hearts, and full from top to bottom of the most miscellaneous goods ; it ended (notwithstanding all our good economical resolutions) in our spending £5 with him, but I think the money was well laid out. De Clerc afterwards took us to two other dealers in the Boulevard Frère-Orban (Dumoulin and another), and passing the house of M. Lippens (to whom Kerkhove had given us an introduction in April) we stopped there to inquire if he was at home ; we found he was at a Café, whereunto we followed him—and he good-naturedly went back with and showed us his collection. He has some fine glass, some good Oriental and other things. Altogether we were much interested, especially with the manner in which he had decorated one of his ceilings with Japanese plates. His best object, to my mind, was the frame of a looking-glass in wrought iron gilded, a most beautiful specimen of workmanship, and dated 1686. He wanted £160. for it. I have taken a photograph of it to send to Ivor in case he may wish to be the possessor of it. All this brought us to 5. o'clock ; after table d'hôte we

took a little drive. First went round the Quartier S. Pierre ; then to the ruins of the Abbey of S. Bavon, which interested us very much indeed, especially the Baptistery, of which the upper chamber is laid with mediæval tiles found in the *enceinte* or precincts.

23rd. Again to the Béguinage, where at the Museum we had seen some Oriental jars we admired and would have bought. The proprietress had been asked, but we now got her answer that she would not sell. The Academy was closed, so we could not go in ; rested awhile at the Hotel. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3. went to see an old man outside the gate S. Lievien, who had a large collection of mediocre Oriental and vile modern Dresden—M. Cocquyt, of whom we made no purchases. Walked back to the Hotel. Very hot. Table d'hôte at 8. Left Ghent and came on to Brussels, where we arrived soon after 9, and have good quarters at the Hôtel Mengelle, Rue Royale.

24th. After a late breakfast we went down to the post for our letters ; one from Blanche ; one from Mrs. Haliburton, who has been to see Canford and is charmed. Then we went and sat a couple of hours in the Park, where a band played very agreeably. It was a very pretty sight. Church in the Boulevard de l'Observatoire at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3. Since table d'hôte I have been busy reading and writing.

25th. Took a walk before breakfast. Went to some of the shops (Del Hougue, Cools Thyssen and Slaes Kochs) but found nothing in them ; returned by the Post Office, where there were no letters. After breakfast we remained at home till past 3. The heat intense. I lay down and tried to read but soon fell asleep. M. Silvela, whom we knew in Spain, was in the Hotel and we recognised each other. He tells me the Santander Railway is now cut and there is no way to Madrid open. But I cannot hope this will prevent Enid



from attempting to return. After 3. we went out ; we took a carriage, for it was really too hot to walk. At Marynen's we got two little Staffordshire ware birds, and a small Worcester sucrier, 20/-. At Polonet's a gold anchor Chelsea Pedestal and a little Mennecy mug, 36/-. We went to other dealers and found nothing. But at Andelaar's we met a great collector, M. Morren, who promised to show us his china the next day. After table d'hôte we sauntered down to the railway station to try to get *Quentin Durward* to read, but without success.

26th. Rain in the morning, which soon cleared off, and we had a beautiful day, very hot, but fresher than the two preceding ones. Before breakfast, we went again to Marynen's, who expected to have had a fresh importation of goods. En passant we got a copy of *Quentin Durward*, which occupied all our time till breakfast, soon after which, Andelaar came to escort us to M. Morren's, 3 Rue de la Loi. It is a collection of choice specimens of Oriental, with a very few pieces of fine European china. Except Mr. Morrison's it is the most beautiful thing I ever saw. Perhaps M. Morren has more wonderful pieces, but the whole collection, to an unpractised eye, is not so striking as the collection at Fonthill. After this we continued to walk, visiting other shops, and did not get back till past 5. The only purchases we made were a pair of Brussels Jardinières at Genie's, £4, and some few prints at Papillon's, £1. 16., a Frye of Queen Charlotte among them.

27th. Before breakfast to the Palais Ducale to see if we could get any information about the Bruges inkstands ; then to some shops ; and the post. In the afternoon we went to Papillon's to pay for and fetch away the prints we had bought the day before, when, oh joy ! he produced seven other Fryes, most brilliant impressions, though unfortunately the



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margins were all cut. They are all duplicates of some we already possess, but are very much finer examples, and we were only too charmed to get them at a cost of £4. and we walked away with them in high glee. Papillon had remarked our purchase of the Queen Charlotte, and remembering that there were other heads of the same series where he had got that from, went to fetch them to tempt us, and verily we were delighted. While we were finishing table d'hôte Sir Digby Wyatt came in, being on his way to Vienna, and we had some pleasant talk with him. [The well-known architect, who was secretary for the 1851 Exhibition.]

28th. Before breakfast to Marynen's; his cases had not yet arrived. C.S. with sore throat; we were not out long in the afternoon. Visited the Town Hall, and called at Genie's; he has a charming old Spanish iron box like one we saw at Madrid at Raphael's. He wants the same price for it—£20.!

29th. After table d'hôte I went out with my maid, first, to buy myself a book to read, and then to get my letters at the Post Office. The book I got was Sheridan's *Plays*, and I eagerly read *The School for Scandal* and *The Critic*, which I had recently seen acted (the first very well, and the last very badly, Lord Burleigh omitted!).

30th. Walked about 1, and came in only in time for table d'hôte at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 5. Spent a couple of hours at the Musée among the Pre-Raphaelite pictures, and the historical and topographical ones. The old views of Brussels are very interesting. We have made out the little terra-cotta bust by Nye, which we bought at Ghent, to be of Prince Charles Alexander of Lorraine, who was Governor of the Netherlands from 1741 to 1780. The date of the bust is 1759. We went to one or two shops, but bought nothing except a lovely

marcasite brooch with turquoise enamel, which we found in a little shop which happened to attract our notice as we went through the Rue de la Madeleine ; Hadog's, No. 43.

### SEPTEMBER 1873

BRUSSELS : ANTWERP : LOUVAIN : TOURNAI : NAMUR :  
FLORENVILLE : LUXEMBOURG : METZ : GRAVELOTTE : NANCY :  
STRASBOURG : BADEN-BADEN : CARLSRUHE : DURLACH :  
HEIDELBERG : FRANKFURT : MAINZ : COBLENTZ : TRÈVES

September 1st. After breakfast walked down to Polonet's. He had just come back from Spa, but brought nothing with him. We made a visit to S. Gudule's, where we thoroughly enjoyed the painted windows.

2nd. Made another effort to see the Tour de Hal, but we did not set off early and were delayed by showers en route, and by an old print-shop in the Rue de l'Impératrice (where however, we found nothing) until it was too late to make it worth our while to go on to the Musée. We called at the Duc d'Arenberg's, to inquire about seeing his collection, and went into the Church of the Grand Sablon, where there was little to see beyond the natural architecture of the Church, but where we were interested to find a monument to a "de Berty" dated 1676; I doubt if he could be any connection of our family, especially as he appears to have been a strong Roman Catholic, since he left a bequest for Masses to be sung for his soul. [Lady Charlotte's family name was, of course, Bertie, that of the Dukes of Ancaster and Earls of Lindsey.] Found ourselves near the Boulevard de Waterloo, so took our places in one of the American omnibuses and went to the Bois, which is very pretty, and where we walked about some time.

3rd. Went out before breakfast. Found we could only see the pictures and Etruscan vases at the Duc d'Arenberg's, so deferred that visit. At 1. went to the Tour de Hal, to which we at length accomplished our visit, and with which

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we were quite delighted ; it seemed to us to be the thing the best worth seeing in Brussels. Stayed in it till the Musée closed at 3, then walked down to the Station du Midi, where we found an American omnibus which took us, for a few sous, to Laeken ; we had scarcely got into the conveyance when a violent shower supervened, but it stopped ere we had completed our short trajet. Walked about past the new Church and through the picturesque Cemetery, round the old one. Then went up to the palace, which we could approach no nearer than the grille in front. We sauntered about for some time, and another heavy shower came on as we walked back, which made us glad to keep under the shelter of the trees which overhung the park wall ; we did not get wet, and it soon cleared off with a lovely rainbow ; another omnibus took us back to the Gare du Nord. Finished *Quentin Durward*, which I have been reading over again, having last done so when it first came out, in 1821 or 1822.

4th. Up early. Went by 9.16. train to Antwerp, which we reached soon after 10. Took two hours to go through the shops, etc. Found a charming old man, M. Haest, in the Rue des Sœurs Noires, who has old prints, but none in our line. He has promised to let us know if he meets with any to suit us. Long visits to the Picture Gallery and the Cathedral filled up the time till 3, when we walked to the station again and went on to Malines ; got some bread and wine at the buffet, and then drove into the town. The only china shop there was as empty as those we had visited at Antwerp, but we went to a curious old antiquaire, M. de Bruyne, who sells old furniture and makes good imitations ; he has been sending some of his work in the shape of chimney-pieces to England for Lord Westminster. After this we went to the three principal Churches. Saw the Vandyck at S. Rumbold's, Rubens' Adoration of the Three Kings at S. Jean, and his

Miraculous Draught of Fishes (which I so well remember in 1844) at Notre Dame. We came in for a little bit of the service in each Church, and I was more struck and shocked than ever at the gross superstition we witnessed; the people crowding to kiss dirty relics, etc. I cannot understand it in any persons having a pretension to education or common sense! We got a hasty dinner at the buffet before the train came, which took us back to Brussels, where we arrived at 8.

5th. Again up early and off by ten to Louvain, where we spent a charming day. First visited the Cathedral. Very fine tabernacle, and Altar rail in marble (by Duguesnor); grand old font. Inquiring of the Sacristan he told us of a collection of china to be seen in the town, and directed us to the shop of a pork-butcher hard by. The collection belonged to his brother, also a butcher, and the butcher's boy conducted us to the house. There we were shown into a very prettily furnished drawing-room to await the return of the Collector from the shambles; he soon came in; a middle-aged, wooden-legged man, in a blouse, who received us politely and unlocked a large room to which he introduced us, literally full of Oriental china. It was all good of its kind, but none of it remarkable. He said he was willing to sell it all in one lot, at the sum of £3200, which I, for one, should be very sorry to give him. The name of this worthy man is M. Louis Goedseels, 15 Rue des Penitantes. Returning whence we came after this visit, we went all over the Town Hall, well remembered by me of old. Then to the University, where we lingered long, and finally to S. Gertrude, where we saw a beautiful reliquaire of silver, and some fine vestments. All this took us so much time that we were obliged to relinquish an intended extension of our tour to Aerschot. Back at Brussels about 5.

6th. Not up early; out soon after 11. To the Banker's

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and some shops. Polonet had a fine large china fish in his window ; very handsome, made by Jean Petit (of Paris), from whose daughter he had just bought it. Hard paste and would not have suited us. We got to the Gare du Midi on foot by  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 1, and by 2. we were at Hal. A curious interesting old Church, where we had hope to see the fine old Mediæval plate, but it was all put away in readiness for the Procession of the Miraculous Black Virgin, whose fête was to be on the morrow. However, we were repaid the trouble of our visit by the beautiful triforium (running all round the Church), the marble Reredos, the grand old font and cover (at Louvain the cover is wanting), the Tomb of little Joachim (Dauphin and son of Louis XI.), and the ironwork ornamenting the Southern doors. The old Sacristan took us to see the richly bound books with silver mountings, and the Vestments, mostly new, but very grand. However, he was not intelligent. I must not forget the beautiful brass Eagle Lectern, a grand model ; the Image had been placed above the High Altar and we saw the Nuns attiring her for the morrow's procession ; a great number of worshippers were already assembled, and pilgrims were kneeling to painted figures outside the Church. It was a very curious insight into Belgian life among the lower orders. We walked some way through the town, and getting into talk with a substantial-looking inhabitant, he directed us to a wine-seller near the Church, called Isidore Vandemburgh, where he said there was a collection of china. This was readily shown to us, but it only consisted of some old cups and saucers and a few plates, which were brought down in a rubbish basket for our inspection.

8th. Up at 5. Off for Tournai ; a desperately rainy morning. Walked to the Gare du Nord in search of an "American" to take to the Gare du Midi. Finding none,



we adopted a Vigilante; arriving at Tournai we were rather dismayed to find groups and crowds of people at the station, and all the town alive with a "pèlerinage" and procession, to pray for the deliverance of the Pope! We thought this would impede our movements and prevent our seeing and doing all that we had come to Tournai to do and see! But it proved far otherwise and it ended in our spending a delightful and most interesting day. First of all I must notice the gay appearance of the town. It was one mass of flags and decorations, and the streets were almost impassable owing to the number of spectators, notwithstanding the heavy rain. We walked towards the Grande Place, and when we were half-way towards it, found the procession coming down, and we were glad to avail ourselves of the invitation of a polite shopkeeper to stand within his door to look at it. It was a very pretty sight, brilliant with reliquaries, and music and crowds; when it had passed we proceeded to the house of a collector to whom we had been recommended by Mr. Weale. This was a dentist, M. Pourbaix, Place du Parc, whom we found at home, and who showed us all his things. He has a very large apartment, and principally prides himself upon his Tournai. It was good, but not fine—one Battersea box I should have liked to possess, but he asked £12. for it. All his prices were in proportion, so it is needless to add that we made no purchases. He has a good reliquaire, mounted in silver, about 150 years old, for which he wanted £160. From him we got all the particulars of what is doing in the Porcelain Works of Tournai and S. Amand. The former are producing common goods with blue printing under the glaze, but have no gilders or painters engaged. The latter, under the management of M. Bettignie, turns out a quantity of white, *pâte tendre* articles, which are taken to Paris to be painted, etc., and then are sold as old Sèvres; much of this comes to



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England; I believe the forged Worcester has a similar origin. From M. Pourbaix we went to Mme. Détail in the Boulevard Léopold; she was out at Mass, and before she got back we had gone through all her stock, but found nothing to buy. While there a most violent shower supervened, after which the rain cleared off and the weather became magnificent. Looked into de Bries' window, and then made our way to the Cathedral. It was so full that it was difficult to circulate, and still more difficult to get places whence we could see what was going on, but we eventually succeeded in doing so. The Pope's Nuncio, Monsignor Cattani (with the Bishop of the Diocese and a number of grandly attired ecclesiastics) was celebrating Mass. We were near enough to watch the whole proceeding. The music was good; the whole ceremony very imposing; the enthusiasm of the assembled multitudes very great indeed. As soon as the Nuncio and the other dignitaries had left the Cathedral we made a great struggle, with many of the bystanders, to get upon the platform on which a temporary High Altar had been erected, at the entrance to the Choir. This Altar was covered with the most magnificent Shrines and other articles of Church Plate. It was a very brilliant display, far exceeding anything I could have imagined, but it appears that all the treasures from the neighbouring parishes were collected there; after the first pressure of the crowd we were admitted behind the display and so we were able to examine all at our leisure, and to our great contentment. Three of the Chalices were the most curious and beautiful specimens I ever saw. Altogether we were delighted with our good fortune in having by chance come to see all this. The poor people were crowding around to touch the reliquaries with their rosaries, and at the end of the ceremonial there was some

cheering for the Pope. The grandeur of this exquisite Cathedral, and the sudden brilliancy of the weather made the whole scene perfect. When it was all over I went and sat awhile on a door-step under a curious old arch facing the edifice, and we took counsel what next to do. It ended in our going to the Hôtel de Ville to see the insignificant local collection or Musée. It stands in a pretty park; and then we walked back to the railway by which we reached Brussels by  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 5. and got in at 6.

9th. Made visits to some shops, among them to Andelaar's; he showed us some of his fine Oriental china; then went again to the Musée (Tour de Hal) and stayed there till it closed at 3. Thence again to the Duc d'Arenberg's, where we saw the pictures. The de Houghe and Jan Steen seemed to strike us most.

10th. Up early and off by 9 from Brussels to Namur, where we spent a delightful day. The route lay through a prettily wooded district. I had not been to Namur since 1844, and remembered little of it. Our first start was not propitious; we had violent bursts of rain and had to take refuge under archways; but at the last we made our way to the Museum, with which we were quite delighted. Our next object was to see the view from the Castle, and while C.S. went to get a ticket of admission, I sat on the Bridge crossing the Sambre, which is very pretty. The weather had then cleared and it was fine for our ascent to the Castle, whence we thoroughly enjoyed the prospect. We had made a visit on our way from the Musée to a Directeur de Ventes, who had sent us to see the one marchand-collecteur in the town, one Rase, a butcher, in the Rue du Pont. He had nothing in our line and everything he had was very dear. He told us that one M. Wolvaez, at Serveiz, had a fine collection, so thither we wended our way after

leaving the Castle. It was a long walk, and we were kindly received, but were not rewarded by any display greater than that of some mediocre Oriental, chiefly sets of plates. On our way back we went to the Cathedral to see the inscription to the revered John of Austria. It was too late to be shown the treasure at the Convent of the Sœurs de Notre Dame, so, having well explored the town, we were fain to be content to dine (badly) at the Hôtel de Hollande, and then to go to the railway station, where we proceeded in due course to Dinant. Took up our quarters at the Hôtel de la Poste. Very comfortable and with a most lovely view.

11th. C.S. out early. Some little rain, but not enough to prevent my going with him into the town after breakfast. Most curious old Cathedral put under the Rocks, with *such* magnificent brass Candlesticks, "Dinanderies", signed and dated "Nicholas Bello, ma fai 1629", on the steps of the High Altar. No other antiquities of much interest. We inquired for old things, and found the shop of one Polome, a jeweller, where there might have been anything, but the man himself was out fishing or shooting, and the wife advised us to try and see the collection of the Surintendant of the District, who, on application, received us very politely, but regretted that he had nothing to show us. He directed us to the Burgomaster, M. Pierlot, or some such name, and there we saw several good specimens of "Dinanderies" in the shape of wine-coolers, snuffer-trays, busts, etc. The Burgomaster and his wife were away but the servant readily admitted us. After this we returned to our Hotel, and took the train again to return to Namur at a little before one. I was glad to see the lovely scenery of the Meuse by daylight. It was dark when we passed through it on the previous evening. At Namur, our only object was now to see the treasure at the Convent, which was shown us most politely

by a charming nun. She had to take us through the Church where all the Sisters were at their devotions, an edifying sight, for they all seemed most attentive and earnest. I need not say how delighted we were with the reliquaries, etc., which we had this opportunity of examining. This Nunnery is an Educational establishment, and as such the Nuns have occupation, and may therefore be happy. Many English women are with them, amongst others, they said, a sister of Lord Stafford's, Mrs. Petre.

12th. Again up early, and soon after 8 went off in a little open carriage to the village of Han-sur-Lesse to see the grotto ; a long wet walk through the long grass to the entrance, to which we were conducted by a woman. There the guide met us, and we had an hour's walk through the grotto, keeping the ligne directe and not diverging into the side caves. It was quite enough, though, of course, very grand and curious. Two things pleased me, the bridge over the subterranean Lesse, and the exit by its stream in a boat ; the effects of light, beautiful, as you emerge into the open day. Came back very wet. Had just time to change and to join the early table d'hôte dinner at the Hôtel Biron before getting into the omnibus, to join a train at Jemelle at 3. As we drove out of the town the Queen of the Belgians dashed into it in a little pony carriage with her daughter, attended by one servant, driving herself regardless of the heavy rain in the little open vehicle. We left the train again at Longlier, took an omnibus, and then the Poste conveyance to Florenville. Of course it was dark long before we arrived. An Inn still more rustic than that at Rochefort. Our rooms lay through that of the master of the house, who was called up at 4. I was ill, and had a bad night, and hardly felt equal to getting up again at 6. and so off. But I was glad to leave the noisy, comfortless

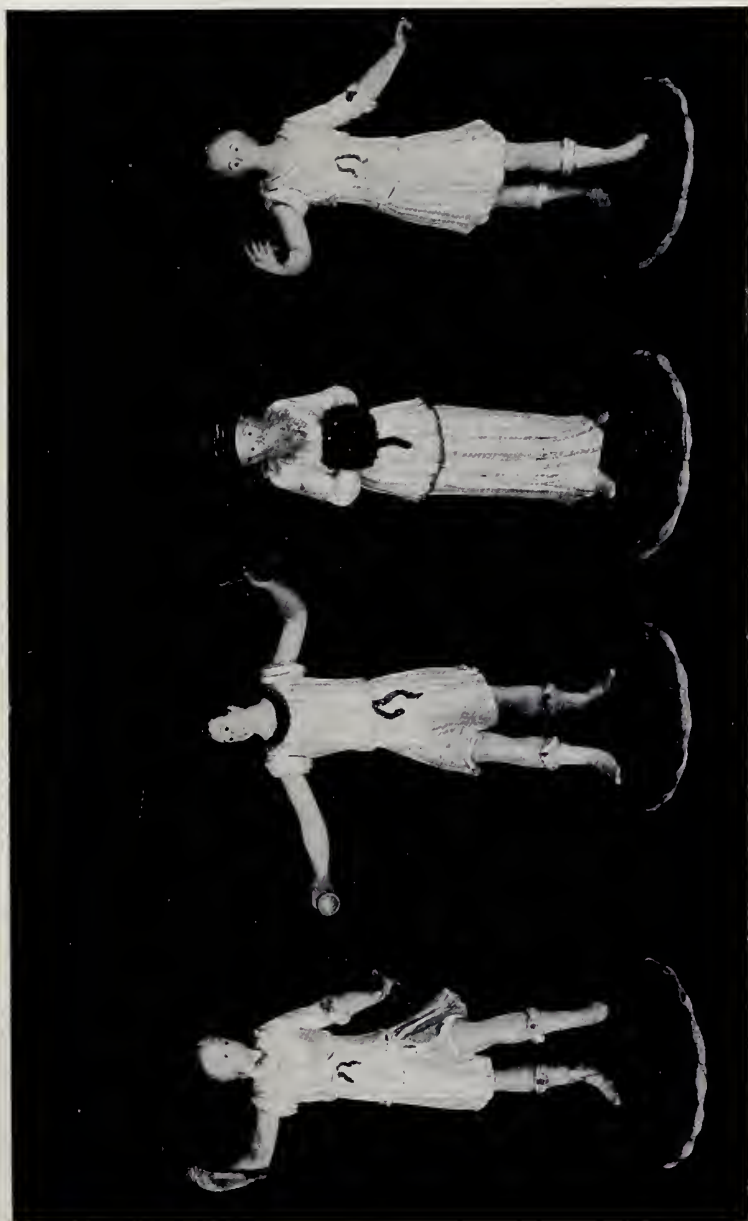
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hostelry, where everybody, however, had done their best for us.

13th. We took a private carriage ; started after 9 ; went first to the new Church, which is on a grand plateau commanding a most extensive view, which, however, we could only see imperfectly by reason of the mist. Visited the immense ruins of the Abbaie d'Orval, destroyed by the French. The weather was fine for our journey and we had a pleasant drive to Virton, where we arrived in time to join the table d'hôte dinner before 2. o'clock. Then on by railway, and after some waiting eventually got on to Arlon. We had hoped to have been at Luxembourg by 6. But at Arlon station there occurred a contretemps about our luggage so we were detained there till the express train, which did not go through till past 11. Meanwhile we went up into the town, and stayed some time at the Hotel. It seems a nice thriving place and very prettily situated ; but it was getting too dark to see much of it. A good deal of thunder and lightning but the storm went over. Reached Luxembourg at midnight. Very tired ; but a good night at a comfortable Inn (Hôtel de Cologne) set me all to rights after the long fatiguing day.

15th. We hoped for better weather on Monday, and the morning opened with better promise, so after breakfast we sallied forth. First of all we went to our Banker's for some money, and then went into the Cathedral, just opposite. We were fortunate enough to fall in with the principal Vicar, M. Koppes, who showed us round the Church very politely, and, on my inquiry, took us to see the Church plate, which is good (about 1600) and the Vestments, some of which are old and very magnificent. The Cathedral has some Brussels Lace which they are willing to sell, but I expect they want a large price for it. Tomb *intended* for John of Bohemia, etc. M.





FOUR SMALL FIGURES OF THE SEASONS IN VENETIAN GLASS. THESE WERE CONSIDERED A PARTICULARLY FORTUNATE FIND BY  
LADY CHARLOTTE  
*The Countess of Bessborough's Collection*





Koppes took us to the Musée, which contained little to interest us. By the time we had left it, so violent a storm had come on that we concluded it would be of little use to linger at Luxembourg to see the views. Accordingly we decided to go by the 1.20. train to Metz. Here we arrived between 4. and 5., and immediately set out on foot to explore. We went into the magnificent Cathedral, with its tall slender columns and its glorious old glass, and thence proceeded to the shop of Dennery, Rue des Jardins, where we found some very good specimens of Worcester, and four small figures of the Seasons in Venetian glass. We hope they are authentic, but we have been told, since we bought them, that such things were formerly manufactured at S. Louis, a small fabrique near Metz, where ordinary crockery is still produced. Table d'hôte at 6. Got into conversation with an intelligent man who sat opposite, and who proved to be Mr. Forbes, correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph*.

16th. Uncertain showery weather. The principal incident of the day was the arrival of General Manteufel with his suite, and the rest of the army of occupation, having this morning passed the frontier and finally vacated the French territory. The General put up at this Hotel (Hôtel de l'Europe) and we witnessed his reception in the Courtyard, which was a pretty sight, a large circle of Officers being collected, the band playing, etc. Spent the afternoon among the curiosity shops—Dennery's (in the Rue Mayette), Thomas Renard (Rue Nesirue), a charming old antiquaire who has fine things and must have had wonderful things in his time. We got of him an ivory medallion of Garrick, etc., and on going to Dennery's (Rue des Jardins) to pick up our glass figures, which he was to pack for us, we were tempted to invest in Vienna plates, painted with heathen deities. After dinner, Mr. Forbes told us that General Manteufel was going

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to rechristen one of the Forts near the town at 10. next morning, and offered to procure us tickets to see the ceremony.

17th. Accordingly we got up early and, by 9. o'clock, were en route for Fort S. Julien. Professor Munro, of Trinity, who was stopping at the Hotel, joined us—and Sir J. Coode (the engineer), his wife and daughter, and a Mr. Chamberlain were of the same party. We reached the Fort soon after 10. and found a large assemblage of Military Officers prepared to receive the General, who arrived in about half an hour, a band of music greeting him as he approached. He was on foot after entering the precincts, and having exchanged salutes with many of the Officers walked up at once to the Flagstaff. We all followed immediately, and had good places on the small platform, close to where he stood. The space was very limited and we stood on the edge of an abrupt though not very steep descent. The General stepped from his place, just as the ceremony was to commence, and cautioned me and the other ladies not to fall, for which I thanked him with a curtsy. The ceremony was short but impressive, and admirably done. The Commandant made a speech appropriate to the occasion, then filling a large glass goblet with wine, he presented it to Manteufel, who, having drank of it, signed that it should be handed to several other Officers, who drank accordingly; There was a great deal of Military saluting and some shaking of hands. Then Manteufel took the bottle and poured wine into the goblet and drank a goodly draught, emptying what remained upon the ground. He spoke a few words, a cheer was given for Germany, the band struck up *their* and *our* national Anthems (God save the Queen) and the Fort had changed its name from Fort S. Julien to Fort Manteufel; all the speaking being in German, I could only gather the general meaning of what was said, and some things were explained by Mr. Forbes. He and a friend of his, together with our party,

were the only strangers present. The view at the point we were stationed at was magnificent, overlooking the scene of the battle of the 14th of August. Sir James Coode came to our carriage, and explained to us the movements of the troops as far as Gravelotte, where we got out to rest the horses and to get something to eat. The little Inn was very full in every part. Many Officers, on their way from Verdun, were to dine there, and the place swarmed with other people non-militaires. It was with difficulty that a cutlet could be procured for those who were very hungry : I was gladly contented with some good gruyère cheese and bread and wine ; a meal which reminded me of our similar breakfast on the 1st of June 1871 between Juvisy and Versailles. At Gravelotte we were shown the house in and about which the King of Prussia was during the battle, which he could watch from the back windows. They pointed out the spot, in the angle of the wall, where von Moltke stood ; Bismarck also had been there. From this cottage, close to the Church, part of which was burning, the scene of the fiercest part of the action and the fatal ravine were commanded. Opposite the Hotel we went into a smarter house, where we saw the rooms in which the Emperor Napoleon and his son had passed the night of the 15th of August. It was a pretty apartment with two alcoves containing beds. The Prince Imperial had written his name in pencil, "Napoleon", on the door of the alcove he occupied. From Gravelotte Sir J. Coode, etc., went to see the scene of August 16th. We and Mr. Munro continued our way to S. Privat, through S. Marie-aux-Chênes. I think we quite followed all the wonderful movements of the dreadful 18th of August, and I had no idea they could have been made so clear to unprofessional eyes ; a most painfully interesting scenery ; some of the views over Metz were magnificent ; our road back lay through fine and picturesque woods. The number of Germans in the

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town is wonderful. The table d'hôte is mainly filled with them. To-day a very young man joined it; at his entrance all the officers rose with great respect; he wore a cross of honour; they told us he was a Count, and a nephew of Bismarck.

18th. Before we were down at breakfast this morning, Manteufel and his staff had departed. We went out soon after 11. The weather was dry, and we kept on foot till 6 o'clock. First went to "Thomas", Rue des Clercs, who had nothing in our line, nor could he introduce us to M. Bertol, whom we found to be the great Collector in the town. However, he sent us to Mons. Purton, who rejoices in the possession of four fine Dresden groups of the four quarters of the globe. M. Purton, again, recommended us to his brother-in-law, M. Aerty, who had, however, nothing but bronzes and pictures, and a few prints. By him we were encouraged to call on M. Bertol and to try and see his collection, but before going there we went to the Musée, where we spent a very pleasant half-hour: on our way through the Place de la Cathédrale we paused to hear the Prussian Band play Mendelssohn's Wedding March, most beautifully. Arrived at M. Bertol's we found he was too poorly to see us, but he desired his servant to show us everything, and we went through three very handsome rooms, lined by an extensive and admirably chosen collection. It was the very largest assemblage of china groups (chiefly Dresden and German) that I ever saw or ever imagined. There were at least five large cases, on the shelves of which the figures stood two, and even three, deep. Among them, to our great pleasure, we found three Bristol figures—repetitions of our "Earth", "Water", and Fire", all marked T<sup>o</sup> very distinctly. They were very perfect in condition, but less finished than ours and without any gilding. He had two charming large groups

on pedestals, either Capo, or Buen Retiro ; and some extraordinary egg-shell vases with landscapes "à l'Européenne". Besides the figures and groups, which must have numbered *thousands*, there were many other fine things, gilded Delft, richly coloured Oriental, etc., and all arranged in the most effective, and at the same time most harmonious manner. On leaving M. Bertol's we walked on the Esplanade which faces his house, and so, enjoying the fine view (towards S. Quentin, etc.), went by the Boulevards into the centre of the town again. Called again on Renard, who accompanied us again to the Musée, where he pointed out and explained many things to us. Then he went with us to the Cathedral to see the Treasure. An "Autel Portatif" and the Coronation Stole worn by Charlemagne were the objects which pleased me most: the latter a curious and well-preserved specimen of needlework. We afterwards went into the crypt to see the foundations. The marble chair or throne of S. Clement reminded me of that of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle. After dinner we left Metz by railway. Our train left a little before 9., and arrived soon after 11. at Nancy. A very tiresome douanier en route insisted on unpacking our glass figures. Hôtel de France: rooms au troisième, but large and comfortable, the house being full.

19th. Out from 12. to 6. A very fine and enjoyable day. We first ransacked all the little shops round the Rue des Ponts, etc., but without any success. Then we went to Le Guay's (Rue Stanislas), and to Dumont's, Lazard-Levy's, and Hammerduigue's in the Rue S. Dizier and its continuation. These shops seemed full of things all of very mediocre quality, and very dear. Our only purchase was a small silver reliquaire at Lazard's, a Mennecy pot at Dumont's, each 6 francs. We went to see the collection of pictures, and lingered there some time, then finished our round of the



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dealers, by calling at a frame-maker's, Buquet's, Rue S. Catherine, where we found two curious little miniatures on vellum of Charles I. and William III. of England—6 francs. Walked into the Pepinière, and through it, crossed the canal by the bridge facing the Grille, and walked along the banks, enjoying a charming view of the surrounding country, until we came to another bridge which brought us back to the town by the ruins of the grand old Castle, and of the Musée de Lorraine. The old Gates of the former very imposing; the entrance to the latter most rich and interesting. The destruction of the valuable collection, which had been amassed there, by fire, some three years ago, is beyond all measure to be deplored. I know not where I have made so pleasant a walk; the weather perfect, and all the more enjoyable after the wet we have lately suffered from.

20th. We were up early and out by ten. First we went to the house of M. Goudchoux Picard, just outside the Porte S. Nicholas, to whom we were recommended as having a fine collection, which we found to be the case. He has things "en tout genre", but especially a quantity of specimens of the faience of the country, and biscuit groups signed by Lemire-Père, Niderville, and Cyfflé, Luneville. These he told us were very rare. But it appears that at Luneville they have all the old moulds, and are now reproducing Cyfflé's subjects in coloured faïences. This is the country from which all these "contrefaçons" come. Guibal is the name of another artist modeller; one of the streets of Nancy bears his name; another that of Callot, another of Dom Calmet, and there is a Rue Faïencerie. It is curious that we traced our little glass figures (bought on the 15th) to M. Picard's collection. He had parted with them last week for little less than we gave to Dennery because he had other specimens, which he showed us. This sets all doubts as to

their genuineness at rest. From M. Picard's we walked along the long Rue S. Dizier, and through the gate of the old Castle to the Faubourg of the Trois Maisons, near the Church of which we had paid a visit to the Curé, M. Barbier. He has a very pretty apartment, with a few meubles, all in the highest taste, and a room full of pictures which I am unable to appreciate. He showed us specimens of carving and terre cuites said to be by the hands of Dagarre and Adam. He has a very pretty mirror with the frame in coloured glass and metal work (in the style of the glass room in Northumberland House) which might be worth importing. M. Barbier is a nice genial individual, a good specimen of a refined priest. On leaving him we returned to the town by the Porte des Isles and the Cour Léopold. Visited with great pleasure the Church of the Cordeliers. Tomb of René II. (1508) by Mansuy, very grand. Some other interesting old monuments, that of his widow Philippa (1547) by Richter, and a curious group said to be that of the first Duc de Lorraine and his wife. The Mausoleum is fine, dated 1608. Chassel, of Metz, sculptured the dead Christ and the figures on the Altar. The young woman who showed us over the Church took us to her father's house, where we hoped to have found some antiquities, but he had nothing. To the Musée, where were many matters of local interest, some fine tapestries said to have been taken from the tent of Charles the Bold; they are about that date and reminded me of some I have seen representing Ferdinand and Isabella. Went again to Buquet's intending to buy some hall chairs we had fancied, but he was honest enough to show us that they were copies done some 40 years ago, and is to look out for originals for us. He has promised to let us know of anything fine that may come in his way. He took us to an Architect's house to see a large Armoire, but it would not

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have suited any of us, though very good. Bought at Lazard-Levy's an old canister of white metal, dated 1695, price 16/-. Back at 3. Dined. At 4 left Nancy, a very pretty town, in which more particularly are to be admired the grilles and other metal work, the productions of Jean l'Amour, temp. Stanislaus Leckzinski. But the part more interesting to us is the Old Gate, and the old Ducal Palace with its fine Cloister; it is now being repaired.

21st. Strasbourg. A fine day, but not so gorgeous as yesterday. We did not get out till 2. o'clock, when we went out for a *little* walk and came in for a long one. We wanted to see the Bridge over the Rhine leading to Kehl. By many détours we at length reached the Orangerie, where again we lost our bearings. However, at length we found ourselves on the banks of the "Petit Rhin", and taking a small boat across we soon came to the banks of the Rhine itself, following which we came to the foot of the Bridge; a large Rhine steamer turned into the Petit Rhin just as we reached the junction: crowds of people were walking in their holiday costumes both towards the Orangerie and on the road between Kehl Bridge and Strasbourg. It was a very animated scene: the little wine-shops and dancing-houses near Kehl Bridge seemed full, but all sober and well behaved. We stopped some time to see the waltzing at one of the Salles de danse, looking in at the windows; most of the male dancers seemed to be German soldiers, who acquitted themselves admirably.

22nd. Found ourselves by chance in the Cathedral just before 12., and so had the opportunity of seeing the clock perform its eccentric evolutions; the Apostles promenading; the figure of the Saviour giving the Benediction; the Cock flapping its wings and crowing savagely three times, and old Time striking the hour. We then went all over the Cathe-

dral, but did not make any of the perilous ascents. Many of the fine old glass windows, the chandelier, and a small portion of the edifice, suffered in the siege, but less damage occurred than might have been expected. The only other sight we went to was S. Thomas, to see Pigalle's Monument to Marshal Saxe [a son of the famous Augustus the Strong, 1st of Poland and 2nd of Saxony. He founded the factory at Meissen, the porcelain from which place so greatly interested Lady Charlotte as "best Dresden"]—very French and quite out of taste; however, the execution fine. A wonderful old tomb, coffer-shaped, with good old Romanesque sculpture, in the Choir; I believe it contains the remains of the Bishop who founded the old Church, only portions of which still survive. All the Jews' shops being closed, for one of their great festivals, we only got into two curiosity shops, that of Brion, on the Dom Platz, and Eckart, Place du Vieux Marché des Vins: from the latter we got a glass plaque painted with a landscape, and signed H.G.M. 1739, which we think may have been done by one of the Hanungs during a residence at Meissen; also a Frankenthal cup and saucer. We tried to see the private collection of M. Keller, Maison Sauvage, Quai de S. Nicholas, but he was out: came in for an hour or two before dinner, finding it cold and raw. After dinner Brion took us to see some beautiful Dresden china, belonging to a private family, whose ancestor being Ambassador from some place in Italy to the Court of Dresden had received this china as a present from the King of Saxony. Some of it was really fine, such as plates painted à la Watteau, and ornaments formed of Dresden flowers, etc. But the price asked was enormous. Left Strasbourg at 9. The Cathedral is magnificent; the Tower Spire I think more wonderful than beautiful. At 11. got to Baden-Baden. Hotel, Badischer Hof,

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23rd. Out at 11. A lovely day ; bright sun, but with a feeling of cold in the crisp air. We walked to the only curiosity shop, Erfurth, where we bought a trifle and so pursued our way through the town to Ludwigsberg. All the scenery charming. Hills covered with wood, surmounted by Castles in the distance ; in the foreground, the loveliest villa encircled by trees, and a profusion of flowers : I think it the prettiest place I ever saw. We left it again at 2. for Carlsruhe, which we reached at 3. Took an open carriage and drove to Durlach. C.S.'s family came from there 150 years ago, so we were interested in seeing it. The road from Carlsruhe lies through a most magnificent avenue of old poplars some two miles in length. The town of Durlach is a small but bustling little place. Its very ancient Castle stands a conspicuous ruin on an abrupt hill overlooking it. A statue of one of its old Dukes, dated 1567, is placed about the centre of where its more modern Palace once stood. Part of its building still forms an excellent Cavalry Barracks, near which are the Schloss gardens in which we took a short walk. They are pretty but ill kept. After rambling about for some time we tried to find the Protestant Minister, thinking he might help us by the registers, etc., to some traces of the old ancestors, but the good man was out walking with his children. Before returning to Carlsruhe we looked into the Protestant Church, a dismal, undecorated, inartistic building. Worse even than the Churches in Holland. Back at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 5.

24th. We walked in the morning, and tried to find curiosity shops ; only made out one ; very bad ; Eltheimer, in the Bahnhofstrasse. Went in front of the Palace, and stayed out until time to leave Carlsruhe. We took a carriage and drove out again to Durlach to see the clergyman and get him to prosecute our inquiries about the former Schreibers, but



again we were baffled, and now found that he was away on a journey, and his assistant likewise absent for the day. His name is Specht, so we must write to him. We had left our luggage at the station, and so, at 3, we went on by train to Heidelberg, a place of many old recollections. Now it is connected in my mind with very sacred memories, my dear boy Augustus having stayed there so many happy months. It was a trial to go there, but these feelings should be mastered, at all events in appearance! Put up at the Prinz Karl Hotel. It was very full and we were at the top of the house. Took a little stroll before dinner. At a very poor curiosity shop in the Platz we found an old French glass flagon, temp. Louis XIV., in form of a Negro's head, very ugly but curious. Charles Alderson and Mr. Coleridge were at table d'hôte.

25th. After breakfast, visited an antiquaire's near the Hôtel Bourgeois, where we saw an old French travelling-box (like those we bought at Bordeaux in 1870), full of Louis XV. dresses, mostly in good order, and some of them very fine. He wants £200 for the whole, box and all. Then we walked up to the Castle; it was a lovely autumn day, with a cloudless sky and a warm sun. The walk and the lounge about the ruins, and their gardens, was charming. The Museum in the Castle is a curious assortment of local objects, mostly worthless as works of art. The light was perfect for the view from the Terrace over the town, the Neckar, and the surrounding hills. Heidelberg greatly surpasses all my recollections of it, the weather adding greatly to the charm. Left soon after 3. Delighted with the trajet from Heidelberg to Frankfurt, which lay through the richest and most smiling valley, bounded by hills, mostly clothed with woods, and frequently crowned by picturesque ruins of old Castles. I had forgotten we were to pass through the



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Bergstrasse. At Frankfurt, the Hôtel de Russie was full, so we went to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and were very comfortable; got in, in time for dinner; after it, walked into the Teil and looked in at Lowenstein's, where we saw some beautiful things, but very dear and not in our line.

26th. Busy with the shops, Goldschmidt's, Seligmann's then Backle, Bamberger, and Aultmann: at this last C.S. discovered a small Chelsea flacon, very good, and we heard of a Chelsea bibelot (a gardener carrying flowers), which Aultmann fetched from a private house to show us, and which we eventually bought, though at nearly £5; also we got a Chelsea flacon at Lowenstein's, thus adding three to our number of soft paste bibelots. These we consider a great find. We made one or two other purchases but they were trifling. The Cathedral was closed for repairs so we could not see it, but we went into the Hall of Electors where we remained some time. We had made quite a holiday of the day, which was very fine, and had driven about enjoying it. We ended by making a little tour of the town, which contains more picturesque old houses than I had imagined. The Terrace, or drive, by the side of the Main is beautiful. Dined at 5. In the evening went on to Maintz. Hôtel d'Angleterre.

27th. Another most lovely day. We went into one curiosity shop on the Rheinstrasse, bad and dear. After breakfast we visited the Cathedral: magnificent nave, and fine old Romanesque doors: Font good, etc. Before 12. took our places on the steamer for Coblentz; a clear cloudless sky, quite brilliant, with a slightly cold air which rather chilled me at starting, but I baked myself in the hot sunshine, and it was soon all right. With such weather, the trip could not be otherwise than most beautiful. Put up at the Hôtel du Géant, arriving before 6; table d'hôte being over, dined à part.

28th. Watched the sun rise, battling through a thick mist, which has not yet entirely cleared off. We embarked again before 2. o'clock ; the train had been a little late because of the early mist ; we had, however, a most lovely afternoon. It was warmer than yesterday, not so bright, but with more pleasing alternations of light and shade, for the lovely scenery, which brought us ere nightfall to Cologne. The lights on the bridges and in the houses formed quite an illumination as we approached the town. Hôtel Disch. At first we disliked our quarters, so they put us into a tapestried room furnished in the antique style, which an Emperor of the olden time might have occupied. Mr. Hamilton here.

29th. A long walk about the town. We took a guide and went first to Bourgeois (the father of the man at Heidelberg), who has no prints in our line at present, but has promised to look out for us, and gave us some good renseignements. We went from him to a little shop in the Stolk Gasse, where we saw a wonderful piece of alabaster carving set in old Cinquecento work. It has just been sold to a neighbouring propriétaire for £15 ! and was more likely worth £200 ! He has nothing else ; as old Fournier used to say, " il faut passer le premier ". Bourgeois sent us to the house of a Mme. Minderop (162 S. Severinstrasse), where we saw a very good collection of European and Oriental china. Nothing fine. The son showed us some good prints. They have a small Chelsea bottle, or flacon, like that we bought at Altmann's at Frankfurt, which we rather coveted. The only shop for old things that we could find was that of Damen, where we bought some trifles six years ago. We found there a pretty enamel box, and a small Dresden slipper (£2. 10.). He has a set of Carl Theodore, imbricated ground, painted in birds, and were like Chelsea, price £15. We were tempted but resisted. Spent an hour in the

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Musée, which interests us very much, and claims another visit. The specimens of the early German school of painting most beautiful, also the Roman antiquities, *pavements*, etc.

30th. At the railway before 9. Off to Trèves, by one of the loveliest roads I ever travelled. We came at a great pace, and at the last station before reaching Trèves had to move our places, as the carriage we were in had become hot and was smoking! The country towards Trèves is beyond praise. We arrived soon after 2. and set out shortly after to see the Roman ruins, Porta Nigra, the finest, the Basilica, the Baths. The different styles in the Cathedral, which we visited, interested us very much, and I was specially pleased with the grand old Cloisters, and the lantern therein contained. The old Sacristan is quite one of the greatest curiosities of the place. We had taken a guide to conduct us through all this. He took us also to an antiquaire (Heffen's) where there was not much to take our fancy.

### OCTOBER 1873

COLOGNE: LIÉGE: MAESTRICHT: BRUSSELS: THE HAGUE :  
GOUDA : AMSTERDAM : UTRECHT : ROTTERDAM : GHENT :  
GAND

October 1st. Not early. Again a most lovely day. We walked out about noon, went over the bridge, and thence along the side of the Moselle to the Ferry, by which we recrossed to the town. Then by the gardens to the Porta Nigra and so to the suburbs, where our antiquaire lived; bought six Choisy plates. He showed us a tempting Louis XIV. clock, but we decided that it was not genuine and *withstood* it. Continued our walk to the Amphitheatre, and there mounted a height whence we had a good view over the town and the opposite Hills. The Military band were practising in the *enceinte* of the Amphitheatre. We came

back by the gardens again to the Porta Nigra, a very long circuit. The Dom was closed, but we went into the Lieb Frauen Kirche on the way back to our Hotel. Most perfect weather; quite like summer. The Strasbourg dishes are added to our purchases from M. Heffen's. How are they to travel? The weather has been most beautiful for many days.

2nd. Called at 4. By 6 o'clock we were on board the steamer, which started immediately down the Moselle. We arrived at Coblentz a few minutes before 8, only just in time, by a great effort, to walk across to the station and take the train to Aix-la-Chapelle (through Cologne), which we reached at midnight. No conveyances at the station, and some difficulty to get our luggage conveyed on a truck, besides which we walked to our Hotel, Grand Monarque. Some of the scenes on board the steamer had been very amusing; among them that of a loutish young German, I should think a sort of higher class peasant, who made the acquaintance of all the young men he could get to talk to him, and insisted on treating them to wine, of which a number of bottles were forthwith consumed at the table near which we sat.

3rd. Out about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 10. Went to call upon our acquaintance, the Canon Bock; found he was in the Cathedral and followed him there. Remark the Corona Throne, etc. Saw again the treasure, which I had not seen for many years; it surpassed all that I remembered. The Châsses were much finer than those we saw at Tournai; I should think they are the finest in the world. Went with Dr. Bock to his house, which is furnished in the ancient style, with many good old objects in it. He showed us his magnificent work on the Imperial Regalia, etc. We had only time, after leaving him, to call at the house of Fry, the antiquaire, Hoch Strasse, near Jacobi's print-shop, but

we found nothing there. We took this on our way to the railway station. Went on to Liége about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 1, arriving, after a short delay, at the Verviers Douane, before 4 o'clock. Dinner-time past 6. Walked out, found one very good curiosity shop near the Hotel (Renard Soubré); he had nothing in our line, except some marcasites, but the price was beyond us. A cheerful little woman, with two pretty children, who had travelled with us in the railway, gave us some renseignements, but I fear Liége will yield us nothing at present. Before coming in we went to see the preparation for the Kermesse on the Boulevard. It does not open till Sunday. We are lodged very comfortably at the Hôtel de Suède.

4th. Up early and off to Maestricht by a beautiful line of railway skirting the Maas. A lovely day, warm and sunny, everything looking bright. Walked into the town, found out one or two dealers, but the chief one, Schaepekens, was absent, and the next best, Beesman, being a Jew, had his shop shut to-day. We took dinner at the table d'hôte of the Sevier. Afterwards went to see the very interesting old Cathedral with its wonderful South Porch and door. There is china or pottery still made at Maestricht. As we walked, an equipage came dashing down the street with four horses and three servants; we were told it belonged to M. Regan of the porcelain works. We ate off some of his productions at our dinner. They were as vile as Pickman's of Seville. (N.B. Pickman is now a Marquis, and Regan is reported very rich!) Maestricht is a very interesting old place, but, unlike other Dutch towns, very dirty. I had omitted to say that on our way to the station this morning we visited the Liége Cathedral. We returned to Liége after 4. and got back in time to take the evening train to Brussels, where we found ourselves again at the Hôtel Mengelle, before 11. at night.

6th. Went the round of the shops: saw a picture at a





THREE UNUSUAL PIECES OF OLD STAFFORDSHIRE SALT GLAZE WARE.

The Large Jug marked Thos. Allsop is characteristic of an XVIII. Century taste for modest advertisement. The Jug marked P. C. is by way of showing a Portrait of the Young Pretender in a Tartan Dress. (*From the Schreiber Collection.*)





picture cleaner's, Le Roy, and a pair of Chinese vases that I fancied. Mr. Triss at table d'hôte. We went out again after dinner; it was a lovely warm night. First went to buy some more volumes of Lord Mahon's *History of England*, then sauntered into the Montagne de la Cour, and spent till 10. o'clock in the curiosity shops there,

7th. Slaes had arranged for us to go and see Mme. Le Roy's collection, 37 Rue Ducale, so thither we went at noon. She has some very fine Oriental, not such a large collection as Mons. Morren, but well chosen and admirably arranged; seeing that she had some which she highly prized, like those I fancied yesterday, we determined on buying the latter, which, with a visit to our banker's, we had just time to do before leaving Brussels by the 2.30. train. We hurried much and had a hot walk, C.S. running to the station. Past 6. when we got to The Hague. We had bespoken our rooms at the Hôtel Paulez, where we are always comfortable. A new First Secretary, or Attaché, Comte de Kergoulay, and his wife, had come over at the same time, and dined at our table after our arrival.

8th. We ransacked all The Hague shops; found in them rather less than usual in our line, some good salt-glaze stoneware at Van Gelder's, however, and in a shop hitherto unknown to us, Dirksen, a splendid group in Derby biscuit of Cupid killing the Hydra (à la Hercules), of the same model as the coloured Derby china group we already possess: this and a pretty good French fan we acquired for £5. Went to de Visser's, who received us again in the celebrated dressing-gown.

9th. Went to Gouda. It was market day, the town full and gay with peasants in their smart costumes. Very little to be found at Van Pavoordt's or Cohen's. As we had time to spare we went into the Market, held around the

old Town Hall, and visited the Museum, where there is a wonderful mediæval Chalice, of which the story is that it was lost for 200 years, and lately found at the Town House packed away among some archives. Got back to The Hague about 3. Went by appointment to look over de Visser's mezzotints. He had only one to suit us.

10th. Expedition to Amsterdam. Walked to the farther station. Took with us our Chinese vases to get Speyer's opinion, he pronounced them very good. Bought of him four Battersea enamel knife-handles, the only ones I ever saw, and some other objects. Went to Mossel's, Ganz's, and made some small purchases, returning to The Hague by  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4.

Sunday, 12th. In the afternoon we went to see the Bishops. They were out when we reached their house, but we met them, and turned back and paid them a short visit. Went to them again to make some inquiries we had forgotten before.

13th. To Utrecht. Gorkum was at home. We had left with him last April (the 10th) a bottle of Ware which he admired and called Delft, and for which, he said, he knew a customer who would give £8. or £10. for it. To-day we found the bottle still with him. We had not cared to keep it in our collection and hoped he might have parted with it. But he said that his client, having bought it for £8., had returned it to him saying he believed it not to be Delft, though no one could say what it was. We have now left him a few of our Dutch specimens, etc., to try to get rid of for us, not being suited to our other things. We could not *buy* at any of the Jews' shops because it was one of their festivals: but Hamburg and Frenkel, whom we now visited for the first time, and Sanders *had* nothing, and Coote's shop was quite closed; Gorkum, himself, had nothing for us, and no good news

about the Worcester set belonging to the two old ladies (see April 10).

14th. We availed ourselves of a lovely day to take a walk in the Bosch, where I was disappointed in the display of the Queen's china. I expected to have seen a great many fine things, but only found comparatively few. The Bosch is quite beautiful and we enjoyed our walk very much indeed.

15th. Holland looking its best and brightest. Walked to the Hollandisch Railway; left by a train soon after 9 for Rotterdam. Went to Kryser's, Pluyne's, Van Minden's; at the first of these we only got a little fan and small Battersea enamel box, of no particular importance; but Pluyne's had a grand Chelsea figure of Autumn, covered with grapes, wanting a hand, which we hope to get restored in china for us at Minton's Works, and for which we had to give £8.; and Van Minden had a lovely little bibelot of Cupid with drums, also £8., and one or two other trifles. On the whole this was an expensive day for us. We spent above £26., but the things are good. On our way to Rotterdam we had stopped for a short time at Delft, where we had a pleasant ramble in the bright early morning. Went into both the Churches. In the old Church we were amused by a manuscript list of the tombs written in English, which was given to us to read. It was full of the most absurd mistakes. Among other things the iron railing around Van Tromp's monument was said to be "very estimable by the knowers." Remember Lady Morgan's tomb. On the way from visiting the New Church and William the Silent's tomb, we happened to find a Jeweller's shop in the Market-place, where there may often be trifles; we bought a little enamel snuff box in the form of a shoe with him. Got back for dinner at The Hague. A little figure we had bought at Van Minden's, we found, on

examination as we travelled home, damaged in the fingers, which was a drawback on our supposed good buying, and rather a censure on our circumspection.

16th. Again a lovely day, and again away by an early train. This time we went to Leyden, a charming place. Walked about and found some shops, Duchâtel's and Lenreman's ; at the latter was some fine old leather, about which I have written to Ivor. Went to Van Gelder's. Purchased for Ivor a fine brass chandelier of 1600. I had written to him about it but the answer had not reached me. However, it was said to be so fine, both by Mr. Bisschop and by Andelaar, whom we met in the shop, that we did not like to run the risk of losing it, and if Ivor does not wish to have it, we must see what else can be done with it. We have found out another man for prints, Van Doorm, Molen Straat. He promises to look out for us. After dinner Andelaar came to look at our recent purchases, and thought highly of some of them, especially our Tournai and Oriental. He told us there was to be a great public sale at Amsterdam on the morrow, and, as we had already arranged to spend the day there, we determined to look at the sale first.

17th. Accordingly we walked briskly to the early train, by which we reached Amsterdam at 11. We took a carriage, as we did not know our way, but we could not make our driver understand where to go, and it was some time before we got to the Heeren Logements Verkoop Huys. We found a large room, full of all the Jews we knew, and a great many more. The sale was the contents of several households, but contained nothing to attract us ; however, we got some renseignements there. Went to the Print and Book-seller Müller, to Kalb, and Soujet, Speyer, etc. Soujet took us to see a pair of indifferent Chelsea figures at a friend's house, not worth £10., but for which the "friend" wanted £25. After-



wards Soujet's son went with us as a guide to a picture dealer's called Gruiter, where we got two or three good prints, among them a small full length of Frederic of Prussia, from which, evidently, have been taken the decorations on the Worcester plate Mr. Addington gave me and the Enamel plaque we bought at Baller's sale last year. The picture from which the mezzotint is done is by Pesne, and said to be "in the collection of the Princess Dowager, at Kew". After this we walked to Van Houtum's, got an excellent pink enamel Battersea jug, "very unique", 30/-. Dined at the Brack's Doelen. On our way back to the station, called at Boasberg's ; bought two good enamel boxes, and arranged to see some prints at Buffa's next week.

18th. Up late. Only walked as far as the Bisschops in the afternoon. They came back with us to see our purchases, which we had set out in C.S.'s dressing-room.

19th. In the afternoon we walked to Scheveningen ; lingered on the beach, not a breath of wind, the sky and sea quite cleared. Clambered up on to the Dunes and got a good view over The Hague. In returning struck off to the left, where there was a summer-house on a mound, but the view thence was not very extensive. We walked some four hours and got back just in time for dinner. It is a very pretty walk through the trees to Scheveningen, and it looked particularly well in this golden evening. I never saw such wonderful weather as it has been ever since Monday night. This week my mind has been relieved about Enid by learning she had safely reached Madrid.

20th. Called late, and had rather a scramble to get off by the Holland's Spoorweg to Leyden. We always walk to the station, we can do it under 20 minutes, but it is the top of my speed. To-day the weather had quite changed, from being bright and balmy it had become boisterous. In Leyden it

came down in torrents; we had only time to go to Duchatel's again and to Reitberger's, in the same street, and then to Byleveldt's, a new dealer whom we had only just found out in the Breesstraat, before returning to the station. We looked, en passant, at the outside of the fine Town Hall, of Gothic taste, and got a card to view the pictures, but put off that visit to a future day. We made small purchases at Duchatel's and Reitberger's, and saw a very pretty Oriental set at Byleveldt's, which we are taking time to consider about. At 12. we went on to Haarlem. First we went to see the collection of Dr. Willegen, to whom Müller of Amsterdam had given us an introduction. He himself, poor man, was ill in bed, but his wife and daughter showed us his things. The Ceramics are chiefly old Delft, and not *much* of the higher class. The pictures I cannot appreciate, the prints I did not see. All are to be sold by auction next spring. We went also to the three curiosity shops, Haujas, Kouin, and France, but found nothing in any of them, and so, walking back to the station by the Cathedral, and through the Place, we returned at 3. to The Hague and got to our Hotel Paulez at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4.

Wednesday, 22nd. It rained so hard about 1. o'clock that C.S. went alone to Delft (whither we had planned an expedition together), and was soon back again, bringing with him a small enamelled flacon we had seen the other day at Tedeler's. They took him to two other small shops, but he found nothing in them. Since dinner we have been out to see the Bisschops, looking in at Van Gelder's by the way. He had a quantity of old Friesland painted furniture, but not in our line.

23rd. The weather better. Off soon after 10. to Gouda, where during our stay of one hour we ransacked Cohen's and Van Pavoordt's stocks; we could find nothing to tempt us,

but the latter had some Delft plates which seemed to us very good, and which we have since mentioned to the Bisschops. After this we went on to dear old Utrecht. At Coote's we got a good little Chelsea seal, and a Worcester butter boat, curious but not fine: Van Gorkum was out; Frenkel in Paris making a sale, so we spent the remainder of our time in the Museum, with which we were very much pleased. The display of Vestments of the Middle Ages is very fine indeed. We left Utrecht again soon after 3. Sir George Hewitt in the train: curious introduction. Since dinner we have been to the Bisschops to tell them of Van Pavoordt's Delft.

24th. Off to Amsterdam by the early train, arriving at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 10. Went to Mossel's, nothing; to Van Galen's, where we got a very pretty Bow figure (sold to us for Dresden) at £5. It is evidently a portion of a larger scheme, being a gallant looking up and kissing his hand. Poor Van Galen, himself ill in bed; thence to Thyssen, an old man living in Vyssergracht, whom we had met the previous week at Van Houtum's and who had promised to look out some mezzotints for us. He had done so, but we only found about four to suit us, among them a framed print by Earlom after Zoffany of George III. and his family. We got some other trifles also from this poor old man, who told us of a sick wife and monetary losses, but who interested us by his cheerful unrepining spirit. Doubtless a great many good things go through his hands, and we were very sorry not to have known him sooner. To Buffa to look over his prints, but without success. Then to Boasberg, who had a marvellous fine étui, with which we allowed ourselves to be tempted, notwithstanding the enormous price, £9! Boasberg went with us to M. Van Gitta's in the hope of getting us admission to see his collection, but unluckily his family were all out and we could

not get admittance. We paid a long visit to Fredk. Müller's, to whom we showed our Fries, and who we made promise to look out for some for us. It was now near 5. We went back to Thyssen's to get some caricatures on the American War, which we had seen in the morning, and were rather surprised to find that the old man had gone to bed. He came down to the door in his night-cap! a pendant to the dressing-gown of de Visser!! The whole day, from the time of our arriving at Amsterdam, had been wet, and we were obliged to drive from place to place—a great contrast to the weather of this day last week. Dined at the Brack's Doelen and returned to The Hague by the 7.30 train. It rained in torrents on our arrival, so again we had to drive. Stopped at Van Gelder's on the way to our Hotel. He had a fine Biscuit group to show us. Not in bed till 12.

25th. Called again at 6 this morning. Permission had been got for us to see the collection of the Baron Van Heemstra, an old Friesland gentleman, who had some very interesting old National and family relics, among them a clock given to his ancestor by Charles V. The letter which accompanied it, he said, they still preserved. We were with him by  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 9. From M. Van Heemstra's we went to the Bisschops and they walked with us. Took us first to an old jeweller, whom we had not known before, but who is well worth cultivating. Bought there two wooden figures for lights which we thought would suit Ivor, a Ware vase, and chatelaine for ourselves. Went on to Dirksen's, bought an over-door, also Watteau, for Ivor. Went with the Bisschops to see Baron de Stuers, who has a lovely collection which he showed us very agreeably. Then to our Banker's to get some money. Then to Mme. Wigkerlin, who had several pretty things, especially a Chelsea flacon like that we bought of Slaes in the Spring, and two enamel boxes, one

Battersea, one the finest Dresden. Mme. Bisschop having gone home, we went on with M. Bisschop to look at some fine tapestry which is to be sold shortly at a private house in the Prinz Gracht. It is all of Scriptural subjects; the Golden Calf, etc., so it would not suit for Canford, and will, they say, go very high. This visit was followed by calls at Rotterveel's, Dirksen's, and Van Gelder's, to make payments, and at this last place we concluded the purchase of the Biscuit group which represents War, Commerce, Navigation, three Cupids with emblems, very good. Got back by  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 5 to dinner. A very busy day.

26th. Not out till the afternoon. Went to Service at the New Church, and in coming back, looked in at the Bellevue, where there is a fine leather screen for sale; gold ground painted in Watteau subjects; promised to call again about it the next day. Went as far as Van Gelder's to get him to inquire of Pavoordt about some of the Delft plates mentioned on the 23rd.

27th. Up early. A splendid morning. Off to Rotterdam by a train that left at 9.20. At Rotterdam, visited Kryser's, Van der Pluyne's, who had promised to try and get us some figures at Amsterdam, but had not succeeded; Van Minden's, where we found the two English Ware squirrels and fine Chelsea seals; and M. Vander Beck, a new acquaintance, to whom we had been recommended for prints; the only one he had to suit our purpose was one by Gunot of Queen Mary, which we bought. All this and a call at Eeltze's did not take long, and though we did it all on foot, we were back in The Hague before 1 o'clock. The rest of the day was very busily employed. We went again about the screen, on the subject of which we had three walks to the Bellevue; eventually we bought it for Ivor at 400. florins, which was afterwards considered very cheap, and before night we saw it at Dirksen's



ready to be packed up. Called at the Bisschop's. He went with us to look at the screen, and afterwards walked with us during the afternoon. He took us by a very pretty way, skirting the Bosch, to the Boor's Bazaar, where we had to execute a commission for Mrs. Haliburton. Called at Schaak's and de Maan's (Volder Gracht); at the latter place found a very good Berlin plate. Van Gelder went for us to Pavoordt, but the Delft plates were sold. Got back rather late for dinner, and as soon as it was over, we were out again. To the Banker's to get the money to pay for Ivor's screen, which we did at the Bellevue. Then to de Visser's, to whom we showed our portfolio of prints, and with whom (not forgetting the "Commis") we spent a very pleasant hour. After all that, to the Bisschops to say good-bye, and so back to our Hotel, after a long day's walking, at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 10. C.S. packing till late.

28th. Up early again to-day. I am now sitting ready packed and dressed to leave The Hague, where we have spent a charming three weeks. One rather tiresome incident. Ganz from Amsterdam called yesterday to show us an Enamel box when we were at Rotterdam, and of course we missed him. Another, Schaak, had told us of three boxes he had, which we neglected to call about till they were gone: but as we saw none of these it is far from certain that they would have suited. We had a most lovely journey to Brussels, the day quite clear and the sun quite hot. On the little steamer which carried us across from Rotterdam to the temporary Terminus, we stood looking at the receding town with regret and admiration. We have had many, many pleasant days in Holland and are always sorry to leave it. Reaching the Hôtel Mengelle, we were just in time for dinner, after which we walked out. Went to old Del Hougue's, bought a large comb and tortoise-shell box, and went to look at some prints

at Papillon's. A telegram from Ivor about buying for him a Louis Treize Console, and a Buhl writing table which we had seen at Dirksen's, the former very fine. This commission, I hope, in our absence, Mme. Bisschop will be able to execute for him. Must remark that we passed with our six packages of china with little trouble to-day. When I said they were "objets d'art", they asked "Pour collection?" and did not offer to open them.

29th. Walked all day. Fetched away some things we had left for security at Handelaar's. Made the tour of the shops and a few purchases: among them three Chelsea vases of which only one was perfect, the other two, far otherwise. For these we gave £5. 12., about half the value of the perfect one! This from old Hanick.

30th. Again a long day's ramble among the shops, where we paid for and brought away our yesterday's purchases, but found little new. Packing up for an early start to Ghent to-morrow. We have so many boxes and baskets full of china, etc., that it will be next to a miracle if all arrive safe in England. I am specially anxious about the new vases which old Hanick has packed in his own manner and are to go as luggage!

31st. Left by the 8.14. train for Gand. Our first embarrass about luggage was that they would not let us take our "chicken" baskets with us in the carriage, and after a strong remonstrance, they had to be consigned to the luggage! We reached Gand about 10. Left maid and luggage at the station, and walked about the town for three hours, visiting all the shops and looking again at the exterior of the much-loved old buildings. It was a beautiful day: a bright sunshine, but rather cold. Made but few purchases; there seemed to be nothing in the shops. Came on to Bruges by a 1.15. train, triumphantly carrying the baskets with us;

## LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1873

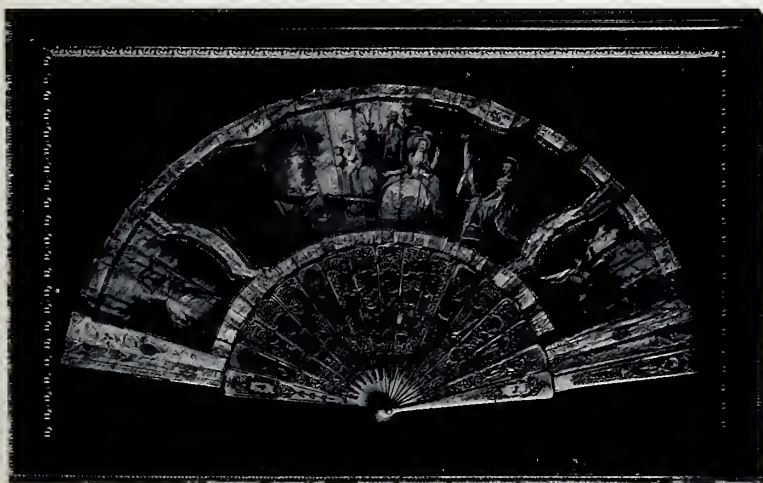
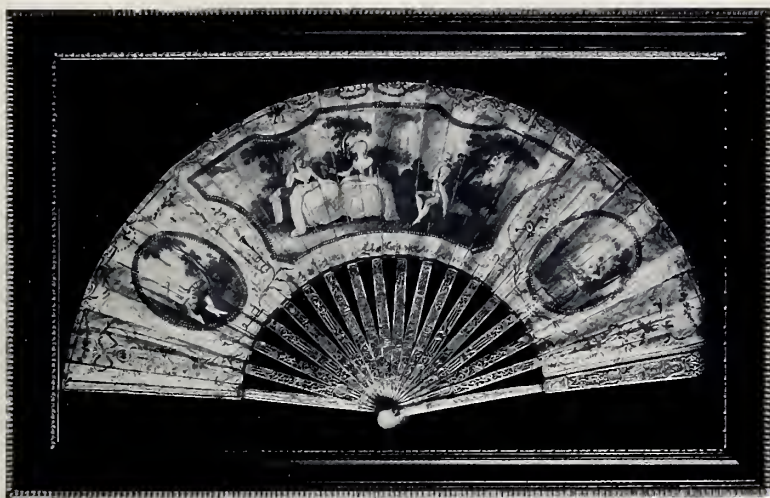
arriving before 3. The wind has risen: it was cold and rained a little. I am now hating the thought of to-morrow's trajet. We walked about Bruges for two hours before dinner at 5. Went to Render, Van Dyck, Seegur, Omghena, but bought nothing. Met Colonel Berrington walking, and after dinner sallied out to call upon his wife.

### NOVEMBER 1873

#### BRUGES: OSTEND: AND HOME

November 1st. Called at six. A wind which determined us not to cross. We went over to Ostend early in the day, and remained there till the English boat came in. They had had a rough passage, and while we were in Ostend the storm was violent, and the rain came down in torrents, but when we came away at 3, the wind suddenly fell and the rest of the evening was lovely, with fine sunset lights. We walked about in Bruges taking leave of its dear old buildings, which were illuminated by the evening glow, and stood beneath the Beffroi to listen to the Carillon at 5. Then back to table d'hôte, at which were some agreeable young English people, I think named Hall. Mrs. Berrington came in to see us after dinner; since that I have been reading, and writing to little Bee Eliot. [A grand-daughter of Lady Charlotte and daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Eliot; married, May 1909, Stephen Eaton, Esq., of Toilethorpe Hall, Stamford.]

2nd. Finer morning; so we left Bruges and went over by the steamer from Ostend. I was very grateful to be safe back in England, in the course of the afternoon. We had all our purchased treasures with us, and every one of these arrived intact, which is quite a marvel. So ended our autumn tour.



TWO DELICATELY PAINTED XVIII FRENCH FANS FOUND BY LADY CHARLOTTE  
WHILE FORMING HER FAMOUS COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL EXAMPLES WHICH  
WAS PRESENTED TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NATION  
*The Countess of Bessborough's Collection*





## NOTES CERAMIC

FEBRUARY TO APRIL 1874

OSTEND : BRUGES

Feb. 1874.

Feb. 28th. Left London by the train from Charing Cross at 7.40.; slight frost and rather a mist, but by the time we got to Dover it was bright sunny weather. The sea was like a mill-pond and we had a wonderfully quick passage, reaching Ostend considerably under four hours : just at the last there began to be hazy weather and we had the fog signals, but we got in before it became at all disagreeable. I went down below because it was rather cold on deck, and worked and read all the time. (Miss Freer's *Jeanne d'Albert*.) We have brought out with us some books on Architecture to enliven this trip. Went on at 3 from Ostend to Bruges and looked over all the things at Render's and Van Dyck's before coming in to table d'hôte at 5. As usual we put up at the Hôtel de Flandres.

## MARCH 1874

BRUGES : YPRES : COURTRAI : BRUSSELS : LILLE : TOURNAI :  
ANTWERP : THE HAGUE : GOUDA : UTRECHT : AMSTERDAM :  
HAARLEM : GHENT : METZ : VERDUN : NANCY

March 1st. A most lovely morning. Went to English Service in the Rue S. Jacques, arriving there late by reason of our having been misdirected and having had some difficulty in finding the place. In the afternoon called on Mrs.

Berrington ; she was not at home when we first went there, so we paid a visit to Mr. Paterson, who amused us immensely. He had set out his china in the *Porte Cochère* and another large space which seemed to have been a coach-house, and told us he was about to open it as an exhibition, on the payment of  $\frac{1}{2}$  a franc a head for the benefit of the poor. He said the Exhibition was to begin at the end of this week, and that we were admitted as the first visitors. He seemed more mad than ever, and as soon as we entered commenced to play on a grinding organ to which he sang, and which he quitted as abruptly, without explanation, to show off his antiquities and to assure us (in the same breath) that nothing was to be sold, and to press us to make purchases. We admired some Oriental ornaments, and are to go again to-morrow to look at them. After this we returned to Mrs. Berrington and sat awhile with her. She is always full of interest in antiques and on the occasion gave me a pretty little Swiss enamel. She walked with us to Mr. Weale's, with whom we had an hour's delightful conversation. Rather late for *table d'hôte*. There had been a shower during our visit to Mr. Weale's. The weather has been very mild. Mr. Weale gave me two specimens, fragments, of the *Grès de Flandres*, dug up at Siegburg near Bonn. These to give us a certainty as to the colour of the true grès, on which he has a memoir in the *Beffroi*.

2nd. With Mrs. Berrington, by appointment, on the Place at 10. She accompanied us to Paterson's, where it ended in our buying two pieces of Oriental (red), and two Oriental figures, at sufficiently high prices (a tea-pot stand was thrown into the bargain, as a cadeau to me). It remains to see whether we have bought genuine articles—for myself I have misgivings. Went on to Van Dyck's, and there bought a frame, ornamented with metal work (qy. Louis

Treize), and an imperfect Oriental coffee-pot dated 1777. Curious. Mrs. Berrington next took us to see a small collection belonging to a M. Vervisch (Haut de Bruges). He had some good Orientals and Delft and Grès, but nothing in our line. He was out; his maid showed us his collection. Having still a little time to spare, we went to the old publican in the Rue des Dominicains, where we bought two tortoise-shell plates, and then taking leave of Mrs. Berrington, we hurried back to our Hotel, to prepare for our departure. Soon after 12. we again left this lovely town of Bruges and proceeded to Ypres. We had intended to go to-day to Brussels, but Mr. Weale had told us of an amateur who had a collection at Ypres, and we determined accordingly to go and see it, and right glad we were that we made this change of plan, for we were more delighted with the town of Ypres itself than with any town, Bruges excepted, that we had seen in Belgium. We arrived there a little after 3, and thinking we should go farther that night, we left the maid and luggage at the station and walked into the town. After admiring the Town Hall, we went all over the Church (or Cathedral) of S. Martin, noted its fine Western tower of brick, the curious roof in the South Chapel, etc., and then went to find the house of our amateur. His name, M. Maurice Merghelynek, and his abode immediately opposite "La Tour de S. Martin". M. Merghelynek was absent. His servants showed us his collection, which was most interesting, some fine Oriental and Delft, one very fine piece of Tournai, and some fourteen octagonal Bow plates, matching those we bought of Mrs. Hamlyn at Plymouth. His rooms were prettily set out with these things, and after going through them the servants took us into a very large attic full to overflowing of goods of the most mediocre description. (She told us a melancholy story of the accidental poisoning

of the young man's father and mother.) Having a letter of introduction to M. Arthur Merghelynek, a cousin, we went on to him. He was at home; had no collection. Found him an agreeable young man, who very politely took us all about the town, showed us the interior of the Halles, the "Belle" Hospital, etc., and persuaded us to remain at Ypres that night, in order that we might see the collection of a M. Bahm the next morning; so we put up very comfortably at the Tête d'Or. Brought our belongings from the station, had a late dinner and went to bed.

3rd. Out by 10. Went to M. Bahm's, where young M. Merghelynek joined us. The collection is enormous, and, no doubt, valuable, but it chiefly consists of Grès and Delft, which are of less interest to us. The collection will be sold by auction, unless 60,000 francs can be obtained for it en bloc. Our new friend, after this, took us to see the town Library and the Musée, which is in the fine old Boucherie. Here I was particularly pleased with drawings of old houses of the town, many of which no longer exist. We saw several that are still standing, and which are most quaint. We parted with M. Merghelynek at the shop of a jeweller, to whom he took us, and with whom we hoped to find something antique: he had nothing, but he sent us to another amateur, M. Vandevywer, Rue de l'Etoile, who showed us a small but pretty collection. He possesses a wonderful Mennecy group of three figures, for which he says Stroobant of Brussels offered him £32., but he will not sell it, as it has long belonged to his family. There seemed to be two small brokers' shops at Ypres, one in the Rue Capel, the other in a street opposite our Hotel; at the latter we found an old Dutch metal snuff box, which was all we were able to obtain in the town. This brought us to 1. o'clock, when we found table d'hôte about to begin, so we joined it and got an

excellent dinner at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  francs a head. As soon as it was over we went to the station. Left Ypres about 3. and in a little more than an hour were at Courtrai. Walked into the town; inquired for the house of M. Croquepue, an amateur dealer and architect, to whom Mrs. Berrington had directed us. We found it near the Porte de Gand, but the master was out. His maid showed us his things, which were not at all desirable, so we made no long stay there. Walked back to the Place. A fine old Beffroi, but the Hôtel de Ville has been modernised and ruined (very possibly by the said M. Croquepue or some such local worthy). We walked about a little, but did not attempt any more sights, and went back to the station, where we sat reading and working till the train went on to Brussels at  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 7, arriving soon after 9.

4th. We breakfasted at 10. and went out directly afterwards; made the round of the shops, Papillon's, Genie's, Müller's, Andelaar's, Craenen's, Marynen's; we selected a few prints to look over again, at Papillon's, and did the same with a few pieces of porcelain, etc., at Marynen's. There was absolutely nothing at any of the other places. After this we called on Mr. Lumley [afterwards Lord Savile], who showed us all over his house, which he has furnished with most admirable taste. We had been told that the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who are to arrive to-morrow at Brussels, were to have a State reception at the railway, and we wished to see it, but he told us that this was not the case. After our visit to him we went on our prowl; called at Del Hougue's, Cools Thyssen's, Slaes Kochs', Daene's, De Vries', Hartaz's, Huysman's, and Hanning's, but did not see a single thing to tempt us. Am sorry to see that Ivor is petitioning against Waring's return for Poole, which will, I fear, lead to much trouble and expense; also that Bilbao



has fallen into the hands of the Carlists. Spain makes me very anxious, especially on Enid and Henry's account!

5th. After breakfast we took to Genie's our purchases made of Paterson, to ask his opinion. He condemned them all as modern. Then we went on with them to Marynen's, who gave the same report of the red vase ornaments, but pronounced the little Oriental figures to be very good. It ended in our leaving the vases with him to try and dispose of at the price we had given (£6.), which he seemed to think a fair price for them. We also bought of him various small matters of English Ware and china and so forth to the amount of £4. We had two contretemps this morning, one was that the wheel came off the cab we were in, conveying our china; but luckily no damage ensued. The other was that C.S. lost a Napoleon, he knew not how, from his pocket. Went first up towards the Bois, thinking the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh might be driving, and we might see them; there did not seem to be many people on the promenade. We then went down into the town and called at Lambricht's, at the old print-shop, Rue de l'Impératrice, again at Papillon's, and Genie's, and finally at Nanon's, getting back only just in time for dinner. We found nothing at all. Brussels seems quite swept. We talk of going on to Lille to-morrow, though with little hope of better success.

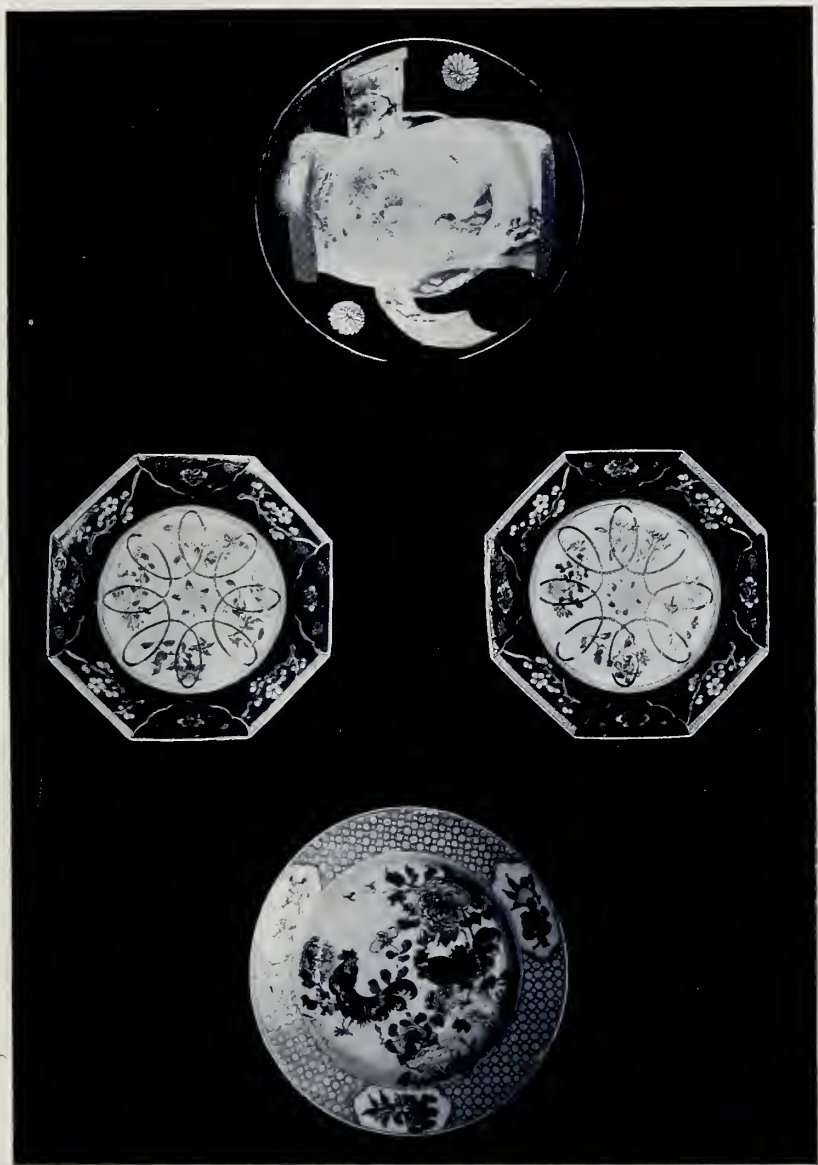
6th. Up early, left the Hotel at 7. and took the train to Lille. We got to Lille about 10. when the weather brightened a little, and we kept on foot for above four hours, ransacking all the shops we knew of: Noterman, Câteau, Bellet, Mailut, and Blondel. The first of these was quite the worst, and had simply nothing, Câteau had amongst his enormous stock a few good marked pieces of French, for which he wanted absurd prices, but after giving him all the trouble of turning over his portfolios of worthless prints, in the vain hope of

finding something good enough to bring away, we managed to select a little Mennecy pot, not too dear at £1. At Bellet's, Rue de Fives, we got a curious little German enamel snuff box with the view of a Château, etc., upon it, and inscriptions in gold, "Hubertsburg, 15 Feby. 1763", "Germania Peccata", evidently made in commemoration of the peace signed at that place and date between Frederic and Maria Theresa, 12/-, and a little coloured plaque with portrait of a soldier, 8/-. The other two shops had nothing. We then went on to Tournai, where we got some three hours. Visited M. Pourbaix and to our delight found that his enamel box had come down from £12 to below £8, so we secured it, as well as a very pretty one representing a dove, and some small Oriental coffee cups, well decorated in white pheasants —altogether £12. The large box would now be quite worth that whole sum in England, though we were not disposed to give it him when we admired it six months ago (Sept. 8.). We went afterwards to Mme. Détail's, whose shop is improved, but not in our line. Dined at the Hotel, and left by train at 7 for Brussels.

7th. C.S. has gone alone to see if anything is to be found at Lierre. I met Mr. Lumley and he told me of a great trouvaille the Duke of Edinburgh made while here, viz. the model of a ship in silver with arms of England, etc., which had evidently belonged to Charles I. It formed a sort of centre-piece for a table, a very fine thing. [The Duke afterwards made an excellent collection of these models in old silver. An example is seen on the dining-table in Orchardson's famous picture, "The Young Duke." Many copies are now produced.] He got it reasonably, and the man who sold it was furious when he found out who had been the purchaser. Had he known, no doubt his terms would have been exorbitant. After my long

chat with Mr. Lumley I walked down to the station to meet C.S., who arrived at 5.6 from Lierre, quite empty-handed. He had visited all the little shops there, and not found a vestige of any good thing. But he found time to visit the Church, with which he was quite delighted. We strolled into Stroobant's shop on the Boulevard d'Anvers before going home to dinner. He is so dear that we have never been able to buy anything of him, nor expected now to find anything à notre portée. It was a sort of forlorn hope. He showed us a very fine Chelsea figure of Justice, 15 inches high, and quite perfect; we asked the price—£20. For us this was out of the question; there was nothing else in our line and we came away. Old Stroobant followed us into the street—Would we make an offer for the figure? We declined to do so because, we said, we could not come anything near the price he asked and therefore it would be useless. He then said he thought we might have the figure for £14—a vast reduction! We said we would consider of it and call again in the evening. When we did so he was out; we went a second time and saw Madame, and left with her a note saying we would give £12. 10. and would call on Monday for an answer. We overhauled the figure again and were satisfied that it was very fine. This little transaction occupied most of the evening.

9th. Our first visit on going out this morning was to Stroobant's. He was absent, but had left word with his wife that as we were old customers (we never bought anything of him in our lives) we should have the figure at the price we offered. So we possessed for £12. 10. what he began by asking us £20. for. I have given all the particulars of this little episode, because I think it most characteristic! We walked on to Genie's, Papillon's, Craenen's, Marynen's, etc. Got some money at the Banker's, some photographs



FOUR EXAMPLES OF THE FINE ENAMEL WORK OF THE YUNG CHENG PERIOD, WHEN  
 GAY COLOURS, RICH SCROLL WORK AND LIVELY DRAWINGS OF BIRDS AND FLOWERS  
 WERE GREATLY EMPLOYED  
*Lord Wimborne's Collection*



in the Arcade. Looked into a Sale Room in the Petite Rue de l'Ecuyer, where we saw a vast assemblage of rubbish said to have been brought there by a gentleman from Havre. To the Bookseller's. To look at the Maison Flamande in the Rue de Cale where Bruyère of Malines has a repository for furniture, made to imitate the ancient : lastly, called on M. Collonet, to inquire into the possibility of getting an inkstand of the model of those in the Hôtel de Ville of Bruges. He had moulded them, and promised to let me know at what price a brass one can be executed. We were fortunate in finding Collonet at home. He is a lively energetic man, and may be useful to us. He told us of many things we ought to see in Belgium ; with him was the director of the Academy, whose name I did not catch, who seemed an interesting intelligent man. Back about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3.

10th. At Antwerp we took a carriage and drove to the old man in the Rue des Sœurs Noires, Heest by name, who had promised last autumn to look out for mezzotints for us. He had not forgotten us, but had put aside for us some good Bartolozzis and one or two mezzotints, altogether amounting to 21 pieces, for which we paid him £2. We then went first to Eva Krug's ; she had wonderfully improved her stock, among which we found an Oriental tea-pot, black and green, matching exactly with the tea-pot stand we got from Mr. Paterson. This we accordingly bought, price (also) £2. She showed us the goods which were to be sold by the Terbruggens, with whom she lodged, amongst which were several nice things, but nothing in our line. We visited Van Herck's, where we found only a small Oriental tea-jar, which unluckily we subsequently broke in getting out at the Custom House. Moren's. Called on a silversmith named Ryswick in the Kydorp, whom Mr. Weale had mentioned to us as the possessor of a very curious tile picture. We found



it to represent the Conversion of S. Paul, beautifully executed and in vivid colours. Dated 1547. In style and ornamentation of the border it greatly resembles the tile work executed for Ferdinand and Isabella at Seville by Nicolo Pisano; altogether it is a wonderful piece and in fair preservation. By dint of inquiry we at length discovered a dealer in old prints, Tessaro, in the Marché aux Souliers, and to our disgust found that in Sept. last he parted with a large number of English mezzotints after Reynolds. This was just at the time we were at Antwerp, and had on all hands been assured that no old print-shop existed in the town! After we got back to the station we had time for some dinner at a neighbouring restaurant before proceeding on our journey to The Hague at about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3. The Custom House was more troublesome than usual. They wanted to tax our china, and only persuaded themselves that it was really "objets d'art" when they found that some pieces were wanting handles, etc. etc. Reached The Hague after 8, in the snow.

11th. Snow! Such an uncomfortable day that we gave up all idea of making excursions. Took a carriage and visited all the shops in the town. Munchen; with whom a small purchase of a mediocre figure, and a good Battersea étui. Schwaab; with whom we found English ware busts of Pope and Dryden. Sarlin; who was more objectionable, more violent, and more exorbitant than ever. Block, Veuve Jacot, Dirksen, Van Gelder, Boor's Bazaar, Doorm, and Tennyssen, who had nothing. We got an unimportant printed box at Isaacson's. Called on de Visser, and found him in the accustomed dressing-gown, very much excited about a sale he had just been conducting. We are to call and see him again. He told us that our old friend Schaak, the little man living in the Gedempte Gracht, had bought

some things (meubles), and we went on to see him, but he had nothing in our line. Having still a few minutes to spare before dinner-time, as a sort of idle forlorn hope, we called at de Maan's in the Spui. This is the person who, then quite a lad, accompanied us to Arnhem and Utrecht. He has now set up in business for himself: we found him at home, and he was full of regrets at having, the very day before, sold six Chelsea figures at Brussels, which, he said, would have probably suited us. He promised to call on us the next night, if he could find anything in our line. Thus ended our long morning's round not immediately productive, but to bear fruit.

12th. It snowed while we were at breakfast, but was fine when we walked to the station to take the 10.25. train to Gouda. During the rest of the day it snowed. At Gouda Cohen had nothing, but we found a few small pieces, chiefly salt glaze stoneware, at Pavoordt's, and have promised to call and see him another day. One large stoneware dish, with pattern in relief and curious perforation, is the finest specimen of that manufacture I ever saw; I hope we may get it safe to England. We went on by the next train to Rotterdam, and walked to Van Minden's. He had returned from his sale in England, and with him we got a very good Battersea étui (embossed), and a box with exactly the same subject and model as a Chelsea box we bought at Granada, 1872, "Chasse des Belles." Van Minden took us to the house of a merchant, M. Casteel, to show us some enamels which that gentleman had to dispose of, having been sent to him from Japan for that purpose. They consisted of 7 plaques (4 large and 3 small) of the finest Battersea; Rose du Barri and gold in the corners, beautifully painted with Watteau subjects in the centre of the field: they are of unusual shapes, only two corresponding in size, and it is difficult to imagine what they

could have been for. Now they could only be hung up as small pictures. The price he named seemed to us absurd (1000 florins = £80.), but he did not seem to have any fixed idea of their value; so we authorised Van Minden to offer half that sum, though without any expectation of getting them. It appears they were taken from the Summer Palace, and bought at Yokohama. M. Casteel has himself a small collection of good china, etc. We had to visit Beck about prints, and Pluyne about china, also Kryser, where we bought a small pot and cover of "M.O.L.", so this visit to Mr. Casteel disarranged a plan we had formed of leaving by a train early enough to stop at Delft on our way back to The Hague. Indeed it ended in our being so late that after another pause at Van Minden's, we found it was dinner-time, and so went and joined a table d'hôte at the Bath Hotel before returning by the 6 o'clock train. It had been wretched weather, snowing all day, which was unpleasant for walking. On reaching our Hotel we found that we had just missed de Maan, who had called by appointment. He came, however, the following morning before I was out of my room. C.S. went down to see him, and presently ran joyfully back to me bringing what de Maan was offering for sale. What was my astonishment and delight when he displayed before my bewildered eyes no less than 5 beautiful Bristol figures! viz. the boy with hurdy-gurdy, a girl dancing with triangle, the girl with dog, and a boy and girl of a model we had never seen before, he holding a bird and she some flowers. The price was not very small for Chelsea, which de Maan considered them to be, but it was little enough for Bristol, which they really were, and we gladly gave him the £32. to which, after a little parleying, he came. Our Bristol figures now surpass every collection. We have every known type but one (the female companion to our Shepherd carrying the

kid), and have three specimens hitherto unknown, viz. the two bought this morning, and the fine double group purchased of Jacob some years ago. After this little transaction we breakfasted, and by 10.25. were off to Utrecht by train. The snow then was deep, and it was very pretty to see the Dutch landscape in its perfect white dress, recalling many an old picture. The children were going about the streets in the little sleighs, and some of the cars were moving without their wheels, but it was anything but pleasant to walk about the town, and C.S. increased a severe cold which he had caught yesterday. We went first to Gorkum's, who has done little with the things we left with him. We took away what was left in his hands. He tried to get us another view of *the* celebrated service, but "the ladies could not receive us." He had nothing for us himself, neither had Sanders, nor Costa, nor Frenkel; at Hamburgers we saw a very pretty Chelsea bibelot, and 3 lovely Dresden cups, but the prices, £7. and £10. respectively, or £16. for the lot, caused us to pause. We got back to The Hague in time for dinner. Van Gelder called in the evening; he had found nothing in our line.

14th. This morning's post brought a letter from Van Minden to say he had purchased M. Casteel's Enamels for us. C.S. was too poorly to go out all day. The snow had cleared away and we had some bright sunshine. I walked out alone, first to Schwaab's to pay for the two ware busts, and thence to call on the Bisschops. I found them full of excitement about some tableaux which the Queen was to have at night, and which were being prepared under M. Bisschop's auspices. One of the Maids of Honour came in during my visit, and Mme. Bisschop asked her to mention our being at The Hague, as it seems that the Queen had expressed to her a wish to see me whenever we might be here again. I got Bisschop to walk with me to look at

## LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1874

Dirksen's and Tennyssen's furniture, some of which I thought might suit Ivor and Huntly. I am writing to the latter about a cabinet (200. fl.) and a very fine Lac screen, bright red and gold (600. fl.) at Tennyssen's. We went on to fetch my box from Isaacson's, and wrote down our names at the Palace on our way back. When I came in I found our invitation for the evening's tableaux already arrived. In the afternoon I went to de Visser's to look again over his portfolios, but he had nothing for us. De Visser had just given his congé to the "commis" and was alone, and was out of spirits! I forgot to say that I began my day's work by a visit with de Maan to a gentleman's house to look at a Chelsea-Derby figure, 10. inches high, of Diana, but it would not do. They wanted £10. for it, and it had its head off. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8. M. Bisschop called for me and took me to the Palace. The Queen received me very kindly, and inquired why I had never been to see her in my former frequent visits to The Hague, etc. Again, when the tableaux were over she came and spoke to me and hoped I had had a good place for seeing them; and, later in the evening, she conversed with me some time, talking about our Collection, her house in the Bosch, and expressing great annoyance at Prince and Princess Christian's visit to The Hague having been suddenly given up last year. It was a gay and pretty party, with very little form, the Queen going about and speaking to every one. I was introduced to a great many people, whose names I did not even catch. There were among them two charming little Maids of Honour whom I hope to see again. The tableaux were excellent and did Bisschop great credit. The Prince of Orange, and his poor deformed brother, Prince Alexander, acted in them. The best was the "Finding of Moses"; the female being represented by a beautiful Brazilian, wife of the Minister, M. de Thores, and Moses done by a real baby, who



lay very still at first, but raised itself and looked round after awhile to the great amusement of the audience.

Monday, 16th. Up early and off by 9 train to Amsterdam; on our way to the train we took some of our china to be packed. We stopped at Haarlem for an hour en route, and expected de Maan to meet us there and to show us some china in a private house, a Worcester tea set, and a Dresden ditto, for sale, but he did not appear, so we spent the hour we had to wait there in visiting the little shops. Ronin had a pretty Worcester service, blue and white, rather unusual, but too dear at £4. Hauja was out, so we bought nothing. We had to do all this in a carriage; also we had a carriage all day on reaching Amsterdam, the weather being cold and wet. We went to a great many shops; Soujet's, Speyer's, at both of which we saw some good leather, about which we have written to Huntly; Van Galen's, Ganz's, Boasberg's, etc. At Soujet's we bought a pretty Battersea smelling bottle, of two doves—very much à la Chelsea. At Boasberg's a good Chelsea-Derby figure (£8. 6. 8.), some little Wedgwood busts, £3. 6. 8., a lovely Chelsea seal with a parrot, £1. 0. 0., and, to C.S.'s great delight, a set of 13 salt-glazed stoneware plates with representations of Frederic the Great, and inscription, "Success to the King of Prussia and his Forces". These we consider very curious indeed, and worth a great deal more than we were asked for them (8 florins apiece). We drove about all day. Found no prints, and Thyssen, who was to have sought for some for us, was not at home. We dined at table d'hôte. In the evening Ganz (*i.e.* Benjamin) brought us a very pretty Dresden china snuff box to look at, very well painted, price £25., not dear, but out of our line.

17th. Again we went out (having slept at the Brack's Doelen) but bought nothing, except a small piece of Mennecy at



Van Houtum's. Visited some small shops, and left Amsterdam by a train at 2.50. Our purchases had been very good, but we did not enjoy our visit as much as usual. The weather had been very unfavourable, and C.S. seemed to have increased his cold. We took our tickets to Gouda, thinking to get out there and proceed by a later train, but it came on to rain again, so we determined to go straight on to The Hague. At Gouda the guard told C.S. he must get fresh tickets, so he left the carriage to do so and forthwith the train went on and left him behind. He followed by a train  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour later, and took the opportunity of running into the town to take another look at Van Pavoordt's stock, where there was nothing fresh. I waited for him at den Haag station and we came on together to the Paulez, in time for dinner. It is to be noticed how much civility I met with in my little embarrass, arriving without tickets and alone, and how strangers came up to explain the circumstances for me. On reaching the Hotel, we found a letter from the Dame d'Honneur de la Reine, asking us to go and see the Queen at 4 o'clock that day; of course the time was long past when we got the summons. In the evening washed up our purchases, and amused ourselves in changing the pedestals of our little Wedgwood busts, till late.

18th. C.S. very poorly, not up till late. I went down to breakfast alone, and while there got another note from the Dame d'Honneur appointing us to go that afternoon at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 to the Palace to see the Queen. C.S. had meant to have stayed indoors all day, but he made the best of his indisposition and we went together. The Queen received us with great kindness, and kept us with her for about three-quarters of an hour talking on every imaginable subject, Politics, Art, Travels, etc.; she struck us as being very well informed. We were rather at a loss to know to what to attribute the distinction thus shown us. They say she is very fond of

English people, and always shows them all the attention she can. She was quite alone, dressed very simply in black velvet. After this visit we called on Mme. Bisschop to take leave. We were to have left The Hague in the morning, but C.S. did not feel well enough.

19th. A bright morning which has since turned to a cold rain. Van Minden had in our absence on Tuesday been here about M. Casteel's Enamels. It appears he gave 350. florins for them, which is 50. more than we authorised, but he was willing if we disapproved to keep them himself. We telegraphed to him to bring them to-day, and he has just been here, and given us a long and almost unintelligent talk, partly English, French, Dutch, German, etc.

20th: Very cold with showers of rain and hail. Out in the morning. Called at Van Gelder's, Munchen's, Sarlin's, de Maan's, etc. Left our names at the Palace and cards for the agreeable Dames d'Honneur, the Countesses Limberg and Stirum. We are preparing for an early start to-morrow. We send off our least valuable goods by sea, and we carry our treasures with us. Long letter to-night from Henry Layard.

21st. Up soon after 5. Left The Hague by the 8.30. train. A bright morning but rather cold. We had written to appoint Van Minden to meet us at the boat that carries passengers across from Rotterdam to the opposite railway station. We were to have paid him for the Enamels, and to have seen some other things he had to show us. However, as he did not appear, I suppose our letter failed to reach him. At Antwerp we left the train; there was an interval of some two hours between one train and another. Of this we availed ourselves to go into the town, and to take with us the pieces rejected from our Collection, which we had lately withdrawn from Utrecht, and put them in the hands of Eva Krug, who is to have a sale at Terbruggen's at the end of the month,

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She is a lively energetic woman and entered readily into our views. The specimens are but trifling, only some £10. worth, but they may as well be converted, as every little helps, and the expenses of collecting are great. Having taken the next train to Brussels, we arrived there soon after 4. C.S. and I walked up from the station, paying a visit on our way to Mme. Stroobant; she had not met with anything for us since we were there last: Found, on reaching the Hôtel Mengelle, a note from Mr. Lumley, from which, to our dismay, we gathered that he had expected us to dine with him last Wednesday.

22nd. A very curious letter (forwarded to us from home) written by Hamilton of Metz, and giving an account of old M. Bertol, the amateur in whose collection we had discovered the Bristol figures. He writes to tell us that the old man, who was thought to be dying when we were at Metz in September, has quite recovered after having been given up by all the physicians. I should notice that the said "Hamilton" was a teacher at Metz, whose occupations as such have fallen off since the war, and who has since betaken himself to acting as guide to persons visiting the battlefields. We had begged him to keep an eye on M. Bertol's collection, intending, if a sale took place, on his death, to endeavour to secure the Bristol figures.

23rd. Walked about Brussels and visited several of the shops. Marynen had done nothing about our vases (see March 5). At Papillon's we laid out £4. on prints. We found nothing at any of the shops, but happening to call at Polonet's we heard that a sale was going on at the Rue de Perse, and thither we went. We were amused at the scene. The sale consisted entirely of dealers' goods, chiefly, I believe, Polonet's. There was a pretty good attendance, but the things seemed very second rate, and the prices wretched.

C.S. espied a printed Battersea box, very handsome, but a little imperfect; he asked to look at it, and having done so inquired when it would come to be sold. They told us there was no regular order of proceeding, that anything could be put up at once if any of the company wished to compete for it, and accordingly, at our request, the Battersea box was at once offered up. It became our property at 37½ francs (30/-) including the 10 per cent. which here falls upon the purchaser. We came away well pleased with our bargain. Wrote letters in the evening to Christie's, W. Smith (about sales), Van Minden, etc.

24th. M. Pourbaix called in while we were at breakfast; we had telegraphed to him to say we would go over to Tournai to see him to-morrow. We took the train a little before 12, and went over to Ghent. We found very little at the shops. At Hulstart's we bought an Oriental tea-pot, so like the Worcester that one must have been copied from the other (12/-), and at Laetre's a very good salt glazed stoneware plate, 3/6. We went on to de Buyser's in the Marché au Beurre to look at a Louis XVI. room that he has for sale at £2000. There are tapestry wall-hangings, chairs, sofas, carpets, etc., very pretty but rather faded, a handsome white marble chimney-piece, parquet floors, all complete, but the price seems to me egregious. All the dealers were thronging to a sale, so we went to it. In a large and dark place, resembling a barn, we found Massin, the auctioneer, surrounded by a crowd of people, eagerly competing for some worthless and insignificant bits of china. We could not get any view of what was coming on for sale. It appears to have been the property of an amateur dealer called De Leu (or some such name), who is moving to Brussels. We stayed but a short time; it was a curious sight; out of doors, on a large dresser, were arranged the different Lots as they were sold,



the names of the buyers being chalked where they stood. De Clerc, whose shop we went to, was out, and altogether, though very pleasant, our day was not very productive. Got back for a late dinner, which we took very agreeably at one of the little round tables à part. Reading, writing, working, this evening. Sat up making calculations till midnight.

25th. We were up again soon after 5, and down at 7, when we set off on foot for the Gare du Midi, and, by walking extremely fast (almost beyond my pace), arrived just in time to take the express to Tournai at 7.35. On arriving there our first care was to go to the Inn and get breakfast. Looked into one of the fine old Churches on our way. After breakfast, we proceeded by appointment to our friend, Pourbaix, and he, as beforehand promised, took us to see a friend of his, M. Charles Vasseur, an artist and also an "Amateur Marchande", who lives a little way out of the town, at a place called Froyennes. We had a charming walk to his house, passing through the public walks, and every now and then stopping to look back at the fine view of Tournai, and its Cathedral with five spires. M. Vasseur is a modest intelligent man, of very fine taste. He had a great many pretty things for sale, and we made two or three very acceptable purchases of him. When we left his house, M. Pourbaix took us to see the old Bridge, and we returned by the Church of S. Nicholas and S. Brice. M. Pourbaix insisted on our taking some wine when we got back to his house, and after a regular hob-nobbing with him, we had to go over all his collection again. We managed to find two objects to suit us, and then we took our leave of him after spending a most agreeable morning, and went down to the station in time for the 3.50. train back to Brussels. Walked up from the station to the Hotel, going into the Cathedral on our way. Found a telegram from Huntly asking us to buy for him the screen we

had seen at The Hague. Also a letter from Van Gorkum to tell us the ladies declined to sell their Worcester service at all; he mentioned some Chelsea candlesticks that were to be sold at Utrecht, but of course his letter reached us too late for us to do anything about them. We leave this part of the country for Metz. I must not leave the subject of Tournai without quoting a couplet from a patois song which Pourbaix repeated to us, "Tournai est bâtie sur roc, J'n'ai *nuc quin* (?) s'en va qui ne rattrotte", which is to be interpreted that no one that has ever been there fails to return to it. I endorse the sentiments.

26th. C.S. went out after breakfast to fetch away our vases from Marynen's, and to call and see Mr. Lumley, to whom he explained the mistake about our dining with him. We came back only in time for us to proceed to the Luxembourg station, where we took the 12.25. train for Metz. We reached Metz about 10. Put up, as before, at the Hôtel de l'Europe.

27th. Another most delightful day. We were out from breakfast till dinner at six. Went first to Denner's; he had got into the train where we were the day before, and showed us some Höchst figures he had been buying at Brussels. We found nothing with him, but at Renard's got a pair of Dresden cups and saucers, dark blue ground, Caduceus mark, and a wonderful bowl and ladle of S. Clement pottery, also with a blue ground and painted with birds. We also picked up one or two prints of Boucher in the town. At about one o'clock we made our great visit to M. Bertol, who was at home and politely showed us over his collection. We looked again wistfully at his three Bristol figures, but see no hope of our ever getting them. He considers them Tournai, and is inclined to think they are modern! Going down the Rue Magelle we came to a curious old Church with a Norman



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Tower, the Columns without Imposts, and the Apse very fine. From this point we went on to one of the gates and took a very pleasant ramble outside the Walls, returning by the German Gate with its interesting Arcades and twin towers. The machinery for raising the portcullis still remains there. Looked into the Church S. Eucaire. Early and very good. After dinner C.S. went out to get a little Battersea writing-box, which we had seen in the morning at the Rue de Magelle, Dennery's.

28th. Breakfast at 8. Took the train soon after 9 for Verdun, where we arrived after 12. and spent some hours very agreeably. It was sad to see all the graves as we went through the battlefield of S. Privat, and in Verdun itself the first thing that caught our attention was a small burying-place full of those who had fallen in the war. We walked from the train into the town. Looked at the remarkable view from the upper terrace and then went into the Cathedral, which is finely placed but is most disappointing. The Towers are comparatively modern and in vile taste, and the interior has been ruthlessly spoilt. There are some beautiful traces of Romanesque work at the exterior of the Apse. Most part of Verdun is dirty and cramped, but there are some good streets, and altogether we were pleased with its quaintness, though but little that is antique remains. As we went down the principal street, I happened to go into a watchmaker and silversmith's shop to make some inquiries; he confirmed what I had already heard, that Verdun possessed no *Marchand d'Antiquités*, but he showed me a locket composed of a piece of crystal de roche, cut with the head of the Saviour and set in gold. It had been richly enamelled, but that is much rubbed. He said it had been found with some coins in digging at the neighbouring château of Monkairon, and it was evidently of Cinquecento origin; we gave him what he

asked, 100 francs, and believed it to be worth much more. This was a curious and pleasant chance to have befallen us. From Boivin's we went on to the Trois Maures, and ordered some dinner to be prepared while we went on to see the collection of a M. Scevance, to which we had been directed. We found it to consist entirely of French faience, and some Chinoise, all of a very mediocre description. He had one good thing, a piece of Venetian enamel, which he said he got from a peasant who had been a soldier in the Russian Campaign and he brought it home with him thence. He would not put a price on it or it would have tempted us, though one side was much damaged. Having dined very comfortably, we went in search of the house of M. Buvigny, whose collection we were told was very large indeed (he had inherited from a certain Abbé Clouet, who died some two years ago). Near the house we met Mme. Buvigny, who was pointed out to us; she said her husband was from home, that it was *she* who collected china, but that nothing had been arranged or unpacked since the late siege, so she could not show it us, but would do so if we came again. We were near the station, where we waited till time to return to Metz, 4.25., a very slow tedious train, not arriving till 8. The Douane takes an immense time; we, of course had no baggage to trouble us, but at the French frontier they made very particular inquiries as to our names, etc., all which they noted down. Not so in returning through the German Douane. We have now fetched away all our new purchases from Renard's, which he had packed for us. He thinks highly of our Cinquecento ornament. Letter from Ivor to-day. I should notice that of all the Détenus sent here by Napoleon at the beginning of the century, one still remains alive, a certain Mr. Nichol, now about 85, who married a French woman and settled at Verdun; he now resides a few miles from the town. His

wife was a relation of the man of whom we bought our Crystal de Roche.

29th. At one, by appointment, M. Bertol came to return our visit. We had set out some of our best acquisitions to show him, and he fell in love with the two Chelsea figures, boy and girl with cock and hen, which we had seen at Marynen's last October, and which Genie had bought for us during the course of the winter. So we proposed an exchange with him for his Bristol "T<sup>o</sup>" figures, which he persists in calling Tournai, and "moderne". To this he acceded after making many protestations that we were making "*une mauvaise affaire*", which we told him by no means to consider as we were perfectly content, and indeed we were more than content—we were surprised and delighted. He promised to send his servant with the said figures in the course of the afternoon; we concluded that he meant we should have them all three, but when the servant came he brought only the two male figures, Earth and Fire. This led to a little explanation, a little less pleasant but very courteous. M. Bertol gave us the offer of breaking off the bargain, and we proposed a still further exchange for the third figure, but he said he wished to keep one specimen of Tournai, so there was nothing more to be said, and it was a great relief to us when the servant came back in the last place, with the beautiful figure of Water, saying that it was indifferent to M. Bertol which two we chose out of the lot, so that he kept his one specimen, so it ended in Fire and Water remaining with us, which we carry off with no small delight, and we hope and believe that M. Bertol is equally pleased. We little hoped for such valuable acquisitions when we saw them first (Sept. 18.) or when we came here two days ago. I was not out all day; there was a high wind and it was cold. Hamilton called in the evening.

30th. Again up early. Left Metz soon after 9., travelling through a beautiful and picturesque country, diversified by Iron Works and Roman Aqueduct remains, along the valley of the Moselle, forming a great contrast to the flat ugly plains we had traversed between Amanvillers and Verdun two days ago. All the slopes covered with vineyards in summer, it must be quite lovely. Reached Nancy about 11. Set out as soon as possible to visit the shops. There are only four here worth looking into—Le Guay's, Dumont's, Lazard-Levi, and Hammerduigue. They had very little, but we made some small purchases; we went once again to look at Picard's Collection, and found the old gentleman, whom we met near his house, and who turned back with us, very surly, but anxious to sell, or, as he termed it, to "exchange". He had one solitary Chelsea group, very fine in quality but with one arm made up; he insisted on calling it Saxe; as we had nothing to exchange with him, he condescended to name 100 francs for it; we took time to consider. Visited the small shops, purchased a fine, but imperfect, white Mennecy group of three boys, of May, Rue Equitation; called at Buquet's the gilder (see Sept. 20th.), who had nothing for us, and returned about 5 to our Hotel. Table d'hôte at 6. After it we went up again to M. Picard's to conclude for the little Chelsea figure, a girl with flowers in her apron and a lamb at her feet. We found the old man in ecstasies over some Louis XV. candlesticks he had just bought and for which he was bespeaking the admiration of his son. Letter from Gorkum, saying the Chelsea candlesticks (see March 25) had sold for some 400 to 500 florins (some £40), which seems to us almost incredible, but these "objets d'art" are rising in value everywhere! The French douane was very indulgent to us to-day; it wrote down our names, but did not make us unpack any of our antiquities.



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31st. Left Nancy soon after 9. Dined at Vesoul, where we had to stop an hour and a half; reached Besançon about 8. Hôtel du Nord, very comfortable. Took a stroll out in the evening, clear moonlight night.

### APRIL 1874

BESANÇON : DOLE : DIJON : LAUSANNE : GENEVA : BOURG :  
PARIS

April 1st. First of all we sought for the shops, of which we found one or two, but not very promising; culled one or two small pieces, but nothing of any importance. We found some ware (a turkey-cock, man, etc.) at Edouard's, a hair-dresser in the Rue Moncet, and a pretty good print-shop, Pelligaro, in the Grande Rue, where we invested in one or two pieces after Boucher. The principal shop in the town is Peauliet's in the Market Place. He had a fine Strasbourg ware vessel, very large, painted in groups of flowers, armorial bearings, etc., lettered "Tabac", for which he wanted £20. It is the best piece of this ware that we have seen. At a little shop, Brandt's, Rue de Clos, we got a small enamel snuff box; at Peauliet's a little Chelsea cow, but I should say that Besançon was a very hopeless place for antiquities. We went to see an amateur, but he had left the town, and his collection was not in our line. So much for our chasse! But with the town itself we were perfectly delighted. We walked about till 4., looked at the Palais Granville, visited the Musée, containing pictures of Granville by Gaetano, and of his father. Went into a very curious and interesting Cathedral, passing the find Roman Arch and the other Roman remains on the way, and went up to the Citadel in hopes of a more extended view than we obtained, but at four we took a carriage for an hour, and drove out of the town in the opposite direction,



THE TWO TOP SHELVES AND THE LOWEST SHELF SHOW INTERESTING  
 EXAMPLES OF LONGTON HALL PRODUCTIONS. SOME EXAMPLES OF THIS  
 WARE WERE CONSIDERED TO BE AND BOUGHT BY LADY CHARLOTTE AS  
 BOW, BUT LATER SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH ATTRIBUTES THEM TO THE LONGTON  
 HALL WORKS. THE THIRD SHELF CONTAINS SOME EXTREMELY INTERESTING

LIVERPOOL PORCELAIN  
*The Schreiber Collection*





towards the railway station, whence we had most charming prospects.

2nd. Up very early and away before breakfast to Dôle. Breakfasted at the buffet, where we left Dell with the luggage, etc., while we walked into the town; again it was lovely weather, very warm. We went in search of an antiquaire, named Michel, who had been recommended to us, and being directed to a house a little way out of the town, had a long walk among the vineyards and gardens and by the side of the river (the Doubs) before we found it. Michel was away, but his brother-in-law, whose name proved to be Du Quesne, and who told us that his father was the head of that family, took us to the magasin in the town, where we saw little besides some very good old furniture. Went back to the buffet for dinner at 2, and afterwards went on to Dijon, where we arrived about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6. We employed the little daylight that remained in a friendly visit to Tagini's; at Cazet's we got a pretty double group in Mennecy biscuit, marked D.V.; nothing at the other shops. Poor Mme. Hartmann, Place S. Jean, told us a sad story of her husband having been killed in the War.

3rd. Again this morning we were up early, and leaving Dell and our heavy luggage at Dijon, set out on one of our little explorations by a train starting before 9; stopped at Mâcon. A Sergeant de Ville directed us to a small shop in the Rue Joséphine; here we heard of two other shops in the Rue Rabuteau, but they were very inferior. One of them, Pillon, gave us the names of some of the amateurs in the place. We visited the collection of Mdlle. Ronot, whose house it was a treat to see. She has many pictures, of which I am no judge [Lady Charlotte frequently mentions that she does not understand pictures, but she bought a great number of old works after her first marriage, many of which are excellent and now supplement the fine collection which Sir

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Henry Layard made for the galleries and reception-rooms at Canford], two very pretty statuettes of Clodion, which are said to be very valuable (terra-cotta), and a good deal of French faience, everything beautifully arranged; I was pleased to have this glimpse of a French interior. Another amateur, M. Muraed, was absent. We strolled down towards the river Saône, and on our way went into the Rue Dombey, where we were delighted with an old wooden house with most quaint decorations; we were told afterwards, it was said to have belonged to Francis I., which is likely, from there being Salamanders carved among other monsters on the cornices. Looked at the ruined towers of the Cathedral, S. Vincent, destroyed at the Revolution: then we called upon another amateur, Capt. Otton, an exporter of wines; a curious piece of Italian faience, decorated with my initials, C.E.S., took our fancy, and he sold it to us, but it cost us £2. We also invested in a lace cover, with alternate squares of lace and linen, which are said to be used in cases of Baptisms. Capt. Otton exports to England, and knows many people we know. Mme. Otton paints charmingly on china, imitating the various styles in a marvellous manner. This reminds me that on returning to our Hotel the previous evening, we passed a shop which exhibited some magnificent examples of faience. Some of them immense plates, painted with landscapes in a fine blue, one of them signed Belin, who, it appears, is an architect, who did this en amateur. The faience itself was made by Mr. Lavalley (see 29 April of last year). I am sorry to say that having had great losses, M. Lavalley has closed the works, the productions of which are most remarkable. Each of the large plates cost £10., which seems very little, for they are miracles of potting and effective in colour. Capt. Otton insisted on going back to the station with us, where we dined, and then went on by a "Train

directe " which brought us to Geneva by midnight. Hôtel de la Paix.

4th. Went first to see poor old Flamank, whom we found in bed ; he has been suffering, and seemed half starved. We promised to return next day ; he had been in that state ever since Christmas, without having a human being to exchange a word of kindness with him. After this we went the round of the shops, but made no purchases, and, soon after 4 took the train to Lausanne. Visited Baud's shop, which is now quite one of the best that exists on the Continent. He himself has improved in tone since we saw him last year (April 23rd). Bought a fine pair of Battersea candlesticks, a lovely milk pot and cover of Vienna enamel, and a small Battersea box (imperfect) for £5. 12. We had intended to dine at the Hôtel Gibbon and to return to Geneva at night, but to our disgust we found that we had been misinformed about the trains, the last of which left about 7. o'clock, then long past. We had no sort of luggage, so we had to manage to pass the night as best we could. Not a very refreshing sleep ; roused again at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6. and off before 8. to Geneva again.

Easter Sunday, 5th. Arrived at 10. Breakfasted. The rain, heavier than ever, lasted till dinner-time, 5.30. We went to try to search out some better quarters for poor old Flamank. Called on the clergyman, but he was out. Then went and sat with Mr. Flamank for about an hour. Since dinner we have walked up to the clergyman's, and were lucky enough to find him. He seems a very nice person, his name Dr. Quilter, and he promises his assistance for our poor friend. We are very glad that we determined on this little journey, for *his* sake, as I do not know what would have become of him if we had not intervened.

6th. Bought a pair of enamel salt-cellars of Picard, and hunted about generally. Went again on the Rampe de la

Treille, where we enjoyed the beautiful view, and walked about a little while. Ended by a farewell visit to poor Mr. Flamank. We have put him under the charge of Dr. Quilter, who called on us this morning and with whom we have concerted measures for his future. After 3. we left Geneva, having taken some luncheon at the buffet opposite the Gare. The country very pretty and mountainous up to about Ambérieu, where we change carriages for Bourg, which we reached between 7. and 8. Hôtel de l'Europe, very homely and very clean. Amused by the peasants who came for their meals in the *salle à manger* while we were taking our very indifferent supper.

7th. Called at 6.30. As soon as breakfast was over we went out to explore. Found a jeweller who has evidently good things sometimes, though nothing now. At a rival jeweller's we got a very pretty little modern enamelled *bonbonnière* of the local manufacture (Emaux Brepans). Drew blank the only curiosity shop (Couvert, Rue Neuve), and then called on the Receveur-Général, M. Quingran, who very politely showed us his small, but very interesting collection, all most beautifully arranged, and set off by all the surroundings. It is a great treat to us to get a glimpse of these pretty French interiors. This visit over, we walked to la Brou, which was our object in stopping at Bourg. We were perfectly delighted with the Church and the monuments of Margaret of Austria, Philibert of Savoy, and his mother. I think they exceed anything I have ever seen, including Mary of Burgundy and Charles Téméraire at Bruges, Philip and Jean Sans Peur at Dijon, the Catholic Kings at Granada, and that of their young son near Burgos. We were perfectly enchanted, and C.S. has been studying the history of the Church and of its foundress ever since. On our way back looked into a "Poterie" where they are making terra-cotta



objects in the vilest taste. Went into the more modern church within the town—1600. The Nave good, and some grotesque predella in the Choir very original. Left Bourg at midday. Dijon before 6., in time for table d'hôte at the Hôtel de la Cloche.

8th. Went into the town a little after breakfast. Into the Cathedral, etc. Left Dijon after 2., a long tedious journey to Paris, dining at Tonnerre, where we arrived after 11. Hôtel Belard. Hat box left in cab, but happily restored next morning.

9th. We took a long walk through the town; Rue de Provence, Fournier, etc. and made a few purchases. Met M. Danvilliers at Flaudin's.

10th. Wedding-day. Went early to see M. Pourbaix, who had called the day preceding, and who had promised to show us a new shop. He was staying at his uncle's, also a dentist, M. Léon, a nice old man, who looked only half his 70 years, and who gave us some interesting particulars of the siege. They both walked with us to the promised shop, which turned out to be no other than our old friend Oppenheim's, Rue Aboukir, now changed to No. 60. We got there a lovely little Chelsea bibelot, in the form of a bodkin case, surmounted with a female head, and very richly gilt. After we left them we went to the Quai Voltaire, where we spent a long afternoon and made many purchases, but had not money with us to bring them away. It turned to heavy rain and was not pleasant weather, but we enjoyed our chasse very much nevertheless. Vinot, with whom we found a beautiful Chelsea bibelot and a remarkable Battersea box, lent us an umbrella, and so we went on till dinner-time.

11th. Got money at Arthur's [then a well-known banker in Paris], and went and reclaimed yesterday's purchases, to which we added a few more things. Paris never seemed to

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have so much for us; a good étui at Worms', etc., a few prints in various places, but nothing very remarkable. Dined to-night with the Danvilliers, and had a most delightful evening with them looking over their treasures. An old Spanish woman came in who had brought over some things for sale.

12th. Went to consult Pourbaix about a piece of Tournai, which we had picked up, but which he condemned as modern. Looked in at the Hôtel Drouot; nothing for us; saw there old Hockster, the courier-dealer, and had a long talk with him. Afterwards spent an hour and a half at the Louvre, till it closed at 4.: all the time in the Salle d'Apollon, amid the gems and enamels—a rich treat. Marquis d'Azeglio there.

Monday. 13th. After writing letters, got out early, and by 11. were with old Hockster to see a cup and saucer which he had bought for Worcester, but which we found to be very indifferent and modern French. We went on to a number of shops in the Quartier of the Rue Lafayette, etc. Called to see Palmeroli, but only found his wife at home; he at the Atelier. Got something at Topena's, and went on to their neighbour Durand's, where we are to call to see more to-morrow. It came on to rain so hard that about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 2. we took a carriage and drove for the next 4 hours, Boulevard Beaumarchais, etc. Went to see Mdme. de Boiss, whom we found established in an old house which had belonged to Cardinal Richelieu, in the Rue Bretonvilliers, Isle S. Louis, very handsomely decorated. Her prices are magnificent to correspond; and we need never trouble her with another visit. Thence to Mme. Floriot's, Rue Tronchet, who is quite as exorbitant. She asked us £14. for a pair of small Chelsea figures, one of which is duplicate with the little boy we bought in Paris on the 15th of April last year for 15/-; and nearly £2. for one of the Mennecy custard cups which

we are in the habit of getting for 5/-. After this we called at Nelson's, where everything is dearer than last year; and then to Tabouret's, in the same street, Rue Pasquier, where we got three charming enamel boxes very reasonably. This completed our long day's work and we were back by 7.

14th. After breakfast, went to the Hôtel Bristol, where Ivor and Cornelia had arrived in the night, to be present at Randolph Churchill's wedding: arranged with Ivor for our meeting later in the afternoon, and then returned to our rooms to prepare for receiving Mons. and Mme. Danvilliers, who came punctually at 1. He gave high praise to our purchases, especially our faience bowl, and our fine Battersea enamels. We brought to show him Ivor's Limoges enamels of the Passion, which he proclaimed to be perfectly genuine, of the time of François Premier, and worth about £240. They were with us about  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour, and then we waited till Ivor came about 3. He was, I think, equally pleased with all we had bought, especially with the 7 Bristol figures, which were duly set out for his special benefit. They are wonderful! While we were looking over our little treasure Mr. Marsh came in, and when he was gone Ivor walked out with us. Took him to Oppenheim's, and to Bellmot, Boulevard des Capucines. Bourdelay's was shut. All home by 7. Palmeroli came to see us in the evening, after which we went to a dull party at a friend of Mr. Marsh's, Mr. Montgomery. Miss McGrouder sang.

15th. We had a long ramble to-day among the Paris shops; Tabouret, Nelson, all the Boulevard Haussmann, and Mme. Beavan. We bought a good deal, first and last, especially from Mme. Beavan, with whom we laid out £34. We went back with our hands full to our Hotel, and having taken a bit of bread (during which interval Cornelia came in

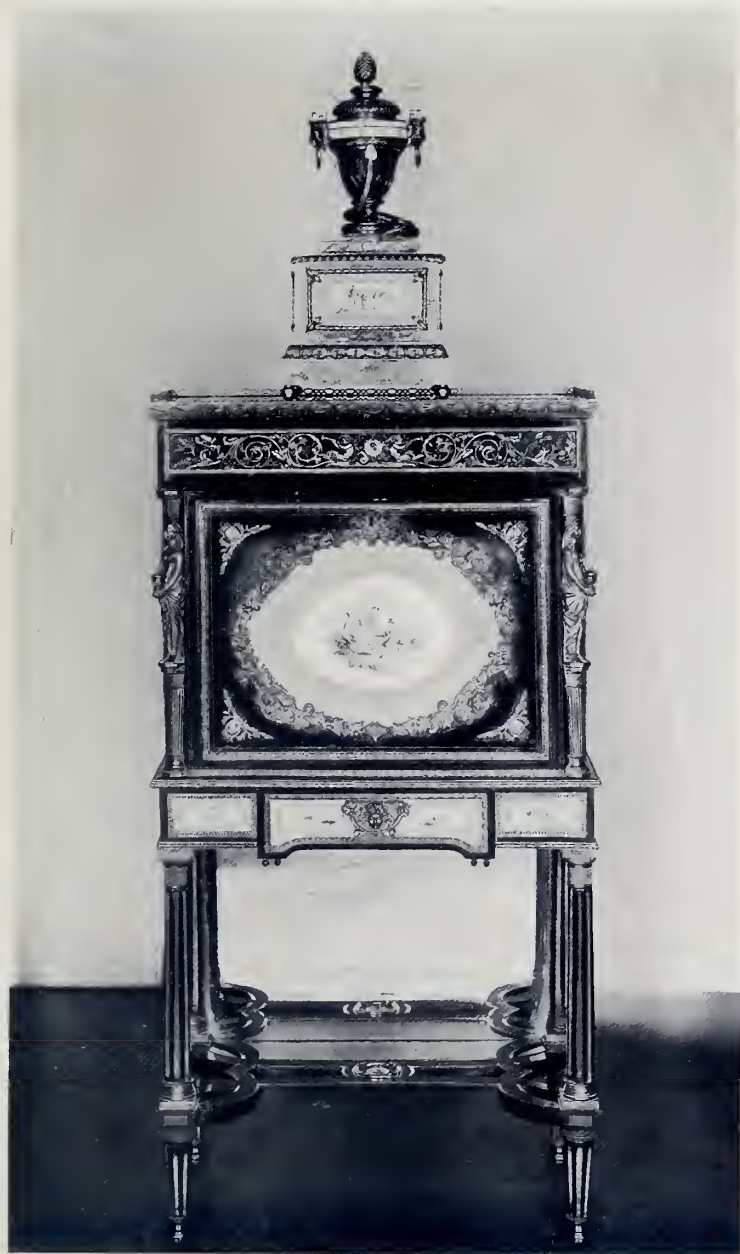
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to see us) we set out again among the shops in the Rue St. Lazare, Fournier's, etc., and found a good deal more.

16th. We gave up this day to Ivor, and I drove with him from 11. to 2. Afterwards we dined with Ivor and Cornelia, Clemmy [the late Marchioness of Camden, mother of present Marquis] and Lord George Pratt at the Palais Royale, a grand bad dinner, and very expensive.

17th. Our last day's shopping, and packing up. Ivor dined with us at the Hotel, and we were very happy.

18th. The next morning we were off early; we were anxious to be back by this date, as Edkins's sale of his Bristol china came on on the 21st and following day, and we should have been sorry to miss it.



LOUIS XVI CABINET IN EBONY WITH SÈVRES DECORATIONS, SURMOUNTED BY  
 AN ELABORATE LOUIS XV SÈVRES AND ENAMEL TIME-PIECE WITH SÈVRES  
 PLAQUES AND GOUTHIERE MOUNTS  
*The Countess of Bessborough's Collection*





## NOTES CERAMIC

AUGUST TO OCTOBER 1874

BOULOGNE: AMIENS: ROUEN: DIEPPE: CLÈRES: JUMIÈGES:  
CAUDEBEC: LILLEBONNE: TANCARVILLE: ÉTRETAT: FÉCAMP:  
LISIEUX: CAEN: HONFLEUR: TROUVILLE: BERNAY: BAYEUX:  
COUTANCES

August 1874.

11th. Left London by the Charing Cross Station at 7. for Folkestone, where we embarked at 9.10. for Boulogne. A very bright sky and a very high wind—unparalleled for the time of year—which gave us an exceedingly rough passage of upwards of two hours. I laid down below, but did not *quite* escape malaise, and was truly grateful when we were safely landed. We were nearly two hours in Boulogne, and had ample time, and to spare, to visit Delaunay, Veniet, and Coste, in the Rue de l'Eau, but they had nothing to suit the least fastidious. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 1. we went on to Amiens, where again we had a considerable time to stop, and where we walked into the town and called on Potentier, and the shop in the Passage de la Comédie, but found nothing. We went on about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 5. and reached Rouen about 9. The Hôtel Albion was full, which I was not sorry for, so we went to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where we are very comfortable though we have four flights to mount to our rooms.

12th. We visited with much pleasure, and some profit, the old house removed to the vicinity of the Tower of S. André, and the Hôtel de Bourghéroude (with its interesting Bas-reliefs of the "Champ du Drap d'Or"), the Tour de la

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Grosse Horloge, the Palais de Justice, which we went over, and the Cathedral, where we lingered long. As we returned to the Hotel we looked at the exterior of St. Ouen, not having time to stop, and spoke to M. le François (Rue de Robec), whose curiosity shop, like that of Billian, whom C.S. called on this morning, seems to be as ill provided as possible, having nothing but French faience of doubtful antiquity.

13th. Down at about 10. o'clock. Went out. Wind still high, but the weather pleasant. Delighted at finding out the old Palais of the Dukes of Normandy, the Haute Vieille Tour. On each side of the entrance are long Halls or chambers, supported on massive round columns, now used for merchandise. The Palace seems to have been built round a quadrangle with these vast chambers on the four sides. It is said that the name of Rollo is still to be seen inscribed in one of them. Tradition assigns this building as the spot in which King John murdered his nephew Arthur. When we had roamed about this building for some time, we went to St. Ouen, entered it and admired its unmixed architecture, and still more admired the Norman Tower attached to its North transept, which is seen from the gardens of the Hôtel de Ville. Then we went to the Museum of Antiquities, which is very fine, but where we were made unhappy by seeing some pieces of faience in the Italian style, attributed to Denys Dorio in Pottier's book, and reminded us so much of a certain bottle, which C.S. bought at Rotterdam and we have since discarded, that we became certain we had made a great mistake and sacrificed something very valuable. These things will happen to the best regulated collectors, but, Alas! [The full and happy story of this bottle is told at the end of the 2nd volume.] Billian's shop, where we also called, is another source of regret to us, as we overlooked there, five years ago, a Vincennes cup all but unique, of which we did not

then know the value; again, Alas! We returned to our Hotel about 3. Found that young Richard Glyn had come there. He is to be with us for a short time as he is taking his holiday. He arrived at Havre this morning, and came to join us here. After he had lunched, he went out with us. We went to S. Maclou. Beautiful stair to Organ loft. Then to the Cathedral, where we spent nearly the rest of the afternoon. Remarkable stairs to Library. Tombs of the husband of Anne de Poitiers, Louis II. de Brézé, and of the two Cardinals Amboise, which one can never be tired of looking at. Effigies of Richard Cœur de Lion and his brother Henry, etc.

14th. Left Rouen for the day by a train that *should* have started before noon, but did not get off till  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour later, and did not reach Dieppe till  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 1. We walked along the Grande Rue, and went into one or two very uninteresting curiosity shops, where it would not seem as if they could ever have anything. At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 2 we got a carriage and drove to see Lord Salisbury at Puy. He has built a grand Château there, beautifully situated for the sea-bathing and very picturesque. Fortunately we found Lady Salisbury at home and I saw my little grandson, Augustus Alderson, who is staying with them. Lady Salisbury gave us luncheon, and, what was more acceptable, a great deal of advice as to our future movements. On leaving her we drove to Arques, where we were delighted with the remains of the old Castle, and all its associations; Henri Quatre and his struggle for the Crown. We lingered there so late that we had only just time, in driving back to Dieppe, to catch the 7.30. train for Rouen. Reached our destination after 9., took some coffee at the buffet, and then returned to our Hotel, as we had left it in the morning, on foot.

Saturday, 15th. Arranged to go to Clères, according to the recommendation of Lady Salisbury, and so we made for a midday train. On our way we went to St. Ouen. The

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Service was going on for the Assumption ; the church quite full, and the music magnificent. We had not much time to stay, but went on to the station, where the crowd was wonderful, but we got off in due time. Went through all that pretty scenery again to get to Clères, on reaching which we got to the Château ; the concierge at the Lodge gave us no hope of gaining admission, but we met a domestic who took in our cards, and a civil message to the lady of the house, and so we were permitted to see everything. We spent a very pleasant hour at Clères. It belongs to the family of Béarn, descendants (?) of Henri IV., and possesses several souvenirs of him. Monograms in the walls, etc. The old part was very good and interesting. A modern salle, built by the last Count, was so badly constructed that it is already, at the end of some half-dozen years, pronounced unsafe, and is to be taken down. Some tiles, resembling tiles on the floor of the Château d'Arques, caught my attention. I should be glad to interpret them. C.S. went round the old ruin of the fortress, which stands picturesquely hard by, and walking a little way in the Park, we went back to the village, looked into the rude church, and then returned to the railway, by which we got back betimes to Rouen. (I should have mentioned that in the dining-room at Clères there is a buffet with odds and ends of china, and among them a fine Palissy dish, ornamented with Fleurs-de-lis.) On our way back to our Hotel we made a detour to the Church of S. Gervais ; we found it overflowing, as there had been a ceremony, and evidently a very splendid one for the feast of the Assumption. We came in just for the closing scene, which was very brilliant, with priests, and vestments, and music, and hundreds of candles, which, in a few minutes, we had the satisfaction of seeing *fanned* out, and then we preferred our request to be shown the famous crypt, in which the early Christians



worshipped, a great contrast to the magnificence we had just witnessed above.

16th. Early breakfast, after which we drove across the water, through St. Sever to Sotteville, where in a rude building attached to the railway works we attended Divine Service. There was a congregation of about a dozen people. An Irish clergyman officiated ; I think his name was Briscoe. A Fair was going on in the streets of Sotteville, reminding me of the " Feasts " held in most parts of Lincolnshire on the Sundays following the day of the Patron Saint of the Church. Ours at Uffington used to be after the feast of S. Michael. We luckily found an omnibus which took us back to Rouen, for it was very hot walking.

17th. Up very early. Walked across the bridge, and took the railway, Rive Gauche, at 9.10. By this we reached in due time the Station S. Pierre, where an omnibus waited to take us on to the Petit Andelys. I went inside, and found it hot and crowded, and generally disagreeable. C.S. and Richard outside. The bridge crossing the Seine was in course of reconstruction (not having been fully restored since it was broken down on the approach of the Prussians) and we had to proceed at a foot's pace. The country beautiful, steep rocks on our left and fertile valleys on our right. We looked into the Church of Petit Andelys, interesting as all these Norman Churches are, and then we clambered up the Château Gaillard, of many memories. Looked into a shop of wooden sabots, where a woman showed us a curious old key. Tried two jewellers' shops and an old broker's in a vain search for something old and curios. The most remarkable thing we met with was the Hotel (Grand Cerf) to which we went to dinner. Here the innkeeper had devoted his life to collecting objects of antiquity, good and bad ; and the house was a complete Museum. I envied some

Renaissance tiles, let into the floor, but there was little in our line of research. A quantity of Rouen Pottery on the walls, and furniture, but most of them very poor. The Innkeeper is dead, his widow talks of selling everything, even the house, which is a charming specimen of the domestic architecture of the Renaissance period. The large fireplace very fine. We went into the Church while our dinner was preparing, and were much pleased with it. There is the best group of the Entombment that I ever saw. A curious rude representation of the Château Gaillard in a single block of stone, and a fine receptacle for Holy Water, like a highly enriched turret. We returned to an indifferent dinner, and then went on by omnibus to Gaillon. This time I went with C.S. on the banquette, and enjoyed the fine views. The bridge being broken down, our omnibus was driven straight into the boat at the Ferry, and so, with no sort of rail or protection, to prevent our horses stepping in the Seine, we got across to the station of Gaillon.

18th. We set off for a little excursion in the Haute Normandie, which took three days. We took with us as little luggage as possible, leaving our heavy luggage and the maid at Rouen. We made rather a grand start in an open landau with a pair of horses, and before leaving the town armed ourselves with Hachette's *Normandy*, which we found very useful. We left the Hotel at 10. o'clock. The weather perfect, neither too hot nor too cold. The view as we ascended the hill overlooking Rouen most magnificent. Our first point was S. Georges de Boscherville, in wonderful preservation, where we were much interested by the adjoining Chapter-house, in which they were putting windows when we arrived, by the order of Abbé Cocher, Director of the Museum, of whom we have heard so much. A large house, near the Church, was inhabited, they said, by three families, a rentier,

a douanier, and another. The wife of the latter was to be buried to-day ; we had seen the black vestments preparing. They said he had broken her heart by spending all their money at billiards and dominoes. Passing through the village of Duclair we came to the beautiful ruin of Jumièges. Here our horses rested while we went into the Abbey ; it must have been fine indeed ! The remains are well cared for by the proprietor, who has turned part of the gatehouse into a pretty dwelling for himself ; there is the slab which once covered the heart of Agnes Sorel, also the monument of " Les Enervés ", sons of Clovis II. and Bathilde. From Jumièges we drove on to Caudebec ; dined at the Hôtel de la Marine, which is near the water ; while our dinner, which was not a very charming one, was preparing, we went to the Church, which has some fine points, but could not excite our admiration much, after the grand old Norman and Early Gothic we had been revelling in during the morning. The Tower is the grandest feature with its border of fleurs-de-lis, and is very remarkable considering the later date at which the whole Church was built—but we were most delighted with the Renaissance glass. Some of the windows are most admirable, one of them, The Woman taken in Adultery, is dated 1532. Three others, the Israelites crossing the Red Sea, the Shower of Manna, and the Golden Calf—1534. It must not be forgotten that the sea is represented as perfectly scarlet, and the horses are floundering about in it beautifully. We had been recommended to sleep at Caudebec, but the Hotel was not inviting, so we managed to get a nice little open phaeton in which we got on to Lillebonne, and a delicious drive we had. It was getting late when we reached Lillebonne, so we set off to explore immediately. Went up to the old Castle, in the enceinte of which the present proprietor, a merchant, has built himself a very pretty modern château.

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He allows strangers to see everything and all seems well kept and preserved. We had gone into the Church on our first arrival; it has nothing remarkable but its fine spire. The Roman Theatre is well seen from the road; we could not go into it, but we were very happy at Lillebonne, so much so, that we determined to pass the night there, instead of going on to Bolbec, though the Inn did not look very grand. So we sat awhile on the bench outside, enjoying the evening air and watching the village children at play. Then we went in and took our coffee, and went early to bed. The rooms though small were very comfortable, the only drawback was that they were close to the Church, where bells were rung at inconvenient hours, but we were glad when they roused the household at 6, as we had to be off at 8 for a visit to Tancarville.

19th. A charming market cart, with a good sturdy horse, and a cheerful loquacious driver, had been provided for our trip. We went by a new road under the wooded hill, a very pretty drive. At the little Inn (Duttaire) we got the keys of the Castle, a little girl was our conductress, but she only opened the gate for us and left us to roam about by ourselves, as she knew nothing about the antiquities. We rambled about for some time, walked on the Terrace, scrambled into the Towers, where are still the remains of fireplaces in some, in others of prisons, and made out what we could of the plan of the building; but we were disappointed at not being allowed to go into the Tower, to which access was only to be had through the more recent Château, which is itself falling rapidly into decay. This last was said to be full of dogs—and we could see some of them through the crevices of the boarded-up windows. They howled fiercely as we passed. After spending an hour at the ruins we returned to the little Inn, were amused with a game, new to us, called *Toupie*, a

sort of indoor Ninepins, while our horse, now rested, was being got ready. Then we toiled up a steep hill, richly wooded, and had nearly reached the summit, when we discovered that Richard had left his umbrella behind. So we had to get back and found that he had put it down while trying the "Toupie", and so it had been forgotten. This was not our only contretemps, and it was lucky we had started in good time in the morning. In coming down the hill again, approaching Bolbec, our harness gave way, which caused another delay. We rested a few minutes at Bolbec, the view of which is lovely, and again, as we left it, another harness accident happened. However, we eventually reached the station of Beuzeville in safety, and in good time for our train. The drive had been a most delicious one, the weather perfect. From Beuzeville we went on by a train at about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 12, to a station some way on called Les Ifs, and then we joined an omnibus by which we went on to Etretat. I climbed once more on the banquette, and had a most pleasant drive. It is much the best way of seeing the country, though not so grand as the landau in which we had started. Etretat is such a pretty little watering-place, with such bright little villas and sweet-smelling gardens! The rocks at each entrance to the bay are grand, but I could not delight in the beach, which is all over rough shingle without any sand. We walked about a little and examined the sole curiosity shop, and then dined in a sort of auxiliary building at the back of the Inn, open to the court-yard; beautiful fruit; indeed I never saw anything like the fruit everywhere. After dinner we went on to the beach, and amused ourselves in watching the bathers, male and female. Then we went, for an hour, to the Casino, where C.S. was lucky in meeting with the *Times*, and where I sat and worked while he read it. It was about 6 o'clock when we left Etretat again for



Fécamp. This time we got a sort of coupé of the omnibus, just behind the driver, which was very snug, and held us three very comfortably. The road was not very interesting, and before we got to Fécamp (about 9) it was nearly dark, and we had all been asleep. The name of the Inn that had been indicated to us was the Chariot d'Or, and we laughed at the idea of our making so grand a termination to the day we had commenced in a market cart, but such promotion was not accorded us. The Chariot d'Or was nearly full, and the hostess wanted us to be content with rooms that were simply impossible. At last she was very rude and would not let her faquin carry our luggage for us to the other Inn, so off we trudged laden, though not very heavily, with our own packages, and betook ourselves to the Hôtel de France, where we met with a very different reception. The landlady is a charming, jovial old lady; she made no difficulties. Her house was nearly full, but she had one double-bedded room, and that would do for us all three. We demurred, and then she was so funny, that we all went into fits of laughter. Then she said her son would give up his room, but meanwhile a traveller had departed, and so, by degrees, everything was happily arranged to the satisfaction of all parties. We took our coffee, and went to bed.

20th. Not up very early. Our first move was to a curiosity, or rather an old furniture, shop, hard by, where we found some very grand and some very cheap wardrobes, and after a great deal of talk invested in three of them on our own account, at £13., and got two larger ones reserved for a few days (at £22.) to enable us to communicate with Ivor about them. All this took time; we then went to the Church; we were charmed with the Renaissance stone screens to the Chapels, which are of most delicate execution. Note also a most interesting bas-relief in one of the Chapels representing

the Nativity, etc., 11th century work. We went from the Church to the Museum of M. Lefrand, who is a manufacturer of a Liqueur called here "Benedictine". He has collected some curious things from the old Abbey and the neighbourhood—things which would have been lost but for his intervention. We were told of another amateur in the town, M. Martin, who lived Sous le Bois, and we went to his house, which was a very considerable Château. Unfortunately, however, both M. Martin and his wife were out. His collection, I believe, is of Faience. After a conference with the Banker, M. le Gros, about the payment for our Armoires, for which we placed the money in his hands, we went back to dinner. It was very good, and the old landlady, at the conclusion of it, brought us peaches which she said would "faire plaisir", and so we took our leave of her with much merriment and shaking of hands, and her son took us down to the railway station, by which we returned to Rouen, and arrived there in good time, say 10. o'clock, rive droite. C.S. and I walked down from the station. The trip to Haute Normandie was over! It had been very delightful.

21st. Left Rouen by the 9.10. train for Louviers. Between trains, leaving Dell and the luggage at the station, we had time to go into the town and look at the Church. Very richly ornamented South door, flamboyant, with curious terminations (ship shape) to some of the arches of the Porch: and charming Gargoyles—some double—the monsters riding on each other's shoulders. In the North Aisle—interior—an unusual interlacing of arches where they spring from their course. We went on from Louviers to Evreux, where we remained some hours. On our way through the town we stopped at an old furniture shop, and were there addressed by an old gentleman who told us he had been many years a collector, and so he took us to his house and showed us his

pictures, of which I do not profess to be any judge. One was called a replica by Leonardo da Vinci of his Monna Lisa, another the Duchesse de Nevers by Gaspar Netzcher, dated 1672. He told us he was on the look-out for a visit which Davis the dealer had advertised that he was about to make to Evreux, as he wanted to sell all his things. The old gentleman's name was Le Doulx de Basquepins. He was a loquacious old gentleman, and told us all the story of his romantic and early marriage. It so nearly resembled that of Emilie in the Knight's Tale that one might have been tempted to think that M. Basquepins had read Chaucer and dreamed. He took us to *the* curiosity shop of the place, Mme. Laurent, Rue de la Petite Cité. She had a great many things, chiefly faience, and might have had anything. We were rather tempted by a piece of rock-work which seemed to be a Chantilly copy of Worcester, but 100 francs appeared too much for it, and we did not buy anything. Next we went to the Cathedral, where we found a party of 40 English Architects, who had come out under the direction of Mr. Sharp, drawing and measuring in all directions. We were very much pleased with the Cathedral; but I was surprised, when there seemed to be so many other finer things, to see so many of the Architects intent on an Arcade in the North Aisle, which *I* should have called "Decorated", but one of them said was "Transition". I did not think it very elegant, but that date is not common in Norman Churches, so perhaps that was the attraction. In the Cathedral a venerable priest spoke to me. I recognised having seen him in the Church at Louviers. He offered to show some curious things he possessed to this party of Antiquaries, and asked me to interpret, for they did not seem to have many French scholars among them. The Architects were just leaving by train, and had not time, but we gladly availed ourselves of

his invitation and were well repaid. He took us to his apartments, fitted up in the most charming taste, old furniture, faience, numerous relics of olden time, all admirably disposed. Himself, Abbé Touen, a delightful old man of 85—a true amateur. He had surrounded himself with objets d'art of great interest and it was a real treat to have been admitted to his house. Among the valuable pieces of faience, I must mention a large plaque, "à personnages" with a procession, said to have been made at Rouen for presentation by that town to the Duc de Montmorency Luxembourg in 1728. After this visit we had only time to look at the Bishop's Palace, and the Church of S. Taurin, where we saw his beautiful chasse—13th century work. Note, the marqueterie of blue and red carreaux on the exterior walls—very pretty and unusual. After all this, we had, unluckily, no time to go to the Musée, but took a hurried meal and went to Lisieux, where we put up at the Hôtel de France. The open-work wooden spires of Evreux to be remembered.

22nd. Spent the morning in walking about Lisieux; through the Terrace of the public gardens to the Cathedral, where we lingered long. Note, the window in the South Aisle with representation of Henri II.'s marriage with Eleanor of Guienne. Went on a quest for a curiosity shop, and found one in the Rue du Caen, in the Quartier S. Désir. The owner had nothing but rubbish, with the exception of one tile, François Premier, exactly like those in the Grand Cerfs, Grand Andelys; but he wanted 30 fr. for it. Looked at *the* old house, Rue aux Fèves, and walked about till late in the afternoon. It was market day, and the scene at S. Pierre was of the most picturesque and animated description. Dined early, then took the train to Caen (only ourselves, leaving maid and luggage at Lisieux), arrived after dark; Hôtel d'Angleterre.

## LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1874

23rd. To S. Pierre, of which the tower is, I think, the most beautiful I ever saw. To the Abbaye aux Dames, very delighted with its moulding of "embattled frets" round the arches of the nave. We went into the adjacent Hospital, and they took us into the transept of the Church, which is partitioned off from the nave, and we looked through a railing into the Choir, which is still more divided for the use of the Nuns. After this, passing by the disused Church of S. Gilles, we proceeded to the Abbaye aux Hommes, but had not time to stop there long. Coming back to the Hotel, C.S. and Richard went to afternoon service at the "Temple Protestant". It was very hot and I did not go out again, but read and wrote at home. We required to dine early, and "en particulier", as we were going back to Lisieux after dinner, but the people of the Hotel were so uncivil that we adjourned to the Hôtel d'Espagne, whence, having had a good meal, we departed in due course.

24th. An early start again from Lisieux, but only for the day. We took the 9.10. train, and went to Honfleur; a lovely hot morning. We were charmed with Honfleur, its quaint old streets, and the lovely views about it; an old Gate-house near the Hotel. We walked up the rugged steep of the Hill, on which stands the Chapel of Notre Dame de Grâce. The prospect delicious. While looking about we were attracted to the little Chapel by the sound of music, and found a large number of girls attending Mass, who, at the conclusion of the ceremony, were singing some beautiful hymns in chorus. We listened with great pleasure and when they came out, spoke to one of the religieuses in charge of them. She told me they were "orphelines" from Havre, brought up by the Sisters of S. Vincent de Paul; that this was one of their holidays and that they had come over from Havre to spend the day in this charming spot. She gave me the title of their



music, by Giely. Altogether it was a touching and impressive sight, and well repaid our steep ascent. We descended by another route, overlooking Les Fonts, all very pretty. There are 3 small curiosity shops, 2 on the hill and 1 at the foot of it. In the last we found a little piece of English faience, and a pretty English glass mug with inscription, "Summer", but the shops are not much. Stopped to draw some stone ornaments in a house, descending back to the town, dated 1637, while C.S., taking the wooden Church on his way, went to fetch the carriage which we had engaged to take us on to Trouville. A most lovely drive, but Trouville itself seemed to be detestable. We tried the Hotel our driver stopped at, but it was so dirty that we adjourned to the Bellevue, where we got an indifferent dinner. Walked about, looked at the shops, which are all importations from Paris, with things which remained unsold from last year's "Season". Achille Leclerc, Vinot, Taburet, and a host of little dealers from the Rue Châteaudun; made no purchases. The beach is better than Etretat, as there are sands instead of shingle, but it is not nearly so pretty. I was very glad when it was time to go back to Lisieux.

25th. Left Lisieux again by the 9.10. This time we took our tickets to Quetteville, which is a station beyond Pont l'Evêque. There we found a diligence, en correspondance, going to Pont Audemer, and were fortunate in getting the coupé. It is astonishing what trouble we had had to find out our direct route to this Pont Audemer, nobody seemed to know it, and after all, it was the simplest thing in the world, only a two hours' journey from Lisieux. But this ignorance of even the nearest places is characteristic of Normandy. We found the people of the Inn when the diligence stopped (the Lion d'Or) just going to take their déjeuner, so we joined them and made a very good meal. Then we went to look at

the principal Church, which is very late and much dilapidated, but handsome withal. We happened to go into the shop of an upholsterer, who had one or two bits of old furniture, one M. Picot. He told us of an amateur, an architect, whose name sounded like Cherusse. He said this gentleman had a fine collection, and took us to his house, but the amateur was out. We therefore only profited inasmuch that we had a very pretty walk and saw more of the town than we should otherwise have done. At a watchmaker's saw a fine Renaissance watch, sent there for repair. They told us that all this part of the country is closely hunted by dealers from Paris, and, more specially, Rouen. Two little girls wreathed about in tendrils and leaves of convolvulus, playing about in the streets are not to be forgotten. The elder one, a pretty mischievous-looking child, about five years old, had evidently arranged the parure, and was dancing gracefully along. She put me in mind of what one has read of Lady Hamilton and her artistic poses. Their fates will probably be similar, though not on equally magnificent stages.

26th. Paid a two hours' visit to Bernay, and had just time to look into the old Abbey, now used as a grain dépôt, with its square piers. Visit to the Museum, with which we were much pleased, and to call on the old antiquaire, M. Apegond. It was the purchase of M. Apegond's collection which made the Musée as rich as it is. *He*, poor man, had nothing left but one Rouen dish, à personnages, representing a wedding procession, and very fine. We got back to Lisieux early in the afternoon and enjoyed a long walk about the town. Went again for some time into the fine Cathedral. Walked about and looked again at the house in the Rue de Sèvres, and made a vain attempt to find a gentleman who lived in the Place de Navarin and was said to have a fine collection. His name, M. Gourelles. We had a most delightful ramble after

this; we climbed up into an orchard just outside the town, whence we had a most beautiful view; amused ourselves by seeing the cows milked, and then came back by another route. Found two tiles in a small shop on our way back to our Hotel. After table d'hôte we again tried to find M. Gourelles, but were again unsuccessful.

27th. The following morning, however, after we had breakfasted and packed up, and made ourselves ready for the start, we called on him once more, and this time were fortunate. He has some beautiful things in furniture, and tapestry, and faience, and bindings of books. He is a quaint little man, and at first seemed very suspicious of us, but he warmed immensely as we went on and he found we were not dealers, but really came to see him for the love of seeing fine objects. By the time we got back it was time to go to the railway station, and so we took leave of Lisieux after a most pleasant visit. The house is very comfortable, but everything depends upon the exertions of the waiter, Louis Dehail, a man prematurely old from hard work, but who toils on in the hope, he told us, of being, some fifteen years hence, able to retire to his own country near Argentan. He is too good to remain the drudge of a provincial Hotel. Our first point was to Mézidon, and here at the station we left Dell and the luggage, while we went on by embranchement to Falaise. We had a most surly guide; I think he was half tipsy. Returning to Mézidon we had to wait a short time there, and then we came on to Caen (Hôtel d'Espagne), where we arrived in time for the table d'hôte.

28th. We spent a quiet day at Caen, seeking curiosity shops, of which we found one or two, but not of any great account. The best is Missius, where we got a first-rate Battersea box, which will make an admirable pendant to that which we bought at Cadiz, price £2. 16., worth at least £5.

to £6. At a little shop kept by a man called Jean, where we bought a good Oriental basin, purple ground, we heard of a collection, about which the said Jean was very mysterious. But at length he promised to take us to see it, for the consideration of 10 francs, and so at 4 o'clock, the time appointed, we set out. The house in question was hard by, in the Rue Puits aux Bottes, and the possessor of it proved to be a M. Druys, son of an old dealer, now retired, in the town. He seemed a curious churlish individual, who refused to sell anything, and yet, every now and then, expatiated on the things he had parted with. It was, however, a great pleasure to have seen both him and his collection. He had nothing particularly in our line, though we should have liked one Tournai plate, gold marked. He had only a little bit of English, Chelsea, but very imperfect, and he did not know what it was. Our only other purchase to-day was a piece of Malines lace, and a small jug of purple glass (French) in the Rue Froide. A woman, whom we discovered with some trouble in the Rue des Ecuyères, had not got her keys, so we could see nothing.

29th. Up at 6. to write to Ivor, whose birthday it was. After breakfast walked down to the station, and took a 10.20. train to Bayeux. Good view of Caen as we left it. Went through a pretty country. Passed the rival spires of Norrey and Bretteville. Grand view of Bayeux on approaching it. Of Bayeux I cannot say enough, so I will say nothing, but that it is the most magnificent thing I ever saw, or ever imagined. An old man, who said he had shown the Cathedral for 52 years, and in his enthusiasm reminded me of our old friend at Trèves (see Sept. 30. of last year), took us into the Sacristy and showed us all the few remaining treasures there. Note. A folding iron chair, said to have been of the 13th century. In the Crypt is an ancient fresco; the Virgin's robe semé

with Fleurs-de-lis, and the background of Tudor roses. Next we went to the Musée and studied the Bayeux tapestry, from which I thought we never should have torn ourselves away. No needlework was ever like it for spirit of design and execution, rude as the stitches often are. I wish our School of Art may ever produce anything half as good. On our way back to the station we called at the Fabrique de Porcelaine, which produces wretched objects, also at the Hospital, where the Nuns showed us all through the sick Wards and into the Pharmacie and Chirurgie, where there are many faience vessels, but none of them very remarkable. Passing an old shop we bought a little biscuit Medallion done from a model of 1638, and marked at the back "Bayeux" with a "G" over the word, the letters impressed in the paste. They told us the Works formerly belonged to a family called l'Anglois, all now dead. The same people showed us Bayeux Lace. It is like Buckinghamshire Pillow Lace of recent times, and is evidently of no great antiquity. Only got back to Caen just in time for dinner. After it C.S. went out and made another attempt for Drury's Tournai plate, but without success.

30th. Again up at 6 to write here, these notes having fallen much in arrear. We had a nice long walk from 12. to 2.30. Went first to the Abbaye aux Hommes, where we waited awhile to see a Mass. It consisted in a Priest standing alone at the Altar, with his back to us all, and now and then making genuflexions, a little boy ringing a bell. There was no sound, no music, except that an old man paraded among the congregation bearing a plate, and preceded by another old man who shouted out at intervals "Pour les Pauvres", to which appeal the responses did not seem numerous. To the Castle, finely situated and very interesting for the remains of Norman work on two Chapels within its precincts,



now turned to other uses. We got upon the Ramparts and had some views over the town, which made us feel to know it and its public buildings perfectly. After this we went and sat on a bench in the Boulevard S. Martin, till it was time for our English Protestant Service, which was well, but rather too hurriedly performed. The Organist began with one of Beethoven's best slow movements, and played it well. I should note that in the course of the morning we had looked into the Churches of St. Julien and of St. Sauveur, with its immense uncouth Arch. The other day we went into another Church now converted into a Corn Market and called, I think, l'Ancienne S. Sauveur. The old houses one comes upon unexpectedly are very delightful, amongst others the Hôtel de Than. Altogether our stay at Caen has been most agreeable.

31st. Called at 5., but I had been looking at my watch half an hour before, and so we were up and off from Caen Hotel by 7. o'clock, having breakfasted. We went over the same ground as on Saturday as far as Bayeux, which looks magnificent from the railway. It was a slow but very pretty journey to St. Lô. Here there was a delay of more than one hour, so we scaled the heights and came upon the Plateau overlooking the Vire, etc. The Cathedral stands upon this plateau, and we duly visited it before going back to the station, from which the diligence started at 12 o'clock. Our places had been bespoken but we could not get quite what we wanted. I went with Dell in the coupé, a French gentleman occupied the other seat. All the country is rich and beautiful between St. Lô and Coutances, and in some parts we overlooked a wonderful expanse of country. Got to Coutances between 3. and 4. o'clock. Hôtel de France. Went at once to see the town. Saw St. Pierre and visited the only curiosity dealer we could hear of in the town. We were very much amused when he (M. Clerc) showed us the whole of his collection,

which consisted in four broken pieces of faience standing inside his chimney in which there was no grate. Never saw so original a china closet before. He took us up to his room by a narrow winding staircase, but he had only one or two insignificant silver ornaments, and though we tried hard, we could not find anything to buy. We ended our ramble by going into and studying the Cathedral, which is most beautiful.

### SEPTEMBER 1874

GRANVILLE : AVRANCHES : MONT ST. MICHEL : PONTORSON :  
 DOL : ST. MALO : RENNES : GUINGAMP : MORLAIX : BREST :  
 FOLGOËT : QUIMPER : AURAY : CARNAC : NANTES : ANGERS :  
 FONTEVRAULT : LE MANS : PARIS : METZ : VERDUN : NANCY

September 1st. Up early in the morning ; we had time to visit the public gardens, with their beautiful view, including the ruined arches of the Aqueduct, before going on by the diligence to Granville. We all had places inside, but being near the door of the carriage, we got beautiful views of Coutances as we left it. At Granville we had time for a nice ramble about the town, and on the rock overlooking the sea, commanding a most extensive view—Chausey, etc. At one of the little jewellers' bought a "Saint Esprit" for Blanche, which after careful examination we believed to be old. We mistrusted all that were shown to us at Caen. Went on by the diligence to Avranches. We had the banquette all to ourselves. Drove round by St. Pair (a pretty little détour) to take up a passenger. I shall never forget the charm of that drive ; but it came to a sudden conclusion. We had just put on a "cheval de renfort" and were descending the last hill before scaling the eminence on which Avranches stands, when the said cheval de renfort came down, the other horses fell over him, and the boy who was

riding him got under their feet. For a few moments we were in the greatest suspense as to the fate that had befallen the boy, and the fate that awaited us. The Frenchmen who were inside the omnibus got out, and danced in front of the horses, but could not be prevailed upon to render any assistance. As soon as he could free himself, C.S. got down and went to the horses' heads, and in due time the horses righted themselves, the boy having miraculously escaped with a few bruises and only 2 out of 3 horses having broken their knees; and so at length we arrived safely at the Hôtel de France at Avranches. We had been advised to go to the Hôtel de Londres, but our accident had made us so late that we thought it best to put up where the diligence stopped. It was but a homely place. However, we got good beds.

2nd. Went out early next morning and explored Avranches. The view from the walks around the town are quite the loveliest I ever saw, extending over an immense tract of the richest and most diversified country; Mont St. Michel in the distance. We went into the Musée, where the only thing that interested us was an old view of Avranches, done by Papillon, 1649, showing the appearance of the town before the fine old Cathedral fell. We visited the stone on which our Henry II. made his submission before an arrogant Priest, and condescended to receive pardon from him after his knights had foully murdered Thomas à Becket. There were two curiosity shops at Avranches, kept by two sisters. One, Mme. Poulain, had a good little Dresden figure of Autumn which we bought for 24/-. The other sister was chiefly occupied in work of ecclesiastical embroidery, and lived near the New Cathedral. We were to have proceeded on our travels soon after noon, but the employé of the Diligence Department got into an altercation with some of the passengers of another diligence, so ours did not start for an hour after its time. At length we

got off for Pontorson, through a fine rich country, C.S. outside, but I inside. As soon as we reached Pontorson we had to make a complete change. There we left our heavy luggage, and then we took our places in a light omnibus which was in waiting for us, and in which we drove to Mont St. Michel. A guide walked before us during that part of the drive. It was a long and not very amusing process, but we arrived safely at Mont St. Michel. The Hôtel Lion d'Or was full, so they put us "en succursale" in a very comfortable, house half-way up the street on the left hand. As soon as we had settled all this, we went up to the Abbaye to see the wonderful building remaining there for so many ages. It is all very grand, but the two things I admired most were the Cloisters with their elegant execution, and the noble hall "des Chevaliers". There was to have been the celebrated torchlight procession in the old Church and its Crypt that evening, but we were not able to attend it. As we came down from the Abbaye we stopped to look at a very remarkable sunset. The sun went down quite unobscured, with long rays darting up, far into the sky. Some sailors were standing near us and they immediately predicted "heavy rain" and "wind". We lingered in and about the Abbaye as long as we could. Table d'hôte was at 7., at the Lion d'Or, and as soon as it was over we adjourned to our quarters for the night.

3rd. About 5. I was waked by a heavy downpour of rain, which came in a kind of avalanche, without a breath of air, but it had cleared off by 7. o'clock when we proceeded to join our diligence at the Gates, and took our places to return to Pontorson. It is rather a perilous operation to drive through these said gates, and we were not allowed to get in until the vehicle was safe outside them. At Pontorson we breakfasted. We did not then know that this place had been the residence

of Du Guesclin, but no remains of his Castle exist. There was great delay once more before we got forward. The diligence from Avranches was late, and, moreover, quite full, so we were sent on in a "voiture de supplément". I went outside; a young Englishman and his sister were among our fellow-travellers. He told me he was learning brewing under Mr. Willett, the great china collector of Brighton, and he knew several people we knew. [Mr. Henry Willett; he died at a great age two or three years ago. He was a most fortunate and agreeable collector not only of china, but of pictures, furniture, and many other interesting and early objects of art; his sons, I believe, are equally interested in these subjects. He left an enormous collection of English historical pottery and porcelain to the now excellently arranged Brighton Museum.] We had all of us to walk up the hills, for we had shamefully tired horses, but it was nice weather, and the walk was very pleasant in this lovely country. We got to Dol about 1. o'clock, and, instead of going on by the train that was starting immediately, determined to stay at Dol till the 5. o'clock train; so, leaving Dell at the Inn to get her dinner, we went into the town, the quaint old streets of which delighted us. Many of the houses have Norman columns in front of them, forming arches to their lower story. We went to the Cathedral, which we had heard much praised. There is nothing *very* beautiful about it. The disengaged Columns of the Nave are curious, and there are several fine old fonts of various dates. The only monument remaining is that of Bishop James, dated 1507. It is of very good Renaissance work, but has been sadly mutilated. As usual we sought here for antiquities. Interview with a pompous jeweller, asking high prices, but having nothing to show. He said he possessed china and faience, but was so busy with avocats and other friends from Paris,



that he could not spare the time to show them to us. While we were actually visiting the Cathedral, a most violent storm of wind arose. Slates began to fall, and a gentleman walking down the street we were in, was struck by a flower pot that was dislodged from a window. Notwithstanding this we persevered in our attempt to walk into the fields to see the famous Menhir in the neighbourhood. Talking with a man repairing old furniture, whose shop we passed en route, we were told the Menhir was ten minutes walk from the town, but we found it much farther than we expected; luckily we got an intelligent little boy as our guide, or we should never have discovered it. The storm was raging fearfully, and the trees were being torn down in all directions. It was a service of danger to walk among them, and every minute it got worse, but we struggled on and saw the Menhir to our heart's content. A very curious monument it is. As we were leaving it, an old woman came up to us and began a torrent of abuse, wherefore we could not make out. She suddenly seized me and gave me a good shaking, vociferating in the most incoherent manner. We pushed her aside, and went on as fast as we could, for we then thought she was insane, but she followed us some way pelting us with invectives and stones. All this rather retarded our progress, and we were already late, but our little guide knew a short cut back to the railway station, so we got back in good time. C.S. went to fetch Dell from the Inn, while I took the tickets, etc., so we got off by the 5. train and reached St. Malo soon after 6. Here fresh difficulties awaited us. All the omnibuses were full and there were no cabs. We got our luggage taken on into the town, but we ourselves had to walk, a task which we accomplished with difficulty, for the storm raged worse than ever, and we were almost blinded with dust and small stones. At length arrived at the Hôtel Franklin, we found they had no

room. The omnibus man put our luggage down in the middle of the street, so there I had to remain with my maid in charge, while C.S. went all over the town to look for rooms, the slates tumbling about around us. It was nearly an hour before he came back. He had been at six Hotels, and at length had got us lodgings at the Hôtel de Londres. In all my travels I had never had so eventful a day. Our Hotel was not very splendid, but we were glad of supper after our long fasting—since the morning—and got a good night's rest after all our fatigues.

4th. We were none the worse the next morning. By that time the hurricane had subsided. They say nothing like it has been known for many years. Richard Glyn went back to Southampton by the midday boat, the weather having become, by that time, quite fine again. We saw him on board, and then walked on the pier to see the vessel steam out of the harbour, and went on the Ramparts afterwards. The sea view is quite the finest I ever saw, and I was pleased to have seen it, but St. Malo is a wretched dirty place, and we were glad to get away from it as soon as we could. Got an enamel mustard-pot; bought magnificent figs in the market (the fruit all through Normandy has been wonderful, and so have the flowers). At 5. we left St. Malo, and took the train to Rennes. Put up at the Hôtel Julien, most comfortable, where we were glad of two days' rest after much commotion.

5th. We were out exploring the town for several hours. Found 3 curiosity shops; at the first, Mme. Thébuge, Rue Louis Phillipe, we got a very fine Battersea Enamel printed plaque, Paris giving the apple to Hibernia; we next found out the Commissaire Priseur, M. Hersaut, who showed us the very best collection de tout genres that we have seen anywhere out of Paris. He had many things we should have liked to have bought, but all very dear, and the only pieces

that really concerned our Collection were 4 small Wedgwood portraits in their original frames, for which, however, he asked £8., which was preposterous. The only other shop in the town was that of an original old Breton, with long hair, quite a character in his way, who had nothing worth looking at, but inveighed loudly against M. Hersaut for buying everything at the sales for himself. Poor old Glaasland! We spent a long time at the Musée, which is most interesting. There is a large collection of original drawings among the pictures; an original one of the Court of Henri III. of France, very characteristic, reminding us of one in the Musée at Bayeux, of which the subject was a Masquerade at the Court of the same Henri III. with representations of him and all his family. Bought a Revolutionary fan of the Concierge.

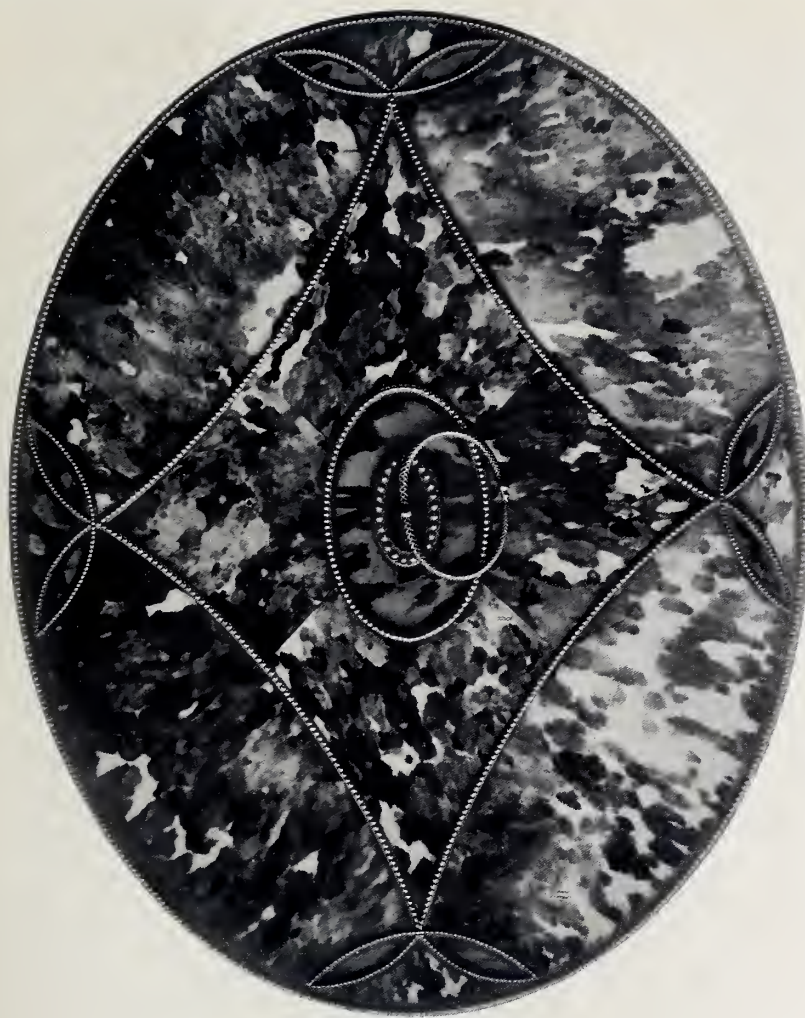
Sunday, 6th. Went to the French Protestant service, which is in a little building on the other side of the Canal. It was well and devoutly performed by an old clergyman, with whom we talked a little when it was over. We had some trouble in finding the place, and arrived late, but were in time to hear two chapters read, also an extemporary prayer, and an excellent sermon. They stand to pray and sit to sing. The congregation was small; he spoke of there being only about 200 Protestants in the town. To an offer made to M. Hersaut by letter, of 125 francs for the four Wedgwood plaques, an *immediate* answer was returned in the shape of the plaques themselves! We dined and slept again to-night at this pleasant Hotel of Rennes, and,

Monday morning, 7th, left it again early for St. Malo by train. We arrived there about midday, and had to wait about an hour before it was time for the boat to start for Dinan. I sat on some timber on the Quay and read, while C.S. took a ramble through the town. The morning had

been overcast, but it cleared and became quite hot, so we had a lovely excursion up the Rance, the only drawback being that the steamer was very much crowded. Put up at the Hôtel du Commerce, a wretched little Inn which we were forced to endure for two nights. As soon as we landed we set out to explore the town, which is composed of old (but *not* beautiful) houses in dirty narrow streets. We were told that a great many English lived at Dinan, which it was hard to believe. We went into the Church of St. Malo, a very recent edifice. Looked into the School which occupies an old cloistered building, and then, issuing by the Brest Gate, which is fine, got on to the Promenade, which is pleasantly planted with trees and overlooks the surrounding country. A bad, but very abundant table d'hôte.

8th. Went to see the Beaumanoir Monuments in the Musée, also went into St. Sauveur, of which the Western Norman Façade is remarkable. There is an inscription in the transept to the effect that Du Guesclin's heart was buried there. From the gardens at the back of St. Sauveur there is a fine view over the river. We took a little carriage and drove, first to the old Abbaye and Castle of Lehon, both in ruins. From the castle mound the view is very good. Then to the Fontaine, which is simply a Mineral spring situated in a pretty valley. Then to the ruins of the Château de la Garaye, where, in the last century, the Lord and Lady of the place devoted themselves to acts of charity, nevertheless the Revolution destroyed everything they had left behind them, hospitals, etc. We watched a process of cider-making at the farm-house; coming back we had heavy rain. In the course of the afternoon we had called to get some money at the Banker's, M. Bazin de Jessey. He told us he had a collection and took us to see it. It was of the humblest description, consisting only of a few indifferent faience





LARGE XVIII CENTURY TORTOISESHELL AND STEEL WRITING CASE BOUGHT BY LADY CHARLOTTE  
ABROAD  
*The Countess of Bessborough's Collection*





plates, ostentatiously hung against the wall, and one or two meubles.

9th. We were right glad at 9. o'clock this morning to leave this town and its wretched Inn. The environs are richly wooded and very pretty, but there is nothing else to recommend it. We went by diligence to Caulnes, travelling at the rate of five miles an hour. C.S. and I had the banquette to ourselves, and it was very pleasant. The country is rather bleak after we leave the immediate environs of Dinan. We were threatened with rain, but it held off. By train from Caulnes, through St. Briec, where we did not stop, to Guingamp. There we found a very good Inn, the Hôtel de France. C.S. and I walked into the town, and, having ordered Dell her dinner and having made our arrangements for going forward later in the day, we set out for a long walk. Bought a small Saint Esprit at a jeweller's opposite the quaint old Fountain, which I believe is a copy of the Renaissance one which stood there before. Went into the Church, which is a mixture of some Renaissance and some very good early architecture. In a Chapel (entered independently) is an ugly image of the Virgin, which is said to be greatly venerated, and to which pilgrimages are made. We struck out of the town to the north, and, passing by the aqueduct, we ascended the hill, gaining one of the most beautiful prospects I ever saw, of vast extent, diversified by wood and water, Guingamp lying at our feet, and the spire of La Grâce and other edifices rising from the trees in the distance. We came back by the little disused Chapel of St. Leonard, in front of which is a platform overlooking the river. After we came back to our Inn, Mme. Florissant, the landlady, begged us to go and see her garden. The cathedral looks well from this point; a sudden shower had just passed over and left a vivid double rainbow, again reflected

in the stream beside which her garden stood—a singular effect. After an excellent table d'hôte dinner, we went back to the station and proceeded to Morlaix, Hôtel de l'Europe, kept by Florissant's brother, good, but not equal to the Inn at Guingamp.

10th. After breakfast went out to walk about the town. Went by the side of the river, passing under the wonderful railway viaduct to the Fontaine des Anglais. We pursued our way under a beautiful avenue, which continued for some way out of the town, and, led on by the beauty of the scenery, we continued for some miles along the river's bank. Fell in with a most courteous Breton gentleman, with whom we had much talk. He directed us to find a property of his where he said we should find some interesting views, among them, one of S. Pol de Léon. Following his instructions we got into a most charming wood, laid out in drives, and from an elevated point at the end of one of these we had a magnificent view of the entrance of the river and the forts protecting it. We went to the house of the "Gardien", to leave our cards and thanks for the treat we had had. The man could speak nothing but Breton; his cottage was very neat; near the door was one of those shut-up beds which I have read of as being peculiar to this country. M. le Sausse, that was the gentleman's name, seems to be preparing to build on this most favoured spot. We walked back swiftly to Morlaix, a distance of some four miles, C.S. amusing himself by watching the boats coming up the river with sand for manuring the land. Looked in the Church of St. Mélanie—not remarkable. In the Grande Rue and the Rue des Nobles are many most interesting old houses, with carvings of Saints, etc., decorating their fronts. In two of them are very fine staircases, reminding us of the house we had seen at Valence (see April 29,

1873). After this we had still time to climb up to the old Castle Mound, for the view over the town, before going to the railway, by which we left Morlaix about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4 P.M. ; it had been a delightful morning: Reached Brest before dark, and got a good view of the Rade as we approached. Grand Hôtel, very luxurious after some of our experiences, but the cooking not so good as Guingamp. They said the Poste Restante was closed, but we got out our letters by the favour of the Postmaster. All well at home. Enid is in England, but soon, I fear, to leave for Spain, where the Carlists have been firing upon the train supposed to contain the German and Austrian Ambassadors. All this makes me very anxious, our future plans very much depend upon her.

11th. We went into the town in search of curiosity shops, but found only one miserable place, nothing to be bought, or even seen. We intended an expedition to Plougastel to see the celebrated calvaire there, so we took the train to Kerhuon, which is only a quarter of an hour out of Brest. The wind was blowing very much ; however we walked down to "Le Passage" at which we were to have taken boat to go across the Rade. We found, however, the water so rough that we would not pursue our journey ; got back to the station in little more than half an hour, just in time, luckily, for a train back to Brest, where we walked about the town and visited the Castle, where there are some curious remains, but much obscured by Vauban's alterations. The most interesting was Queen Anne's Tower, showing her kitchen, parlour, chapel, etc., in the latter a private seat in which she could see the service, without being seen. They told us of the same thing at the Castle at Dinan, which we did *not* visit. Came back before 3 and read and wrote all the afternoon. (A day of old memories.)

12th. . We were up very early to go and see Folgoët.

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Our train was to leave at  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 8, and we had ordered breakfast overnight, but somehow it was forgotten, and we had to start without it. The omnibus had gone too when we inquired for it, but we walked to the train in five minutes, and on reaching it, found we had twenty minutes to wait! Such are the confusions of French travel. In due time we reached Landerneau, where we got some bread, and then took our places in the little omnibus to Lesneven. It was a pleasant drive. After breakfasting comfortably at the little Hôtel de France, we walked over to Folgoët, and there thoroughly examined the Church. It is altogether a very curious building, and when associated with the tradition of the poor idiot youth, very interesting. We had beautiful weather, though with occasional threatenings of rain. On our return from Folgoët we waited at the Inn, read and dined, until it was time to go back as we had come, in the omnibus. On reaching the railway again we were disappointed to find the train late by more than an hour, so we were forced to give up our intention of going on to Quimper to-night, which is a great disarrangement of our plans. We did not get back till  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 7, and the train was then just starting, so, as we had to fetch our luggage from the Hotel, the thing was impossible—but no matter. I did not say half enough of this Folgoët expedition. I ought to have noted the Church Towers of Ploudaniel and S. Eloi, as we went along, of a form peculiar to Brittany. Then again, the curious ménage at the Inn, where the women servants sleep in berths, like those on board ship, in the kitchen. Then again the beautiful lobster, and last, not least, the very moderate charges.

13th. After all, it was for the best that we did not travel on last night, for we should have missed seeing a very beautiful country. This morning we left by the first train



before 8. and were at Quimper by 11. A very nice Inn (à l'Épée). We found the early meal (déjeuner) going on and joined it. Did not go out till the afternoon, C.S. rather tired and so I first sallied out alone ; went into the Cathedral, etc. When we walked together later we went first to the Musée, where there is an assemblage of very bad pictures, and some interesting objects found in Celtic and Roman ruins. Then we walked by the water side and into the woods overlooking the town, whence the view of the beautiful spires of the Cathedral and of all the surrounding country is very fine. It was a delightful walk, the weather once more perfect, a bright warm sun, and almost cloudless sky.

14th. Left Quimper about 10. and in about an hour were at Quimperlé. Here we stopped till the next train came through, and, leaving luggage, etc., at the station, walked into the town, which is very picturesquely situated. We were much pleased with the Church, a fine old tower, and two charming porches (reminding us of that of Folgoët). We had about an hour to spend on our walk, which was very agreeable, and then we went on to Auray. Arrived early enough to take a drive in the neighbourhood. Went to the S. Anne, where a grand new Church is in course of construction. A Jesuit edifice in the pseudo-classical style, and breathing the extreme of superstition—"Tout l'Espoir de la Bretagne est en toi, S. Anne", and similar inscriptions. This is a great place of pilgrimage. The late Napoleon and Eugénie came here, as is commemorated on the glass of the windows ; Maréchal MacMahon came a few days ago. We looked at the Santa Scala, as it is called, and then drove on by the Place des Martyrs, passing the spot where their battle was fought, as well as the more decisive one that placed the De Montforts on the throne of Brittany—1364. We went on to the chapel where Quiberon victims were buried,

and were shown their bones at the bottom of the vault, by means of a lamp lowered into it. An Institution for the Deaf and Dumb exists here. A number of Nuns were at prayers at Stations in the Chapel adjoining the Mausoleum. When we got back to our Hotel the landlady advised us to go and see the view from "the Loc." On our way thither, however, we turned aside, for C.S. thought he had seen something like "Antiquities" in the window of a furniture dealer, Mme. Lahouse; she had nothing, but a young man in her shop told us he had got a ring, and while we made fruitless visits to the little jewellers he went to fetch it. Our surprise was great when we saw it. The ring was of silver, the ornamental part silver-gilt. It was of enormous size, and might have been made for a giant. It bore an inscription, "Janne C. Dan" in letters scratched only, around it. We had never seen anything like it, and supposed it might be of the 14th or 15th century, but we have yet to learn its date. It is needless to add that we at once became possessed of it, at the very moderate sum asked, 15. francs. The young man (Lavenac by name) told us he bought it at the sale of a local antiquary and doctor, M. Denys, some short time back. It so happened that a brother of M. Denys came in while we were dining. Our landlord (Heban), to whom we had shown the ring, pointed him out to us—he immediately recognised it as having been in his late brother's collection, but could give us no account as to where it was obtained. He said that his brother often got things from the peasants and others whom he visited professionally in the neighbourhood; he thought the widow might know more about it.

15th. This was our day of Celtic researches. We got up very early and drove in a little open carriage over to Carnac; a little bare-footed girl, speaking nothing but Breton, was our guide from the road across the heath, to the

stones—from there we went up to Mont S. Michel, whence an extensive view over the Morbihan. It was one of those glorious, hot, cloudless September mornings, which are so rare and so beautiful, not a breath of wind; we thoroughly enjoyed it. The way had not been very pretty, but it was lighted up by the golden furze in fullest glory and smelling deliciously. I gathered some of the pretty little purple gentians on the heath, reminding me of Wales, and rides on the mountains there, I think in 1840. There is a curious old cross opposite the Church on Mont S. Michel, with Pope on the East side, Bishop on the West, Crucifixion on the South, Entombment, North. In returning we passed through Plouharnel. Saw the two Dolmens near there, and at the little Inn were shown the little objects found in them by the late landlord, M. le Bail. There is a curious gold collar or necklace, also gold bracelets and ring, many beads of polished stones, and some curiously cut crystal beads, which would seem to be of much later date than the others, being cut in facets and spiral ornamentation. The two Dolmens would seem to have been *family* burial-places, having passages leading into them, and may have been used for many generations. About midday we got back to our Hotel, and went to see Mme. Denys, at the Hospice des Sœurs, to see if she could tell us anything about our ring, but she could not; she only said that she remembered it, and that in her husband's time it was very dirty, and she thought it to be brass. After this we took our carriage away with fresh horses, and drove over to Locmariaquer, stopping by the way to go and look at the view from the tower in the Promenade of the town, which is extensive. We took boat and rowed across to Gavr Innis, where we duly visited the Tumulus and its Grotto. It was slow work coming back, the currents being very strong; one of our boatmen had to

land on one of the Islands and tow us along with a rope, while the master (Lubin) pushed us along with a boat-hook and C.S. steered. We were very glad of such unruffled weather, it would not have been pleasant if the water had been rough. On landing we went to look at the fallen Menhir, broken in several pieces, called the Fairies' stone, and at the Dol Marchandar; then we left Locmariaquer and drove back to Auray, arriving at 7. to a late dinner.

16th. Left Auray at 9. this morning and were soon at Vannes, where we remained till the 2.40. train. We had a good four hours for exploring the town, which is dirty and not pretty, Cathedral uninteresting, but I remarked one of those very large baptismal basins, which must have been required for adult baptism: I saw one somewhere else; was it at Quimperlé? We went straight to the Musée, where were many interesting things. In an upper chamber were very numerous objects found in the "fouilles Celtiques". The Musée is in the old Tour du Connétable, in which Clisson was imprisoned. From the top we got some view of the town, its ancient walls and promenades, in one of which the Martyrs du Quiberon were shot. We went from the Musée to the house of M. de Cusse, the Director thereof, and finding him at home had a long talk with him about the local Celtic remains. We showed him our ring, but he could throw no light on its origin. He said Le Dann was a Breton name. After this, in rambling about we went into the shop of a jeweller, Rollet, and saw a coin with arms of England and France, which he tempted us to buy; he told us that he had lately sold many curious things to a Jew, who goes the rounds for the Paris shops, and whose name, he said, was Wafler; we must inquire for him in Paris. Another jeweller told us of a similar individual living at Rennes, called Da Costa, 1 Quai d'Orléans. None of the other jewellers had anything, and the



brocanteurs were not worth even mentioning. Rollet told us that an Abbé, Monsieur Chauffier, was a collector of antiquities, and advised our calling on him. He was out, but we followed him to the Evêché (curious old house with inscription on the wooden beams, and dated 1556). Monsieur Chauffier told us that our coin was a salut of Henry V. or VI., and admired our ring, but could give us no information about it. He took us to his house and showed us his own collection of coins and medals, all having reference to Brittany. He is quite a young man, well looking, gentle, and most courteous. Went on to Nantes; no room in the omnibus; we shared a calèche with General L'Allemande to the station. He had been manœuvring troops in the neighbourhood, and there were numbers of soldiers in the train. At Nantes we got out at the little station, and walked to the Hôtel de France, sending back our luggage, which had gone on to the Grande Gare. Next we dined, having fasted since 8., then we went to the Poste Restante and got a heap of letters. Enid is to be in Paris on Tuesday next, and we propose to meet her there.

17th. A long day's exploring in the town of Nantes, Got to the Cours St. Pierre, where is situated the Musée Archéologique. It was less interesting than most provincial Musées. From it we went on to the Cathedral, which, again, interested us less than usual, being so incomplete (terminating with a choir). Some works were going on, in consequence of which the tomb of Anne de Bretagne's father and mother were carefully boarded up, and excluded from view. I was sorry then that I had not paid more attention to the facsimile of the recumbent statues which exist in the Musée, but I expected to study them with all their adjuncts at the Cathedral itself. With the Renaissance carvings in stone, within the Western entrance, portraying scenes from the Old Testament—lives



of Isaac, Jacob, etc.—we were delighted. From the Cathedral we went into the Castle, a charming specimen of domestic architecture of Anne de Bretagne's time: note the old well. We went up to the top of the Castle for the fine view over Nantes, its river, its bridges, and the surrounding country. A jeweller called Rochard gave us the names of a great many curiosity shops in the neighbourhood. We visited them all, but without finding one single object worth our buying. Went to see a small private collection, containing many pretty things, but nothing of great value. It gave us the opportunity of looking at a nice little ménage of budding amateurs. Their name—M. and Mme. Endel.

19th. Before leaving Nantes we had occasion to go to our Banker's, and this led us to the Promenade at the back of our Hotel, which is very pretty, and conspicuous for its standard magnolias. We got to Angers early in the day, and in time for some two or three hours' walk about the town before dinner, with which we were quite delighted. Lovely and most interesting Plantagenet Cathedral, with twin spires, fine West Porch, domical roof, etc., no aisles—the walls hung with the most quaint Renaissance (or late Gothic) tapestries representing the Apocalypse. It is done in large squares, the ground of which is alternate red and blue. It is probably in this manner that the Bayeux tapestry used to be hung in the Cathedral of that town. We found workmen busy at the restoration of the Evêché. Then walked about, hunting up *all* the little brocanteurs without finding anything. The old Castle a wonderful relic with its many massive towers. Altogether Angers is charming.

20th. After some trouble, found the magnificent Hall of S. Jean, built by our Henry II., quite the most graceful and grand building I ever saw. We returned to our Hotel, the Cheval Blanc, by another bridge, taking St. Serge on our

way ; another beautiful Plantagenet Church. Witnessed there the baptism of a three days old baby, a very slovenly, hurried, and unimpressive performance. Some girls practising some choruses in one of the transepts with very pretty effect. Came back by the Boulevard des Lices, and looked into the Avenue du Mail, also beautiful. Part of the Boulevard planted with rows of fine standard magnolias, of which we saw large specimens in most of the gardens. The Musée was closed as we passed it.

21st. Went out early. Looked at the marvellous Norman cloister, at the Prefecture, at the interesting Renaissance Hôtel de Prince, and again tried, but without success, to get into the Musée. They were cleaning, so we could not see the water-pot used at the marriage of Cana of Galilee. The view from the Terrace of the Castle, very good. One more peep into the grand Cathedral, and then we walked to the train, by which, soon after 11., we proceeded to Saumur. Here we got a little open carriage, and drove over to Fontevrault, to see the tomb of Richard Cœur de Lion, Henry II. and his Queen, and the widow of King John. They lie in a Chapel at the East end of the glorious old Church, which is now turned into a prison for some 1800 convicts. There was great ceremony and mystery about letting us into it ; we were hurried in and out of the Chapel, then, for a moment, into the Renaissance Chapter House, and we only got a chance glimpse, en passant, through the open door, of the Cloisters. Some prisoners arrived while we were there, and some one in authority was showing off the lions to a party of ladies. Our guide seemed in great dread of meeting him ; the curious kitchen, somewhat like, but not nearly so picturesque as that of Glastonbury. Went into the old Church in the village, now used for service, and a curious circular Chapel standing near it, with a Louvre or Belfry in the roof, now used as a

store-room by some poor people, finely vaulted and worth preservation. On our way back we went to Candes to see the magnificent north porch and entrance with its lines of statues—*most* beautiful. The West door also good, and the whole Church very interesting. It contains the tomb and effigy of St. Martin of Tours. Note the dwellings in the rock all along this side of the Loire, reminding of the Caves of Albacin. We got back just in time for an excellent table d'hôte at Budeaux's and then walked across the bridge to the train, by which we returned to Angers. A most charming excursion altogether, making us regret not having time to see more of the Loire country.

22nd. Up early and travelled by express to Le Mans, where we spent several hours. Left Dell and the luggage at the station and walked into the town. We first went into the Church of Notre Dame de la Couture, which disappointed me externally, but is fine inside. Interesting choir and chapel beneath it. Next, to the Musée in the adjoining Prefecture, where the only object deserving attention is the most curious enamel on copper (*champ-levé*) of Geoffry, Count of Anjou, father of Henry II. It is a small full length in colours, of beautiful workmanship, and was formerly on his tomb in the Cathedral. We went through a great part of the town, and made various inquiries for curiosities, but though we found a number of little shops in the Rue Grande, there was nothing in them. We saw there, however, some curious old houses with decorated fronts. Last of all we went into the Cathedral, which is a crowning glory to our Western wanderings. I never saw anything, I think, so fine: especially admired the choir both inside and out. Tomb of Berengaria, wife of Cœur de Lion. Went through the public grounds on our way back to the station, where we got some food at the buffet, before going on to Paris, where we arrived after

10. o'clock. We should have liked to have had a day for Chartres, but as it is so near Paris, we determined to reserve it for a special visit thence. We were hurrying to meet Henry and Enid, who arrived about an hour after us from England. Belard could not take us in, so we put up at the Hôtel du Dauphin, opposite, where we were very comfortable.

23rd. Breakfasted and dined at Belard's with the Layards. C.S. and I made some explorations, but found very little. In the evening we all went to the Gaieté to see *Orfée aux Enfers*, with which I was utterly disgusted: what is to become of a people who admit of such horrid exhibitions! I fear their example is contaminating our English stage. It is a large question. Would that some powerful mind would take it up!

26th. Went to complete one or two purchases. The weather has been magnificent these three days, and though we have done *much* on foot, we have been glad to take a carriage part of the afternoons. Driving about has been most delicious. I never saw Paris looking so beautiful. One day we went and found out Mme. Beavan in a Château in a large pleasure ground, almost a park, at the Ternes, just outside the Arc de Triomphe. She was just moving into this new house, so we did not see many things, and made no purchases; Paris, indeed, has been singularly infructuous for us this time. The "world" is absent, so the shops have not laid in their new stock, and, for the most part, have only goods remaining from last season. We made one acquisition, however, which I value much, viz. a watch in an enamel case, gold figures on a white ground, signed D. Cochin. We saw it in a little shop (Grisard's) in the Rue de l'Université, and got it for £8. 8., which I did not think too dear; it is very beautiful and in perfect preservation. It

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came from the sale of old Bouvier of Amiens, and I have often seen and admired it in his collection. Bouvier used to tell us that Cochin was enameller to Louis XIV., that his pupil's name was Bouvier (by whom we also have a watch-case signed), that the master and pupil contended as to which could produce the finest work, and that they both made a watch which they submitted to the King for his decision as to their merits. He gave his opinion in favour of Cochin. To-day we dined very luxuriously at Champeaux'. Henry and Enid dined with Lord Lytton.

27th. Up very early. Went across to Belard's, and stayed with Henry and Enid till they started, between nine and ten, for Spain. The "Fly" Government steamer was to meet them at Bayonne, to take them to Santander. I saw them depart with a heavy heart, dreading for them the dangers of the journey, though, they say, every precaution is to be taken against the interruptions of the Carlists. Went for a few moments, before it closed at 4, to the Maison Cluny, where we found a ring very nearly the duplicate to that we bought at Auray, only not so large and handsome. It is not included in the index, so we could get no account of it, except that it was presented by some M. Labouchère. Dined again at Champeaux', and went back early to our Hotel. Must not forget the pleasure I had in visiting the Exhibition of Costumes, etc., which was open at the Palais de l'Industrie; some of the tapestries wonderful, and the whole thing most interesting and instructive.

28th. Left Paris. C.S. and I alone together, with little luggage. Through a most interesting country—Epernay, Châlons (see 1869), Commercy, Bar-le-Duc, etc., to Metz, where we arrived in the evening. Dined and went to bed.

29th. Spent the day in lounging about Metz, visiting



the Cathedral, the public gardens, the shops, etc. Walked out of the town as on the 27th of March, returning, as then, by the German Gate, etc., found nothing to buy. Table d'hôte. The Hôtel de l'Europe is very much deteriorating. Since we were there last it has very much changed. A German waiter dominates over everything, and the French landlord quails before him.

30th. Early to Verdun. Lounged pleasantly through the town, and were amused by meeting two Italians leading a bear, a camel, and a monkey. They made the bear dance, and the camel kneel down. As for the monkey, he performed his antics spontaneously! Visited our old friend Boivin; and the collector M. Chevance, but this time we came quite empty away. Mme. de Buvigny was too busy with her vendange to show us her porcelain collection. By the way, we saw a very pretty vintage scene in the morning just after we left Metz. Dined again at the Trois Maures, and left Verdun by the 4.30 train; we had left our little luggage at the Metz station, where we had time, and to spare, for reclaiming it and for getting our tickets on to Nancy, at which place we arrived in the course of the evening. Put up at the Hôtel de France as before; very comfortable house. We returned to Paris.

## OCTOBER 1874

### PARIS: AND HOME

October 1st. After breakfast went to the shops. Called on M. Goudchaux Picardy, and visited the shops. Found only an old French faience plaque, tortoise-shell ground with green figure of Louis XIV. in high relief. We had admired it in the spring, and now bought it (£34.).

2nd. Pouring rain most of the day. Went to some shops; got a chatelaine which we had bought last week. Found some

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enamels in the Rue de l'Université, and in the Passage des Panoramas, and stayed out till dinner-time. Left Paris again the next morning.

3rd. It was bright and fine but a strong wind blew. At the station C.S. got a copy of the *Times*, and as our train started I read the welcome news that Henry and Enid had reached Madrid in safety. We travelled by the tidal service, taking boat at Boulogne for Folkestone. We had a tremendously rough passage, and the boat was so full that we had hardly room to sit, much less to lie down. C.S. indeed had to stand the whole two hours. There was but one comfort, which was that the deck was bridged over, so that we did not get wet from the waves that dashed over the vessel. What with one delay and another it was 8. o'clock before we reached our home. Here we have now been above a week, writing letters, paying bills, and settling matters generally. We have gone the round of the shops of London and found them to contain very little. However, we have picked up one good enamel box, one fine Tassie head, of Dr. Isaac Gosset, one curious old flower pot of Fulham Ware, and one small Chelsea seal of a peacock; very good chasse for one week.

## NOTES CERAMIC

OCTOBER TO NOVEMBER 1874

OSTEND: BRUSSELS: ANTWERP: THE HAGUE: ROTTERDAM:  
AMSTERDAM: GOUDA: UTRECHT: KAMPEN: ZWOLLE: LEEU-  
WARDEN: HARLINGEN: GRONINGEN: ZUTPHEN: DEVENTER:  
ARNHEM: DELFT

1874.

Tuesday, 13th. Left London from the Charing Cross station at 7.40. for Dover. Travelled in company with Sir Tatton and Lady Sykes (Jessica), who delighted me with an account of the ceramic and other treasures she had found (carefully packed away) in her new home; suites of nine Worcester vases, Chelsea inkstands, Wedgwood lamps, whole collections of coins wrapped up in newspapers of 1792, and many other things; they had never been disturbed since that date. Immediately on reaching Dover our boat started for Ostend, and I had a little alarm, though only momentary, the maid having managed to be missing for an instant, and C.S. having been nearly left behind in his search for her. But the engine was stopped for a second and his activity averted the mischance, otherwise it would have been a bad start. As it was, nothing could be more propitious than the day. We had the most glorious weather; the sea was as glass, and the sun so hot that I was glad to go below for awhile to be sheltered from it. This after the rain and wind and storms of the past week in London was all the more delightful. I read Freeman's *Normandy* and dropped asleep for a short time, for I had been up early and had not had many hours' rest the preceding night. When we neared the

land C.S. called me and we went up and sat on the bridge of the steamer, and watched our entrance into Ostend. All the coast though not bold is very interesting, and full of associations. We had, as usual, to wait nearly an hour at Ostend, and then we took our places in the railway and went on to Brussels, passing through Bruges and Ghent, all the country looking lovely on that lovely afternoon. We arrived in good time for dinner—Hôtel Mengelle, where we have the old apartment of August twelvemonth. I should have noted that in going through Ashford we saw the station, etc., decked with flags and flowers in expectation of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh's arrival.

14th. A long round among the Brussels shops. We had commenced operations the previous evening by walking out after dinner and calling at Papillon's, where, however, we found no mezzotints awaiting us. As we passed down the Montaigne de la Cour we found the Slaes Brothers cataloguing the stock of old Del Hougue, who is going out of business. Slaes showed us, at his own place, an enamel plaque, subject Edwin and Angelina, signed Birch, 1783, in bad style and to us of no value, price £60! This (Wednesday) morning we began our chasse at Marynen's, where we were tempted to invest in some Oriental plates, with humorous figures and inscriptions in Dutch. C.S. thinks more highly of them than I do. They are doubtless curious and might be cared for in Holland, but they have no art value, and do not harmonise much with our Collection. This was C.S.'s purchase. [These are illustrated here.] I plead guilty to finding out an old Vernis decorated clock and bracket, for which we paid an equal sum (£6. 8.) and which I hope will prove an ornament to our dining-room when Chance has had it under his hands. Beyond this we only found a white Tournai group, good but imperfect. Next at old Craenen's,



FOUR PLATES OF ORIENTAL PORCELAIN DECORATED TO PLEASE THE EUROPEAN TASTE  
*Lord Wimborne's Collection*





which is becoming more a rubbish-shop than ever, a small bénitier in blue and white, remarkable because it is made of English Ware. Next to Handelaar's, who showed us some sets of Oriental vases *very, very* fine, but of course expensive: he had a pair of very fine Chelsea figures also, of the model which is generally considered to represent King Lear. The price he asked was £40, and not being perfect, we thought them much too dear, but he had a small Chelsea-Derby figure of Winter (the boy carrying sticks) of beautiful quality, which we bought for £7. From Handelaar's we went on to Polonet's, who has changed his shop from Rue des Lombards to the Rue Gréty. The shop was very smart, full of showy things at grand prices, but nothing to our taste, and after examining (as we thought) everything, we were just leaving it with civil speeches and [no purchases, when I happened to look up at a high shelf and there I spied the lost and much-lamented Rouen gourd-shaped bottle, whose very history is a romance, and must be written here at full length some other day. Our delight knew no bounds, and so we gave him nearly all he asked—40. francs—and carried it triumphantly away. Polonet told us it was some German Ware! We went on from here to our old friend Genie in his cellar in the Rue l'Evêque. He showed us a broken Palissy dish for £80, but, had nothing very tempting in our line; more to compliment the old man than anything else, however, we took two pieces of English Ware, decorated in Holland, which cost us 14 francs. It happened that an amateur was sitting by at the time, and he remarked that the decoration was by Turner, brother of the English potter, who settled at Delft, and imported much of the English Ware to sell and ornament. On further conversation we found that this gentleman was a large collector. He gave us his name as Baron de Wykerslooth, 73 Rue de la Loi, and promised to show us his collection on our return to

Brussels. C.S. then showed him our bottle, which he at once exclaimed to be by the celebrated Italian decorator of Rouen Ware, Denys Dorio. He congratulated us on the acquisition, telling us the only specimens of the kind he had ever seen were those in the Musée at Rouen. Our only other visit was to Stroobant's, who had no Chelsea figures for us this time, but we bought a pretty, small Tassie head of Frederic the Great, which is an addition to the gems we already possess. Cools Thyssen had nothing. After dinner we went out again ; paid for our purchases at Marynen's and Handelaar's.

15th. The weather yesterday had been glorious. This morning there was a little rain, but it had cleared off by the time we got to Antwerp, for which place we had started soon after 9. Left maid and luggage at the station and drove into the town. We hoped that Tessaro might have had some mezzotints for us, but we were disappointed ; nor was there anything at the china shops, Van Herck's and Moxen's. We went on to Terbruggen's in search of Eva Krug. They have changed their abode from Rue des Sœurs Noires to the Rue Durlet, not very far from the station. Eva had just arranged her stores ; we did not buy anything but settled accounts with her satisfactorily, and left her a few of our weedings, things which find no resting-place in our Collection, for her to dispose of. We walked back to the town to try and see old Haert, but he was not at home. It was a brisk pleasant walk, the weather very hot. Returning, we passed through the Bourse, a busy scene in a fine building ; modern. We dined at the little Restaurant near the station, and at 3.40. went on to The Hague. Again a most beautiful journey. Such a sunlight over Breda, and all the landscapes, and the young moon with one bright star shining, as we went over the wonderful Mordyke Bridge. All most lovely. Got to the Hôtel Paulez before 9.

16th. We had written to say we should be at Rotterdam to-day, so we got up very early and were at the Rhin Spoor station by 9. We spent an hour, en route, at Gouda; bought a small image of a dog in ware at Cohen's, but could do nothing at Pavoordt's, because the old man was out, and the son knew none of the prices, and, moreover, had not the key to show us into the best Ware room. Walked from the station to the Hang. Van Minden was at his warehouse (Packhouse) so we followed him there, and having brought away a shell tea-pot, we returned with him to the shop. He had put aside for us since the summer, two Oriental plates, painted with a figure of George II. on horseback, brandishing his sword over a prostrate wounded foe. They are inscribed with his name, are highly gilt and enamelled, and are very curious and effective. We bought one of them, for which we paid dear, £7. 7. He had obtained this from a "Prediger" of whom he could not recall the name, and at the same time he got of him a gold watch which he showed us and which took my fancy very much, far more than did the Oriental plate. The work of the watch in the inner part of the case, in the inner case, was exquisite; covering the works was a sort of movable cap, on which were engraved the Arms of England, quartering the Fleurs-de-lys, and surmounted by the Crown. Evidently the watch had been a Royal present, the maker's name, "Godfrey, London". The whole was enclosed in a shagreen outer case, the back of which had gold let in to show the beauty of the goldsmith's work beneath. Taking it with other things, we got it for £16. 16., which was a great sum, but I believe much less than its worth. A Chelsea-Derby figure, an enamel flacon, and a small seal completed our purchases. We came away feeling rather ruined, but content. Called at Van der Pluyne's. He is to try and get us figures from Amsterdam, but has nothing

at present. At Kryser's we saw some horn boxes that we fancied, but he was out, and his wife knew nothing about the business. We took a train back to The Hague at 2.15., called at de Maan's, in the Spui, at Dirksen's, at Van Gelder's; the latter has a large Tiger Ware Cruche, with Arms of England, and date 1604., which we are contemplating the possession of. We believe it genuine, but first want a better opinion. Through the Gedempte Gracht, where the Jews swarm. Schaak was out, but we met de Maan, who promised to bring something to show us to-morrow morning.

17th. Accordingly he appeared while we were at breakfast, bringing with him a large and very perfect Chelsea-Derby figure of Time clipping Love's wings; the colour rather weak, but the modelling very good. It belonged to a lady who was said to be willing, though not anxious to sell. She asked £80. for the figure, or £100. for it and a small double group of Armida in Derby-Chelsea. We had only to express our thanks and decline. Went out to hunt; Munchen was out. We looked all over Dirksen's stock. He has only one étui, turquoise enamel, which *may* suit us. Then to the Bisschop's whom we found at home, and with whom we sat a very long time. They had recently been in Friesland, and have brought home many pretty and curious things. Arranged to go with them to Rotterdam on Monday, to look at a picture which we saw Kryser carrying through the streets when we got back to The Hague on the previous day, and which seemed to us worth inquiring about. Called at old de Maan's to see some things he had lately brought from the country. There were only two sauce boats, and a small ornament in Dresden china, for which he had the conscience to ask above £100., but the ideas the Dutch have formed now of prices is ridiculous. We hear that the celebrated Worcester service at Utrecht, which we saw two years ago, consisting of



75 pieces, is now valued by the "deux demoiselles" to whom it belongs at £1250! They are not likely to get any such sum. We would rather have their four Chelsea figures of the Seasons; but of that I fear there is not any chance; however, de Maan is to inquire. We called to-day at de Visser's. We were received by him, as usual, in the dressing-gown, and were right glad to find the little "Commis" reinstalled. De Visser was full of the successful sales he had made for Dr. Van der Willigen at Haarlem of prints, drawings, Delft, etc., and he had no mezzotints for us. Wrote our names down in the Queen's book at the Palace (she is just starting for Switzerland), and called in at the little Jew's in the Zee Straat, and at Tennyssen's, but bought nothing. Back for dinner rather late, but the weather was so charming that we forgot our table d'hôte was at 5.

18th. Called on Mr. Kanitz, who is not yet in town, then walked for about an hour in the Bosch. To Church at 3, after which we rambled about the town till dinner-time: We bought Bulwer's *Harold*, in the Tauchnitz Edition, at Brussels, and I am reading it with great pleasure. It harmonises well with our study of Freeman's *Normandy*.

19th. Out early and took a long walk all about The Hague finishing our visits to the shops. We did not find many things, but at Dirksen's we bought a turquoise enamel étui, very good (£4.); at Van Gelder's a grand old cruche of Tiger Ware, with Royal Arms of England, and date 1604, which M. Bisschop pronounced to be perfectly genuine. At Munchen's a little transfer-printed box, and one or two trifles at Isaacson's. The weather was not good; we had frequent little showers, and in the afternoon it grew worse. We had an engagement to go to Rotterdam with M. Bisschop to look at a picture which we had seen Kryser carrying about the streets when we returned to The Hague on Friday afternoon.

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It seemed to us very good and we wanted to have another look at it. We took a train together at 4, and returned before 7, but were disappointed of our errand as Kryser was not at home. However, we were consoled by a nice little purchase of three Chelsea-Derby figures at Van Minden's for £10. We also got at Kryser's two horn boxes with moulded subjects, one of them signed IA.Col. We stopped on our way from the station to call at M. Bisschop's, and dined on our return at the Hotel.

20th. Up early. Walked to the Hollandische station and so, soon after 9, to Amsterdam. Amsterdam looked quite its best. We went to all the old appointed shops, and did our long day's work very comfortably, dining at the Brack's Doelen, and returning by 9. to our Hotel. All this was very charming, but we spent a lot of money, some of the pieces being very fine! Ganz, Van Galen, Moesel, Hyman, had nothing for us (except at Ganz's a very small enamel box). Blitz had a lovely snuff box, but wanted £5 for it. Nothing at Buffa's, or the old man near the Vysselgracht. Our chief purchases were with the Speyers and Boasberg. At Speyer's two little figures and an enamel, etc. At Boasberg's three fine pieces of enamel, and Chelsea smelling bottle, and a seal. We also got a trifle at Van Houtum's, and a bonbonnière imitating a watch at Kalb and Soujet's. Everything is tremendously dear, but for enamels there is no place like Holland; one finds the most unusual types and in the most exquisite condition.

21st. We set out this morning for North Holland—a journey we planned to take last year when the weather prevented us. This time we were not much more fortunate, for it rained before we got as far as Gouda. There we stopped nearly two hours and bought a few things of old Pavoordt; then we went on to Utrecht, remaining there till a quarter to

six. The weather now became dreadful. Found but little to buy; nothing at Van Gorkum's, but he settled our old account. At a little shop, Costa's, we got a curious printed fan with lines on the death (supposed) of the Duke of Marlborough, and a bad miniature of De Witt. At the other Costa's, in Elizabeth Straat, a little metal writing-box of the last century, pretty but dear at £2., and this man then took us upstairs and showed us *in strict confidence*, three beautiful figures of females holding shells, one of them curiously marked with a crescent in blue, which we assumed to be Worcester. He said that he got them from a noble family for a "bagatelle" and now asks £100. for them. The Dutch have gone mad in their estimate of English figures. After all our chasse we went to the Bellevue and got our dinner at the 4.30. table d'hôte, before proceeding by the train to Zwolle. We are very comfortably installed at the Keyser's Kroon. C.S. has been washing up this morning's purchases, which I am less pleased with than I expected to be.

22nd. We went off this morning by train to Kampen, at the distance of half an hour from Zwolle; a delightful old town standing on the edge of the water. We had not much more than an hour to stop there before the train returned to Zwolle, but we made the most of our time. We ran across the bridge which connects the railway with the town, and soon found ourselves at the curious old Staathuis, which we went over; the principal room has an ancient fireplace and some finely carved stalls for the officials (Renaissance). We were shown some last century (1767) Oriental china, and some finely modelled chalices, with "Wassen" of Kampen. Reaching Zwolle again after this charming little excursion, we walked back from the railway to the town, and explored such curiosity shops as had been mentioned to us without

finding anything. Went into the Church, where there is a good Chancel Screen, a fine Organ, and a beautiful pulpit, carved in oak by Adam Straes, 1620. While there a storm of thunder and lightning came on, and we had to wait some time before we could leave the Church, to inquire something about a most interesting old house, with an effigy of a Moor's, or Barbary, head! [The Lindsey arms; hence Lady Charlotte's interest in the matter.] I should have liked to have seen more of Zwolle. Its situation on the Black Water is very pretty, but the weather now forbade further researches. The gateway one passes on the way to the railway station is old and very picturesque. We dined about 8. o'clock, went on (changing at Meppel) to Leeuwarden, which we reached about 10. o'clock. Doelen Hotel.

23rd. Very comfortable apartments on the ground floor. Before I was up I was startled with a discharge of water against my windows, and looking out saw two beings in bright metal helmets superintending the operation. It *might* have been a conflagration which firemen were extinguishing, but it was only the washing of the Hotel by means of a squirt, directed by the female servants in their golden head-dresses! After breakfast we went out with a guide to see the town. Being Market day, the place was very busy and the female part of the population appeared in all their provincial jewellery. We went through all the markets, including the new beast market, which is on a very large scale. Numbers of cattle, butter, etc., are sent from this place to England. It was altogether a very busy scene. The curiosity shops were not productive. We got one little stoneware tea-pot, very imperfect, at Huisinga's. With some difficulty we got admission to the Musée: we had to go to the Library for permission, as it was not a public day. The Librarian very kindly went back with us to the Musée, and took us in and

showed us everything, which was not very much. One of the most interesting things that I saw there was a rude cart-wheel, dug up seven feet below the surface. It had been put together with the bark on the wood, a portion of which still adhered to it. This, and a sculpture of the Trinity, of Byzantine work, built into the outer wall of the East end of the Church at Zwolle, are two of the most ancient things I have observed in Holland.

24th. Went by train to Harlingen, where we got two hours and a half to see the town. Going into a jeweller's shop to buy a small instrument for knitting-pins, we were accosted by a boy who spoke very respectable English. He acted as our interpreter, and volunteered to show us about the town. He showed us the new pier and harbour, and we walked along Robles' dyke, to the James-like monument which the people of the place put up in his garden, which is an eminence quite remarkable for Holland. On our way back to the railway station, our young guide took us to show us his father, a worthy dealer in clothes named Leeksmā, who politely offered to treat us to some gin, which we, as politely, declined. The only antiquaire in the town was a Jew named De Jonge, but being Saturday, he would not even allow us to *look* at his stock. Parting from our intelligent young conductor, we went on by a train at 1.30. to Franeker, where we spent some 4 hours. In the town we visited the most curious and picturesque Town Hall (end of the 16th century, and *very* good). The Maria Schurman Collection is, to me, rather a mystery; I have yet to learn who she was and what she did. We went also into the Planetarium. Then we walked all about the town, remarked an old building with a curious painted effigy, and took a long stroll on the Boulevards which are prettily planted with trees. It was a very pleasant day, warmer and calm, not a breath of wind, but



rather a leaden sky. We knew that the storm had raged very furiously in these parts on Wednesday, some part of the pier at Harlingen having been damaged by it. We had finished our survey of Franeker for an hour before the train started to take us back to Leeuwarden, so we waited in the station. Got back about six. Dined at a little table (table d'hôte being over) and in the evening went to Groningen, where we arrived about 11. Doelen Hotel. Some difficulty about accommodation, but we managed at last.

25th. Spent the whole day at Groningen, a most charming old town, of which the earthworks of the fortifications still remain intact. We took a very long walk outside the town, and in fact made the whole circuit of it, outside the walls. Some part of our walk was through the meadows and we had hurdles, gates, and planks across watercourses to encounter, but we surmounted all, and enjoyed the excursion immensely. In one point, where the river enters, we had to go back into the town to find a bridge, but having accomplished this we returned to our course, and walked on till we came to the point leading to the Steerebosche, which we visited. It is a beautiful wood artificially planted and laid out with great taste.

26th. Went into the old Church, and to the two curiosity shops, where we made some small purchases, and by 2.30. went on by train to Zutphen. The first part of the route rather barren and swampy, better as we advanced. We did not get to Zutphen till near 7. We put up at the Keyser's Kroon, where we had a charming apartment (two bedrooms opening on to a large salon, like the scene in *Fra Diavolo*) but unfortunately a very meagre dinner, for the table d'hôte had been long since over, and there appeared to be little to eat left in the Hotel. However, we slept soundly after it, notwithstanding the beautiful chimes which sounded every

half-hour. At the half-hour they play a tune with which I am very familiar, and which they tell me is called "Blau sind die Blümlein". The chimes in several places have given me pleasure, even though they are not in the best order, but these of Zutphen have pleased me most.

27th. Our landlord, speaking a little English and being a very accommodating man, took us himself to show us the town. We went first to a neighbouring Jew (Vredenberg) who had a little very bad china. While we were with him a truck came up to his door, bearing a last century meuble, covered with some very effective mounts—C.S. says the scene was very amusing when he came out of the shop, and found me in the street examining the meuble and surrounded by a group of inquisitive little boys, a tall policeman superintending us all. It ended in the Jew asking 30 gulden for the mounts, and our making a counter offer which he refused, but before we left the town he brought them to the Hotel, and we gave him 20 gulden for them. They *seem* to me very good, but I have yet to get knowledge on this branch of art; at all events, they are pretty. But, to return to our walk. We went to see the Church but failed to gain admittance. The custodian was away, so we contented ourselves with looking at the outside, which has striking points. We then went to the building with the chimes, where the archives are kept. There are some curious things in it. Letters with paintings in them, representing their purport; some old silver maces, or wands of office, etc.; in a corner I saw, with dismay, a common deal box with no lid, and a large rubbish basket full of old parchment deeds, with grand old seals affixed. Of course I could be no judge of what they were, or of what value, but I am sure they are worthy of better treatment than they receive, and I should be curious to inquire more about them if I could make acquaintance with

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some learned man on returning to The Hague. We concluded our ramble by a hurried walk along the ramparts, commanding charming views into, and about, the town, and passing a delicious old octagonal brick tower, and some remains of the old walls. The trees and avenues most beautiful; and Zutphen altogether, one of the places we have been most pleased with in all our travels. The day was very fine. At 12.30. we took a train back to Deventer, which we had passed through the previous evening, and spent there above a couple of hours with great pleasure. We walked into the town. There is, in the principal place, a gateway (17th century) to an ancient cloister, and in the middle of it a remarkable building, dated 1528 in one part, the portico and stair of approach, 1643. It is undergoing repair: near this is the house of the Three Golden Herrings, so named in the inscription, which is dated 1575, and on which we see the three golden herrings duly sculptured. There are several other old houses about the town, chiefly of the end of the 17th century, and we discovered an old round tower of brick, and another plastered over and disguised in the old wall (now built into houses) near the river—the Yssel. We went into the Church, which is the finest we have seen in Holland. It is very fine indeed, but, as usual, sadly disfigured with white-wash. The crypt has six old circular columns, four with spiral, and two with floral decorations, the latter imitating the bark of a date-palm, I think. The vaulting is early (what we should call Norman) 11th century. Opposite the Church is the Town Hall, where we saw a large picture of Terburg's with portraits of the Burgomasters of the time: good 17th century doors, the Library, etc. The building itself is large and ugly. Walked back to the train, having also looked in at the two curiosity shops, which are very bad, and got to Arnhem at 6 o'clock. Hôtel De Zon,

which we have all to ourselves, the season being over : very comfortable.

28th. The very loveliest autumn day I ever remember ; a cloudless sky and a warm brilliant sun, without a breath of wind ; we thoroughly enjoyed it. Went out at 11., walked about till 2.30. Tried to find curiosity shops. Abercrombie (a sort of Howell and James) is a humbug with a host of contrefaçons. The three Cohens are little dealers of the lowest grade, so we found nothing. We were told that a Mme. du Tousse had a Collection which was shown to the public, so we walked on with a guide to her house, which is in the pretty suburb of Velp. She is, I believe, sister and successor of Count Hardenbruck, now in a madhouse, whose château and collection we went to see some five years ago. The château is now sold, and of the things she has preserved, only the pictures seemed to us of any account ; they are French family portraits of the time of Louis XIV. The china is rubbish, but we did not see it all. We returned to our Hotel, passing the Château of Count Von Pahland. All very pretty. Then we got an open carriage, and from 3. to 4.30. drove about the neighbourhood, and getting the most charming views over the town, the Rhine, the meadows, woods, etc. It was very delightful, this lovely and peaceful day at Arnhem. We had written to de Maan to meet us here, as he told us that he knew of a lady here who wanted to sell some Chelsea figures ; but he never appeared. Table d'hôte at 4.30. at which we were alone.

29th. We took a 10.40. train, and before we got to Utrecht the sun had come out, and we had, if possible, a more lovely day than yesterday. We left our parcels at the station, and went into the town, which we reached at mid-day. First of all we visited the shops, with small results, and that profitless but necessary duty fulfilled, we took the rest of

the day to enjoy ourselves. I always loved Utrecht with its grand old tower and clustering trees, but I never before knew how truly beautiful it was. We walked all round the Boulevards, commencing with the picturesque Spaniards' Oort. The gardens and walks are charmingly laid out beside the river (or canal), and in the golden autumn sunshine the trees bore their mellowest tints. We had lovely little peeps of swans and boats on the water, trim villas on the banks, and crowning all, the majestic Maliebaan with its six rows of historic limes. After walking down the Avenue and back again we sat for some time at the entrance to it, sunning ourselves and thoroughly enjoying the scene and its associations, till the dear old chimes reminded us that we had other pleasures in prospect and we went and spent the rest of the daylight in the Archbishop's Museum in the Nieuwe Gracht (where we were this time last year, Oct. 23), full of objects of great artistic interest. It was a very happy day. Having got an indifferent dinner at our old quarters, the Bellevue, we took the train back to The Hague, arriving there somewhere about 8. o'clock.

30th. Went to call on the Bisschops to give an account of our journey, and of the little commission I had undertaken. We went on from their house to the train, and made an excursion to Delft, getting back by 8. o'clock for table d'hôte. The Jedeloos, where we used to find things last year, have nothing now. Young Jedeloo went about the town with us, and got us permission to see a room hung with good tapestry, having a mantelpiece with a marble panel carved in figures, and a plafond and boiserie of doors and fittings, all en suite. The master of the house is M. Van der Goos, who was very polite in showing it to us, but surprised that it had obtained any notoriety. He seems to be a collector. He has some Delft and some good Oriental (not a great deal), but the only



thing of his that I coveted was a little Chelsea seal which I spied in a cabinet among very uncongenial companions. Jedeloo took us to another dealer but he was out. So we spent the rest of our time at the old Church, and we persuaded the custodian to lend us their MS. description of the tombs therein, which is written in the most absurd and original English, and of which I have taken a copy. Certainly Delft has some very striking buildings, its two Churches, with characteristic towers, its market square, with the large edifice facing the Church, and several curious old houses. We went to see the spot where William the Silent was murdered.

31st. Spent the day in lounging about The Hague. Went to the Library, which we saw for the first time, and tried in vain to find out something about the Denys Dorio who worked at Delft, and who, on his way to Holland, decorated our Rouen bottle (see Oct. 14) and a very few other Rouen specimens.

### NOVEMBER 1874

AMSTERDAM : LEYDEN : UTRECHT : THE HAGUE : ROTTERDAM :  
LILLE : ANTWERP : TOURNAI : GHENT : BRUSSELS : AND HOME

November 2nd. Up soon after 6. and off by the 9.8 train to Amsterdam, returning by the 4. train in the evening, and walking to and from the station. C.S. took the George II. plate (see Oct. 16) and the Oriental plates bought in Brussels (see Oct. 14) for Speyer's opinion of them. After much cogitating over them Speyer gave the opinion that the George II. plate was painted after a print in Holland. He was inclined to think the same of the others ; some of these last seem to have a sort of historical allusion. Two of these having reference to the losses and gains during the famous John Law's bubbles, from which Amsterdam is said to have suffered very severely.

But wherever done, he considered them all very curious. He told us there was a man (a Frenchman) named Pierot, who lived in Holland some 60 or more years ago, whose occupation it was to redecorate the white, and blue and white, Oriental china which came over there; and he said that quantities of Oriental china came to Holland as ballast. Our George II. is done upon an Oriental blue and white plate, but when, or where, or by whom, the figure was put on we have no means of knowing. The presumption is that it was done in George II.'s lifetime, as after that time his portrait would not have been one of any popular interest. Add to this, that this plate came from the same family (that of a Scotch clergyman named Macfield) that possessed the gold watch, probably a Royal present, engraved with the Royal Arms of England, of a date quartering the Fleurs-de-lys of France. In M. Van de Gitta's collection, which we visited directly afterwards, we found two Oriental egg-shell plates decorated much in a similar manner, with a portrait of the, then, Prince of Orange, and dated 1747. Our George II. may have been of the same period, and the prostrate foe he has overcome may have been the Pretender, Charles Edward. I am inclined to think that this plate and the watch had been the property of George II.'s daughter Anne, who married the Prince of Orange, and that they came into this "Prediger" Macfield's family through her. C.S. thinks all these 7 plates were done in China, from European prints. Boasberg went with us to the Van de Gitta Collection. It is very remarkable. The Oriental magnificent. The European porcelain, only mediocre. The bibelots, snuff boxes and other small objects, most beautiful. He has upwards of 20 Chelsea flacons, bon-bonnières, etc., and all of the highest quality. The collection contains many things which we do not understand, such as Ivories, Woodcarvings, Venetian glass; this last did not seem



A PAIR OF CHINESE VASES WITH COVERS, DECORATED WITH A PALE PINK GROUND ENAMELLED WITH FLOWERS IN PANELS AND WITH ASTERS AT VARIOUS POINTS. THE TRELLISED BORDERS ARE OF GREEN. TYPICAL PIECES OF THE YUNG CHIEN PERIOD

*Lord Wimborne's Collection*



to us of any particular merit. It was a great treat to see this Collection. We afterwards went to see M. Saxe's celebrated pictures, which I have seen more than once before. There are also some fine bedsteads, and a great deal of Delft, but nothing that I coveted, though I believe, in the present rage for Delft, it is very valuable. It is not to be compared to Mr. Loudon's at The Hague. We went after this to Van Houtum's, and to Kalb and Soujet, and bought a small piece of Battersea at each. Late dinner on our return. In the evening Van Gorkum looked in.

3rd. We have stayed at home, writing and washing up. Our only incident, another visit from Van Gorkum. Just after writing this, we received a telegram by the hands of M. Bisschop, appointing us to meet M. Van Huckelm at Utrecht on the following day. This gentlemen is the founder of the Utrecht Museum, and we expressed a wish to see him, and to go through the Museum with him, which M. Bisschop had accordingly arranged for us. So we were off early the next morning.

4th. We found M. Van Huckelm awaiting us at the Museum, and we spent there between two and three hours with him very agreeably. He is a most well-informed and agreeable man. What he has done in making this collection is quite wonderful. We were so long at the Museum that we could not get back to The Hague till the 6.40. train. So we had to dine at the Bellevue, where we had, as usual, a very indifferent dinner, but that is a trifle. At Van Gorkum's we got a very pretty silver box, commemorating the peace of Ryswyck, 1692.

5th. Called on the Bisschops, and looked into some of the shops. A brilliant morning and as warm as summer. We went in the afternoon to Leyden, but before we arrived there, the mists had come over the scene again, which was a



pity. At Leyden, we went to Duchatel's, Leureman's, Van Dyck's, and the old amateur, Byleveldt. Nothing in the shops. We climbed the mound attributed to Hengist! and went through the uninteresting rooms of the Town Hall, the exterior of which is rather fine, and is associated by date with the conclusion of the celebrated siege, 1574.

6th. Our last day at The Hague. On our way to say good-bye to the kind Bisschops we looked in at Sarlin's ruinously expensive shop, and were tempted to an outlay of £12. 10. chiefly in Battersea enamels. One of these, a snuff-box, Rose du Barry, with large portrait of Frederic the Great on the lid is a great addition to our collection. In the afternoon we went over to Rotterdam, to look at some figures which the Van der Pluynes had sent to tell us of. They were very inferior and the poor woman had given a large price for them, making sure we should buy them, which we were sorry for, but they were quite out of the question for us. On our return, we called at Mr. Loudon's. He was out, but had left word for us to go in, so we took a hasty glance at his collection of Delft, which seemed to us more wonderful than ever. It is admirably arranged, and with the greatest taste. After table d'hôte we were out again. Went to see a M. Moysel, 28 Java Straat, an "amateur qui vend." He was the purchaser of the Chelsea figure of Milton, which we saw at Coster's last year. He now wants to sell it again. But his price is too high, £25. It would have made a good match for our Shakespeare and at half that sum would have done very well. After that we went to Dirksen's. They had a 15th century chalice which they have just bought out of a Church near Hertogenbosch. We were tempted by it, but finally decided against it, though the price was small, about £9., because we considered the foot to be of later art than the rest of the piece. And thus ended our chasse in Holland.



THREE EXAMPLES OF THE FAMOUS BATTERSEA ENAMELS IN THE COLLECTION OF WHICH LADY CHARLOTTE AND MR. CHARLES SCHREIBER  
 APPEAR TO HAVE HAD THE GREATEST GOOD FORTUNE  
*The Schreiber Collection*



We went back and packed up the few things we have collected, and were in bed by 11. I do not think we have done nearly so well this journey as usual. Things are dearer and scarcer. We have found very little that we consider great additions to our collection, and what we have got cost us a large sum—indeed too much, but our séjour of three weeks and two days has been a very pleasant one.

7th. Again a most lovely day, quite second summer. It seemed quite a pity to leave Holland in such brilliant weather. We meant to have gone by the express, and to have spent a couple of hours or so at Antwerp on our way ; but we mistook the hour of the train and leaving at 9.20. had above two hours' delay at Rotterdam. Went to see the Van Mindens. He is in Brussels, busy about a sale which he makes there on Monday. We looked over their things, but saw nothing fresh. We have now ascertained, without doubt, that the George II. plate was decorated in Holland. They say that the Mol factory did much in this way in former times. After this visit I sat in the waiting-room at work, till it was time to go to the opposite railway. We sat on the upper deck. Rotterdam and its good old Avenue looked very pretty as we left it. The season is a very late one. In many places the leaves have not nearly left the trees, and the autumn tints have been very fine. We had a long journey to Brussels, which we reached about 6, a good deal cumbered with our packages, but all came well, except one Delft dish, and at the Hôtel Mengelle we found our comfortable room ready, and a good dinner, and slept well after all the exertions of the journey, which I thought less pleasant than usual.

9th. Another cold and foggy day. Nevertheless we were out from 11. o'clock. Called on Baron Wykerslooth twice, but failed to find him at home (see Oct. 14) ; we saw him, however, later in the day at old Genie's and made an

appointment for to-morrow. We went into a great many shops, Marynen's, Moru's, Slaes Kochs', Cools', Daene's, De Vries', Polonet's, Craenen's, Müller's, Huysmans', Genie's. All seemed very ill supplied except the last, where we found some Mennecy custard cups, and some mediocre enamels. We also found a curious enamel box at Cools', having a map of parts of Germany and Bohemia, and marking the site of some of the last century battles. A good enamel box lid at Polonet's, but too dear. We also looked in at Van Minden's sale, but for a moment only, just to see the sort of thing. The goods are mostly second-rate Oriental and Delft, and not at all suitable to our collection.

10th. At 11. this morning we went, by appointment, to see the collection of the Baron de Wykerslooth. He has some very fine specimens of Delft, and of various French faïences. He gave us introductions to other amateurs, and we availed ourselves of one of them to call upon the Comte de Monceau, who showed us some magnificent coloured groups, which he considers Chelsea, but which we take to be Tournai (or possibly Mennecy?). He has also some fine old silver. We found, in conversation, that he knew my boys at Cowes. He brought in his wife to introduce to us, a pretty little woman, speaking English beautifully. After these visits we went to the shops. Bought Cools Thyssen's enamel box with the maps, which has, evidently, reference to the Seven Years War; also the box lid which we saw at Polonet's, for 60. francs, very dear, but in washing it, it came out beautifully and we were very pleased with it. After all this, we sat a little while at old Genie's, and rain then prevented our going farther, but on our way back we looked in at Van Minden's sale, which amused us much. We saw sold a fine leather screen, 8 leaves, gold ground, Watteau subjects, like that we got for Ivor last year, but in rather



brighter condition; it fetched about £58. [The screen bought for Lord Wimborne, then Sir Ivor Guest, is now at Canford.] Also we saw sold a George II. plate, like ours, but not so fine, for £6. 10. to Stroobant, a dealer who knows good things and would not have bought it if he had not thought well of it. At table d'hôte Lady Westbury, with whom I got a little conversation. Working, writing, reading in the evening. An invitation for dinner to-morrow has just come from Comte de Monceau.

11th. On first going out we called on M. Yvenpool's, 16 Rue Royale, and he showed us his magnificent collection of Delft; many of them unique pieces, with hitherto unknown marks. He is the possessor of the fine plaque marked with the Cock and inscribed "Arnhems Fabrique" which I used to admire at Munchen's. I took down several marks from his pieces. From him we went on to the Comte de Chartil's, but he was out, so we persevered to the next antiquary on our list, M. Fetis, 16 Rue de l'Arbre Bénit, where we were more fortunate. M. Fetis not only showed us all his things but taught us a great deal about faience, which we knew nothing of previously. He seemed to have more solid information on these subjects than any one we have yet fallen in with. His collection is less showy than M. Yvenpool's, which is, again, less showy than M. Loudon's, at The Hague, but I fancy they both have objects of great curiosity, though not so attractive or so splendidly arranged as M. Loudon's. I think we must have spent nearly three hours with M. Fetis. We afterwards went down into town to pay for our recent purchases and as we came back we looked in at the Van Minden's sale. A very fine evening but rather cold. Dined with Comte and Comtesse de Monceau. A family party; besides ourselves only Comte and Comtesse Fetis, and Baron de Wykerslooth. A pleasant evening.

## LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1874

12th. We had fixed to-day for our journey to Antwerp. The morning looked bright, but before we had done breakfast it began to snow, and we walked down to the station in a snowstorm. However, before we reached Antwerp it had cleared off and we had a bright and sunny day, with a still frosty air, which would have been much more enjoyable if the streets had not been one mass of mud, causing cold and damp feet. Notwithstanding, we walked about for some hours. Went to Eva Krug, left her some more things we did not care for, and find she has been doing well for us. Haert and Tessaro had no prints for us: we found one or two trifles in the little shops of the Grand Place. Went into the Town Hall, where we were shown the large room newly decorated. Of those containing anything, antique or curious, we could only see the room occupied, I think they said, as a Police Court, where there is a massive Renaissance mantel-piece, and some carved benches, with high backs, in the same style. Got back to Brussels late in the afternoon.

13th. Wrote letters in the morning. Handelaar brought us home a very pretty box, tortoise-shell inlaid with figures (in silver relief) of Columbine, Pantaloon, and Harlequin. We had commissioned him to buy it for us at Van Minden's sale. The only thing we cared for there, and we think we did not pay too dear for it, about 2 guineas. When we went out we went to Handelaar's to look at some (so-called) Tournai plates, which were anything but good, though pretty and showy, nouveau décor. About one we went to the De Monceaux, who had appointed to take us to see Stein's things. He had some large Oriental Vases, some silver, and some indifferent Saxe; nothing good, and nothing in our line. On leaving M. and Mme. de Monceau, we went to a shop hitherto unknown to us, Janssen's, in the Rue du Parchemin, who, we heard, had a lot of Mennecy. But it turned out that the set

was in private hands, and not to be had on any terms. We found with him two white house teapots, rather dilapidated but very cheap. Walked to Stroobant's, and so wound up our promenade.

14th. A long visit from M. Fetis, who came to see our Rouen vase, and expressed himself greatly pleased with it. He is a man of great intelligence, and one learns much by conversing with him. It was accordingly past 12., nearly 1., when we got out. We went first to the Porte de Hal, but were disappointed to find that Saturday, as well as Monday, is a closed day. So we went to some shops instead and had a long walk to find the shop of one Volant, in the Chaussée d'Etterbeek, No. 67. He had a large assortment of things, but we only found one or two pieces to buy, not of any consideration. It was a bright cold day, the streets very dirty still, and the Chaussée d'Etterbeek a wretched quarter for walking in.

16th. Up soon after 5. to go to Tournai, but having missed our express, we changed our tactics, and went first to Lille, which we reached at about 11. There we spent above two hours; we drove to the shops to save time, but found very little to repay the trouble of the journey. Having got something to eat at the station, we went back by the next train to Tournai. Drove to Pourbaix, got him to accompany us to Froyenne. Vassen was out, but we found a little Mennecy box at his house, which we bought. Then we returned to look at Pourbaix's stock, but made no purchases. Dined at the Hôtel de l'Impératrice (improved since our last visit), and came on by train, which was an hour behind time. We walked up through a steady rain, and did not get back to our Hotel till 11. o'clock.

17th. At noon we went to the collection of the Comte Camille de Chartil. He has some very pretty European

china, groups, etc., and some very fine pieces of Oriental; a very large assortment of Capucin, entirely decorating one of the rooms. On leaving him we went to the Porte de Hal, where we spent an hour and a half, till its closing at 3. Then we sauntered about, notwithstanding the heavy rain. Went to Genie's. At Craenen's found a bust of Voltaire.

18th. A very pleasant day at Ghent, although it rained all the time. We got there about 10., and came away about 4. Went to all the shops and made several small purchases, among them an iron box, the top in brass, engraved with the double eagle and Imperial crown, surrounded with arabesques, evidently of the time of Charles V., perhaps his property! We got this at the shop of a curious wild creature, Demoulin, who spends half his time in a yacht, but seems to have a feeling for art, and told us that he collects for the Achille Jubinals. He is quite a character. De Clerc had one or two bits of Battersea enamel, among them a thimble, which I secured with delight, as very rare, but he told me I must pay a high price for it, as he had bought it dear, and then asked me half a crown! One other thing we got which I value, viz:—a painted fan of the time of the Reign of Terror, admirable as to costume. This is the third painted fan I met with on the journey. One, with portrait and last Testament of Louis XVI. at Van Gelder's; another of the death of Marlborough, at Utrecht. They are interesting as showing what was in common use at the time they were made, and are rare, because things of so little intrinsic value very seldom escape being destroyed. We paid a long visit to Omghena's very fine collection, and altogether enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

19th. By train to Malines, starting before 11. and getting back to Brussels soon after 2. We went then to see the collection of M. Bovie, which had been mentioned to us



LARGE COLLECTION OF BOW FIGURES SHOWING MANY THAT HAVE BEEN MADE FAMOUS BY RECENT ENORMOUS PRICES. THE FINE SEATED BRITANNIA WITH A MEDALLION OF GEORGE II IN HER HAND WAS ONE OF THE GREATEST SUCCESSSES OF THE BOW WORKS; MANY OF THE OTHER LIVELY FIGURES WERE FOUND BY LADY CHARLOTTE IN FOREIGN TOURS

*The Schreier Collection*





by the de Chartils. He lives in a very pretty house, and has a large picture gallery. He showed us his pictures (of which I am no judge, but they seemed very pleasing), and then he took us down stairs where was a glass case occupying one side of a room and fitted with china groups and figures. Some of his Tournai, both biscuit and coloured, seem very good (we could not examine them as we could not get the key to open the case), and among the number were four Bow figures which we rather coveted. Looked in at de Bruyer's and Huysmans' on our way back to the station. We enjoyed our ramble about the charming old town and were sorry we had not time to stay longer to explore it and to go into the Museum; but we were obliged to return as we had an appointment to call on the de Monceaux about 3. o'clock. We had been the previous day to look at M. de Lippen's fine wrought-iron frame which we had so much admired, Aug. 1873, and which is still there. M. de Monceau, to whom we had mentioned it, wished to make some inquiries about it.

20th. After violent rain in the morning, we had a bright sunny day, with only occasional showers. At 11. we went to M. Fetis to see some fine plaques of faience, one signed by Soliva, and spent some time talking with him. After we left him we kept on foot all day. Went to Genie's, who is disappointed (for the present) of a Chelsea service he had in view for us. Then to Papillon's, where we found a most curious and interesting book of patterns of 100 years ago, containing designs for furniture mounts, branches, watch-stands, and every kind of hardware. It had evidently been a commercial traveller's book, for it had on it the prices at which the various articles could be supplied, and the memoranda upon it being in English establishes the nationality of the mounts we bought on the 27th ulto. at Zutphen, engravings

## LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1874

of which, by a happy coincidence, figure in this work. We are delighted with our new acquisition. We found out to-day a good china-mender, Jambert, Rue de la Caserne. Went to Marynen's to look after the packing of the clock we bought of him, with which some other things are being stowed away. Called on Mrs. Kemeys Tynte, who was out, and concluded our walk by going down to S. Gudule's, where we found a small service going on at the side Chapel in the aisle. The Cathedral was but dimly lighted; however, we could see well enough to admire again the fine ironwork of some of the gates and grilles. It was a lovely golden evening.

21st. Up at 5. the next morning. A fine morning, which was the more fortunate as they had only ordered one carriage, so C.S. and I went on foot to the station, sending the maid on in charge of the luggage. There was a fuss in getting off, but eventually all went well. On reaching the steamer I went into the ladies' cabin and lay down comfortably near the fire; at needlework nearly all the way and sleeping a little. It was rather rough at first, but before we reached Dover it became perfectly calm, the sea was like a lake, and a fog seemed to be rising over the waters after we disembarked. It was altogether a most excellent voyage. I was quite well all along, and was very grateful when I landed safely on my native shores, with the treasured cruche (of Oct. 19) in one hand, a basket of brittle ware in the other, and the celebrated red velvet bag laden with all the enamels on my arm. Mr. Martin of Dowlais was in the train with us going to London, having just returned from the Iron Mines near Bilbao in Spain. On reaching London we found everything enveloped in a dense fog. We came over just at the right moment. Spent the evening in unpacking, and arranging, our purchases.

Sunday, 22nd. Ivor, Blanche (who is spending two days with him), Monty, and Charlie Glyn came to luncheon and made a visit of inspection. Ivor spent the afternoon with me, and we were very happy. We dined with him and Blanche at Hamilton House in the evening.

## NOTES CERAMIC

FEBRUARY TO MARCH 3, 1875

PARIS

Feb. 1875.

8th. Left London by the Tidal train starting from Charing Cross at 8.30. A most lovely day; bright and sunny in the extreme, which after the recent dull cheerless weather was very acceptable, but bitterly cold! Granville Gordon, who is going to France to study languages, with a view to a diplomatic career, was at the station awaiting us, and we went on in company. [This was Lord Granville Gordon, the son of the 10th Marquis of Huntly and Lady Huntly, the stepsister of Lady Charlotte.] In the same carriage with us was Lord E. Russell, whom I had not met for 30 years, and who reintroduced himself to me with reminiscences of our having acted together at the private theatricals at Woburn, so we had an agreeable journey to Folkestone, where we took ship. [This would be Lord Edward Russell, son of the 7th Duke of Bedford. He was born in 1805 and died in 1887.] There was no wind and the sea was perfectly calm. Everything looked bright and I would fain have stayed on deck, but I was driven below by the intense cold. So I lay down and read, with great interest, my friend Charles Kingsley's *Hereward*. The subject is laid in my own Lincolnshire, and I know all the scenery he describes o'erwell. Val Hambro and his bride were in the boat, and I was introduced to her





EXAMPLES OF EARLY SALT GLAZE IN WHICH DEPARTMENT OF WARE LADY CHARLOTTE'S COLLECTION IS PARTICULARLY RICH. THE STATUETTES ARE OF AN ACTOR AND ACTRESS IN ASIATIC COSTUME OF BRILLIANT COLOURS. THE MODEL OF THE MALE FIGURE ALSO APPEARS IN BOW CHINA. THE MILK-JUG AND COVER ARE CHARACTERISTIC EARLY EXAMPLES. THE CORNUCOPIA AS A WALL VASE IS ONE OF A PAIR DECORATED WITH AN ELABORATE LANDSCAPE, BUILDING AND ANIMALS. THE DESIGN WAS ALSO USED

AT BOW  
*The Schreiber Collection*



at Amiens, where we went into the buffet to get some soup. Lord E. Russell was in our carriage all the way to Paris, and we had a quiet comfortable journey, reading and sleeping alternately all the way, for I was tired with having much to do before leaving home, in dismantling part of our house, which was to be redecorated, etc. Reached Paris at 6.30. Found rooms ready for us at the Hôtel S. Romain.

9th. Breakfasted at 10. After writing letters went out on foot, Granville with us. Walked till near dinner-time at 7. A cold day, not brighter than London, and a great change from yesterday. Called at the Oppenheims and several other shops, but found very little to tempt us to purchase. We went and made the acquaintance of M. Fulgence, the expert, to whom we had an introduction from M. Fetis of Brussels. He is a great enthusiast, and promises to help us. Found one or two good things at the Fourniers, and so sauntered about till after dark, but without any great results. There is a great sale going on at the Hôtel Drouot, that of a Baron Thibon, and all the chief dealers have come over to it; we were too late for the view. The first day's sale (the pictures) was going on when we reached the place.

10th. To-day Granville went out alone to make some calls, and C.S. and I pursued our "chasse" most diligently. Called at the "Vieux Paris", where the things are pretty but too dear. Again tried, but without success, to see something of Baron Thibon's Collection at the Drouot. Then we continued our quiet "chasse," finding very little, till we got into the Boulevard Haussmann. There, at Mme. Veyrat's, I discovered a lovely Mennecy saucer (would there had been a cup) painted in figures in colours, which is very rare; and farther on we were rejoiced by the sight of a wonderful étui of Battersea enamel, with portrait and flowers, in perfect

condition, and fully fitted. This we acquired at the small price of £3. Another, quilted box, with a portrait, costing us 28/-. This was a success. Being so near to the Barrière de l'Etoile we went up thither and pursued our way all along the Champs Elysées till we came to the Exposition, where we turned off, crossed the Seine, passed in front of the Invalides, and so struck into the Rue de l'Université; picked up some trifles there, and on our way home by the Quai Voltaire were fortunate enough to meet with two excellent old Bow bottles at Mme. Rouveyre's for 20. francs.

11th. There had been sunshine yesterday, notwithstanding the cold, but there was but little to-day. We walked, as usual, after breakfast, first going across the water and making a long tour, but to little purpose; however, in a little shop in the Rue du Dragon we came upon a cup, matching the saucer we bought last autumn at Rennes, and, curiously enough, also marked CAEN, which we hear is somewhat rare. At the same place we found a very small Bow figure, rather pretty and cheap. We had had a visit from M. Fulgence in the morning, and went to him in the afternoon to look at a little Chantilly vase he had with raised figures outside. Granville, who walked with us, thinks that Esmé wants to invest in a little china, so we had this put aside for him, as we had done with a magnificent Doccia piece at Fournier's on Tuesday. [This was Lord Esmé Gordon, an elder brother of Granville Gordon.] After a time Granville went home, and we walked on alone. Struck a new vein in the Rue Fernandes Marturies, where we invested in a Chelsea pedestal matching that we bought at Brussels last year (£1. 3.), and some lovely Nove cups. As we passed Léandier's in the Rue de Seize, I was attracted by a glorious Tournai teapot, with purple and gold border, and medallions of birds. To our

surprise they only asked £4. for it and its accompanying milk jug, so we secured them at once. Our hands being full with various purchases, we went home to deposit our treasures, and then went on to Oppenheim's to see what the travelling brother had brought home from Germany, whence he arrived the previous night. He had many pretty and good things, some of which are put aside for our future inspection ; but we at once seized upon and carried away an exquisite Chelsea smelling-bottle, formed as a girl smelling at a flower and holding roses, cheap at £7. 12. C.S. and Granville went to dine to-night at the Grand Hôtel. I filled up the evening alone, in writing and washing up our recent purchases. This had been a day of *trouvailles*.

12th. Granville left us to go to his tutor's at Provins. C.S. and I went out about 1. Called at Worms', Nelson's, at Tousson's to pay a balance due, and there found a small Mennecy box, pendant to one we bought at Bruges, 8 years ago, from Omghena (12/6). Then we struck across from the Avenue Friedland to the Faubourg S. Germain. Swept the Quai Voltaire, but only bought one enamel box, a lion's head, at Le Clerc's. In the Rue Cherche Midi, No. 67, we found out the domicile of the printseller La Croix, with whom Haert of Antwerp had put us in communication. But La Croix was absent, so we settled to call again to-morrow morning ; looked in at another shop in that street (No. 23), where we saw nothing, and on our way through the Rue de Grenelle were attracted by some biscuit figures which we are also to reinspect to-morrow morning, for it was dark before we had got thus far. It was nearly 7. before we got back, the weather having been all day wet and disagreeable.

13th. Directly after breakfast we went out. Took our (Delft ?) plaques, which we had brought from England for an opinion, to La Combe, but could get nothing satisfactory



from him. Went on to La Croix. We did not find anything to tempt us with him. Not long ago he had sold all his English mezzotints to a German dealer; but he still has some Hollars, which, inspired by the Exhibition still open at the Burlington Club, I hope to take away with me. We are to go again to him this day week. On our way back we bought a group of *pâte tendre* Sèvres biscuit, *Le Sabot cassé*, in the Rue de Grenelle. It is signed "F. 99" (Falconet?) and seems to us very good. A print or two in the Rue Malaquais. Having touched at our Hotel to deposit our purchases, we went out again shortly. Called on the Val Hambros, whom we found at home. Then went on looking into shops, etc., till time to return for dinner. At De Veuve's we saw a most interesting Vienna tea service (21 pieces) with charming little landscapes and heads in medallions, for which he only asks £18. It would hardly suit our collection, but if Esmé really wants to buy some china he could not do better than invest in this. We have the refusal of it for a week, and intend to write to him about it. Went through the Passage des Panoramas and ended our walk with a visit to the Fourniers, with whom we found a very pretty Chantilly marked cup, with good coloured flowers in relief (24 frs.). From their account it would seem we did well in buying the Sabot cassé this morning.

14th. We went to Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau. To our surprise, who should come and sit on the very same bench but our dear old friend Waddington and his new wife, but he did not see us till the service was over, and we had got outside the Church, when we hailed him and were heartily welcomed, and were introduced to the nouvelle mariée. The rencontre with him was of a piece with, though perhaps less curious than, that of June 1, 1871, at Versailles, where we found ourselves in the room immediately adjoining him!

He looks well, unchanged, but has now become important in the politics of France, and has some weighty "Constitutional" measure coming on in the Chamber next week. We arranged to call and see them both late in the afternoon, and meanwhile hurried back to see Val Hambro and his wife, who had promised to come and see our small purchases. While they were with us, Danvilliers came and paid us a nice, long, chatty visit. We had out our Delft (?) plaques to show him, but he could give us no true opinion as to their origin. After an hour's quiet rest we set out, as we had promised to see the Waddingtons, who live near the Barrière de l'Etoile, Rue Dumont d'Urville, 11 bis. Found them at tea and spent an hour with them; a long cold walk there and back. As soon as we got home we prepared to go out again, having promised to dine with the Hambros, in their rooms at the Hôtel Westminster, where we spent a pleasant evening.

15th. Spent the morning in writing letters, and did not go out until half-past 3. Then we took a three hours' stroll, visiting several shops, and exploring, without any results, the Quarter near the Rue Blanche. Our only purchase to-day was a good, but not very perfect, Chelsea figure, of Giershoffer, 42 Rue Richer.

16th. Went out early to see the Oppenheims, who had expected to receive all that they had bought on a recent journey, but nothing had come. We bought only a lady's workcase of velvet and with instruments, very pretty; came back in time for M. Danvilliers, who called for us at one, to take us to the collection of M. Double, Rue Louis le Grand, which is quite one of the most beautiful and complete we ever visited. Everything in the house is so perfectly in character, the furniture, the tapestries, porcelains, etc. I admired the meubles, fireplace, bronzes, etc., more than the china, but his

Sèvres is very fine. He is a charming old gentleman himself, and I was sorry to hear that neither his wife nor his son sympathise in his tastes and pursuits. From M. Double's we went on to M. Danvilliers', where he showed us many interesting things. After this we went into one or two other shops, and, in the Palais Royal, at Laurent's, saw a little vase, the origin of which puzzled us very much, and which is under consideration. I was rather tired to-day, the weather was ungenial, rather a sleepless night after it, when I amused myself in thinking over the enigmatical vase, and planning a case for a central table to show off some of our bibelots.

17th. Called again at Laurent's but cannot yet come to any conclusion about his doubtful piece of china. He has a suite of most magnificent Dresden vases, seven in number; purple ground, with medallions painted à la Chinoise. Went on to Bihn's to look over prints, then walked up the Rue de Clichy, calling at all the little shops on the way, where there was nothing for us, and so to Montmartre. After some trouble we found the shop of Osmont, Passage des Beaux Arts, who has a great deal of furniture, new and old, very good things—a little china, and some jewels, among them a Spanish jewel of the style of that we bought at Cordova, but not nearly so good—price £32., we gave £13. for ours. Osmont is dear, but his shop is worth knowing; he gave us some other renseignements. Returning into the Rue de Clichy we took an omnibus to the Ternes, and then walked on to the Rue Dentours. Found Mme. Beavan at home but ill. We looked over all her things, but only bought one Battersea enamel box, representing an eagle carrying off a leopard, large and fine (£4). Walked back by the Arc de Triomphe to our Hotel, not arriving till 7.30. It had been an amusing afternoon, and in a quarter hitherto little known to us.

18th. The first thing after breakfast we went out to take Danvilliers photographs of our Este figures, which we received yesterday from England. He read us an interesting letter of Girolamo Franchini, dated 1867, the then proprietor of the Este fabrique. The said Girolamo wrote that he was 81 years of age, that the works had been established by an ancestor of his, also called Girolamo Franchini, 184 years previous to the date of his letter "in the English manner", with other particulars. On our way through the Rue Louis le Grand we had picked up a cheap little Battersea box. From M. Danvilliers we went up the Rue de Clichy to visit the shop of one Jamarin, whom Osmont had mentioned to us, but we found he had only furniture ; very good things. We "persevered" up the Boulevard and so by that of Batignolles to look at one or two shops, and thence through the Boulevard Haussmann to the Rue Pasquier, where we got a pink enamel box, with indifferent gilt figures, but a beautiful silver mount. I had had an eye upon it for more than a year, and was glad to secure it. After this we looked over Mme. Fleuriot's stock ; called in the Rue Ferme des Mathurins, and went on to Wetterhaus'. We found him a most intelligent man, with articles only of the highest class, though nothing in our line, but it was a treat to see his fine things. (Remember a dish of unique Cinquecento work, silver gilt, with representations of the taking of Jerusalem, Colosseum, Triumph, Sacrifice, etc., magnificent). After this we finished our day by walking up to the Boulevard Beaumarchais. There were two very good figures of Seasons at Crispin's, but he asked too much for them so we left them. Returned by the Rue St. Antoine and Rue de Rivoli, and got back from our long walk at 6.30. Since dinner I have been polishing up some of the mounts of some of our boxes, especially the silver mounts.

19th. The first thing after breakfast was the engaging of

a French cook for the season. Then I wrote Ivor, and at 12.30. we started for M. Danvilliers'. He had promised to accompany us to Laurent's to look at the vase which had puzzled us on the 16th. This accordingly he did, and, at once, he pronounced it modern, which coincided with our ultimate judgment. He admired the parure of Dresden vases very much. After this he took us to Stetinen, 5 Rue Chabannais, where we saw some fine Dresden figures, but nothing in our way. Stetinen has a house in London also, and he buys up all the English things he can find in Paris to send there. After parting with Danvilliers we came back and fetched our Delft plaques. Wetterhaus had told us that he could get a first-rate opinion on them from Weinberg, in the Rue de Provence. Thither we took them, but Weinberg being out we left them there for the present. Went next to Arthur's to cash a cheque; then through the Tuileries Gardens, across to the Quai Voltaire; made a general review of all the shops, especially the print-shops, but found nothing. Then we recrossed the river and went along the Rue de Rivoli till we came to the curious and interesting Place des Vosges, which they told us had once been the Court of Louis XIII.'s Palace, and so on to the Boulevard Beaumarchais to see Crispin again. We now offered him £8. for his two Bow figures, which he accepted, and I walked away with them, highly delighted at one of the best investments we have made since we came this time to Paris. On our way back along the Boulevards, we called again in the Passage des Panoramas, and bought a piece of Battersea I had long been intending to have, for £2. 8. Thence to Weinberg's again, to fetch away our plaques. He was not in, but he had left word with his wife that they were modern and worthless, which we do not believe! We got home a little before 7, having had a long and active day.



20th. After breakfast to-day we went by appointment to La Croix, the old printseller in the Rue du Cherche Midi. We bought one or two good mezzotints from him. On the way back we looked in at the clock-shop, Polinel's, Rue de Grenelle, where we bought our biscuit de Sèvres group (Feb. 13). They have one or two clocks which we thought worth notice. Passing Duvauchel's we bought a little Dresden milk jug, and there ended our mercantile transactions for the day. We came home at 3. to write letters, C.S. having some important communications about the Glyn affairs; and at 4. we were out again. Went to the Hôtel Drouot, to the private view of the Vente Séchan. We saw very fine things, almost all in the Oriental taste. The Persian Ware and the Moorish plates were very remarkable.

There were but few pieces of European china, and hardly any soft paste. Altogether it was a magnificent collection. Called afterwards at Fournier's and tried in vain to get in; in the Rue d'Aboukir on our way home we looked in at Oppenheim's, but they had nothing fresh. On reaching home at 7. we found Granville arrived, who had come to spend Sunday with us.

Sunday, 21st. At breakfast this morning, I received three letters, one from Cornelia, one from Blanche, and one from Edward Ponsonby. They were all to announce that Blanche had accepted Edward Ponsonby, and so the last of ten is about to leave the parent roof! [The Hon. Edward Ponsonby, son of the 7th Earl of Bessborough and now the 8th Earl. He sits in the House of Peers as Baron Ponsonby. He was in the Navy, at the Bar, Secretary to the Speaker of the House of Commons, Lord Peel, and is Chairman of the L.B. & S.C. Railway.] It is what I had long expected, but it seemed to come suddenly at last, and the feeling is a strange one. I can hardly yet realise it, but I

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approve the event, and pray God to bless the children. We went to Church. It was very cold, snowing a little. Afterwards C.S. and I came in and wrote letters. Granville joined us a little before 5, and we took him with us to have tea with the Waddingtons. M. Waddington had been very much occupied, and is still, in a scheme for the Election of a Senate, and has earned himself a name in French history. He is charming and genial as ever. C.S. and Granville dined at the Grand Hôtel, and I, alone in our rooms, shivering with the cold.

22nd. I got up feeling ill, and suffering from a thorough chill. So far from going out, and walking as usual, I spent the day by the fire, or dozing on the bed. Granville went back to Provins about noon. C.S. walked out, and among other things went to see Fulgence, and brought back from him a lovely bell of Venetian Porcelain, at a very moderate price, 50 francs. He tried to see something of the Vente Séchan, but arrived just too late to witness the sale of a sword which fetched £2000! Letters from Ivor and my sister in the evening.

23rd. After a good night I got up much better, but I have not ventured to go out, for it continues very cold. Before breakfast was quite over, Lacroix appeared with some prints and we have invested in a few of them, how wisely remains to be seen! While he was still with us, Fulgence came in. The two artistic dealers fraternised and it was amusing. Fulgence looked at our acquisitions with the view of learning what sort of objects to collect for us. This morning's post brought a letter from Cornelia, who thinks of coming over to Paris, and wants us to arrange to be here at the same time; we shall try to manage it. Wrote many letters. C.S. has been out most of the afternoon, and I have been reading Freeman's essays on the two Emperors Frederick. It is still

very cold, though bright. We have decided on going to-morrow to Brussels, which plan I hope I may be well enough to carry out, but I am still far from well and do not feel certain of myself.

24th. The following morning I felt better, and as there was some rain falling, we hoped for milder weather ; so we spent our morning in packing up, and in the afternoon left Paris by a 3.40. train. We had a very comfortable journey to Brussels. A railway journey always does me good, but as we advanced along the line, we found snow lying about in various places. Our train was somewhat late, and when we reached the Gare du Midi, behold there were no cabs to be had ! They told us that a heavy snowstorm had supervened that afternoon, and that the streets were so slippery that cab-drivers would not come out. *Que faire ?* After some deliberation, we got two porters to wheel our luggage up for us on a truck, and we set out valiantly to walk. We had not got very far before the two porters showed unmistakable signs of being tipsy and very faint-hearted besides. They complained loudly of the weight of the load, and it was only by a mixture of scolding and coaxing that we could get them to proceed. As it was they insisted on stopping at every cabaret to take another "*petite goutte pour se donner du courage*". C.S. gave them a helping hand in the steepest part, slipped in the attempt, but to no injury, and at length, passing S. Gudule as 11.30. struck, we reached the Hôtel Mengelle, and were soon in bed and asleep.

25th. Letters from London ; an account of our sale ; not quite so successful as I could have hoped, though many things did marvellously well. Walked after breakfast till 5.30. To Marynen's, where we got a very good, white, old Tournai group ; Moen, Craenen, Handelaar, Müller, Huysmans, Genie, Polonet, Papillon, Stroobant. At Handelaar's we were

persuaded to invest in a couple of figures, by which we have been much exercised ever since. We cannot quite make up our minds whether they are genuine or not. They are very pretty, in any case, and bear a red anchor, but they are clearly not Chelsea. The most probable supposition is that they are Rockingham imitations of that manufacture? Old Genie, who had promised so much when we saw him last, was not only without anything, but seemed almost out of his mind. He complained of having more than he could do, and entertained us for the whole of our visit with invectives against the Jews! There was nothing in any of the other shops to tempt us. Polonet had some pieces of German china marked R—n (qy. Raunstein) which we are to look at again, and there was a very good Tournai group at Moen's, which we went and bought early the following morning.

26th. Besides this visit to Moen's we visited the shops in the Montaigne de la Cour, Slaes' and Cools', but they had nothing at all in our way. Then we had a very hurried walk down to the station to catch the 11.50. train going to Ghent. Went first to the shops in the Boulevard Frère Orban. At Dumoulin's were some very pretty Zurich écuelles and some enamel labels, very cheap, which we bought. We failed to find De Clerc at either of his houses. Called on old Omghena and had another look at his wonderful collection. We tried again to get him to part with his Tournai écuelle, but in vain; however, he promised if ever he changed his mind, that I should have the refusal. Looked in at the shops in the Place Vendredi and Rue S. Jacques, and got an enamel box at Costa's. On going back to pick up our purchases at Dumoulin's (C.S. was making another attempt to find De Clerc) I found the man of the house just preparing to start for Brussels with some things to sell, and he unpacked some of them to show me a beautiful pedestal, with a figure of the

Virgin, exquisitely modelled, the Fulda cross being on the pedestal. It was a fine work of art altogether, and I made him bring it to the station, where C.S. met me. The price was only £13. It had recently come from a sale in Switzerland. It ended in our bringing it away with us. I consider it quite one of the gems of our collection. We got home at 6.30.

27th. At Moen's shop yesterday, we made the acquaintance of a new dealer, Reubens in the Rue Royale, S. Marie, so we went to him this morning after breakfast. He had a charming Chelsea-Derby jug, which he sold us very cheaply, telling us it was of some German manufacture. We also got a Worcester salad bowl, etc., and think it likely we may have future trouvailles with him. Thence to Vaillant's, where we bought some white Bow figures, a small Chelsea one, etc., and then we paid a short visit to M. Fetis, for whom we had been entrusted with a plate by Fulgence. We looked well at his collection to see if any of his Delft at all resembled the blue and white plaques we were to consign, that very morning, to Eva Krug for her to dispose of for us. But we could not trace any great similarity. All these visits we were forced to do on wheels as the distances were great, and we had settled to go to Antwerp at 12.40. As it was, we only just managed to be in time. From the station at Antwerp we walked to Eva Krug's, left her the plaques, settled affairs with her, and bought of her a lovely little Venetian cup and saucer, and a figure with a large N impressed in the paste, I suppose Capo de Monte; then we took a cab, having only an hour to remain in Antwerp. Found some prints at Tessaro's, and a good biscuit figure (Derby) of Earth, at Van Herck's. Then we went back to Brussels, reaching our Hotel at 6.30. After dinner we busied ourselves with arrangements for C.S. to go to Holland. Being so near, he thought it a pity not to



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go on there and see if anything was to be acquired, and it occurred to us that he could get over the ground alone, much quicker and at less cost, than if I went with him. We were anxious to get back as soon as possible to Paris, Cornelia having written that they had engaged rooms there for next Wednesday, the 3rd. Another reason that made it desirable that I should not go with him, was the extreme cold, which I rather dreaded after my recent attack. So we went on with all the necessary preparations until bedtime, and again after breakfast this morning,

28th. At 2. he started, taking with him as many of our purchases as hand-box and bonnet-box would carry, that he might leave them with the Speyers to be sent off by them from Rotterdam. Read upstairs and tried to understand Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* and to jot down some Hohenzollern pedigrees, when, behold, I was startled by a telegram from Ivor, saying that they would be in Paris on the 23rd., which is a total change of plan, and releases us from all obligation of returning there. I have written to ask him for explanation by letter, as telegrams are often wrong; and I have written to C.S. telling him he need not *unduly* hurry through his Holland trip, as our time is now more at our own disposal. Nevertheless, I shall be very grateful to have him back again. What marvels! I had scarce written the above, when a second telegram arrived from Ivor, saying they adhered to their plan of being in Paris on the 3rd.

## MARCH 1875

### BRUSSELS : AND HOME

March 1st. In the afternoon, taking Dell with me, I walked till dinner-time. Went to Janssen's. He has one or two good things, but beyond our prices; for instance,



FREDERIC THE GREAT ON HORSE-BACK DURING WAR. THE STATUETTE WAS MADE IN THE ROYAL FACTORY AT BERLIN IN THE BISQUE CHINA ONCE SO POPULAR AT SÈVRES  
*Lord Wimborne's Collection*



he has a white group, Vieux Tournai, precisely like that we bought of Moen for 75 francs and he asks the double, 150 francs. So with his Mennecy, the prices range as high as in London. At Polonet's I bought a pair of R—n (qy. Raunstein) candlesticks, as arranged beforehand with C.S. Genie had nothing new. I went to Papillon's and sorted out one or two prints for C.S. to choose from if he had time on his return. Among Papillon's prints was one of Antwerp Town Hall by Hollar (*grande marge*) which I could not leave behind, even till Thursday, and so brought away at the price of 6 francs, to me a charming acquisition. Having still time to spare, I persevered to Manon's in the Avenue du Midi. They were in the course of *déménagement*, going to Spa, and had nothing to show, but I bought a fine, though imperfect, *sucrier* of Vieux Tournai, blue and white, which she sold to me as Gaze, *pâte tendre*, for 6/4. In the evening I read a little, and then amused myself with drawing up an account of the adventures of our celebrated Rouen Bottle, and all the chances we ran of losing it.

2nd. A brighter-looking day. Letters from home; among them one from Ivor about Blanche's wedding, which I have answered to Paris, where I suppose he will be to-night. I fear some complications, but must hope. After Dell's dinner I walked out. It was then 1.30. and I stayed out till 5.30. She, poor girl, got tired and I sent her home long before, but with all my walking, I did no good. First I went to Vaillant's, who was away; then to Reubens', to Marynen, Moen's, Polonet's, Le Roy, and, at his recommendation, to Gliver's, Rue Paroissiens, where I found a firm selling curious, illustrated books, and preparing for sales of prints, but not keeping prints themselves for sale. In fact I walked for many hours, to no purpose, except to satisfy myself that there was nothing to be found. As I left dinner they told me that

Dumoulin wanted to see me. He had brought me the metal crown, etc., belonging to the figure we bought of him on Friday, also a catalogue to show where the figure came from. He was wilder than ever, and I was glad to be rid of him. Later in the evening I got a letter from C.S., saying that he was meeting with great successes in Holland but should not be back with me, as he first intended, on the morrow. I am not sorry he is taking more leisure about it, and not allowing himself to be so hurried, more especially was I so when this (Wednesday) morning's post brought me word from Ivor that, owing to the inclement weather, they had given up all idea of going to Paris, where we were to have met them. So now we shall go home quietly to England instead, which I much prefer. This new phase cost more letter-writing, which, with other things, kept me at home till after Dell's dinner, when I walked to the Tour de Hal, remaining there till it closed. Then I searched vainly for a print-shop I knew last year in the Rue de l'Impératrice, but which is now closed, and on my way back to the upper town strolled into St. Gudule's, where a child's funeral was going on, and gazed once more at the wonderful windows of the choir. It had been a bright clear day, but with rather a cold wind. To-day the Woodward and Kitty Clive, which we saw last year at Newbury, were to be sold at Christie's. We have empowered them to bid 30. guineas for them for us, but have no hope of getting them at that price. C.S. joined me, and then we went home, and so ended this pleasant little trip. [The statuettes of Woodward and Kitty Clive form part of the collection of Chelsea now at South Kensington, so possibly the 30 guineas bought these much-sought-after figures of Garrick's actors.]



## NOTES CERAMIC

OCTOBER 1875 TO JANUARY 14, 1876

PARIS: BORDEAUX: VOYAGE TO LISBON

Oct. 1875.

16th. Left London by train at 9 A.M. from Charing Cross. It was a dull still morning with something like a fog when we started. I felt dull too, for, after being kept two months in England beyond our reckoning, we at length made up our minds to go as far as Portugal, to make a long sea voyage (which is a thing I always dread) and to be away six months (which is not without anxiety when one leaves so many dear ones behind). Accordingly I was dull and out of spirits all the day. Since I wrote here last my Blanche is married—I have no ties at home, and my dear husband and I are free to roam as we will. So we had settled to spend some six weeks in Normandy, where we were so happy last year, which trip was to have commenced on the last 25th of August. But then Enid and Henry's yearly visit was not yet over, and C.S. had family business which kept him engaged, and I was still busy in bringing into a little order the affairs of the Needlework School. All these things put together led us to defer our journey and we worked on in London till the date above given, when at length we started on our travels. The railway people had just opened a quicker route. We were to be in Paris in 9 hours but an accident to our steamer in mid-channel rather delayed us. One of the floats of a paddle-wheel got loose and had to be removed, which retarded our movements. The sea was as smooth as glass and we had a beautiful passage. I went

below, for I was weary with excess of work on the days immediately preceding our setting out, and was glad to get a little sleep, which would have been less interrupted had not an elderly gentleman caused a chair of peculiar construction to be placed in the ladies' cabin, which was to prevent all seasickness, and which he came down every now and then to expatiate upon. We had scarcely landed on French soil when the sun came out to greet us, and we had a glorious afternoon, all the more appreciated after the stormy weather we had lately had in England. We had agreeable companions, Mr. and Mrs. Wollarton in the railway carriage, and reached Belard's soon after 7., where we found a good dinner awaiting us. [The proprietor of the little Hôtel S. Romain, Rue S. Roch, where Lady Charlotte and other members of her family always stayed in Paris. Belard and his wife, kind homely people, are now dead, but the son keeps on the hotel.]

Sunday, 17th. We were not up very early, but strolled out after breakfast and enjoyed some 7 hours' walking. We went first through the Tuileries Gardens across to the Quai, from which to see the Sainte Chapelle, which I had not seen for years, and which is not yet quite completed. Then to the Notre Dame, which we surveyed within and without, and the completeness and simple grandeur of which we admired more than ever. Then to the Maison Cluny, where we spent above two hours most satisfactorily; and lastly to the Gardens of the Luxembourg, where we walked a long time, and where thousands were enjoying the sunny afternoon among the flowers, listening to music beneath the avenues, innocently happy! It was all as charming as possible, and a great repose to me after my late hard work. We got back between six and seven. To-morrow we begin our "chasse".

18th. We got out about 11., and taking the Rue S. Roch on our way, went on to the Oppenheims in the Rue d'Aboukir.

The men were out, but young Mme. Oppenheim attended us, and we fairly rummaged the shop before the brothers came back. We bought a curious Dresden figure of a Chinese Saint, imitating the Oriental, and fell in love with a pair of Dresden Cocks, of gorgeous plumage, bearing the much-esteemed Æsculapius mark. C.S., however, turned away from them because all their feathers were not quite intact, and so we walked on to the Fourniers. They are full of good though not very rare Oriental. We bought with them a fine old Vienna vase with "Mosaic" borders, and decorated with bouquets "heightened" with gold, C.S. also discovered a fish of turquoise and gold, which would seem to be Chelsea, and which, in any case, at the price, 25 frs., would be a trouvaille. We called on Fulgence, made an appointment for Wednesday, looked in at Giershoffer's, where we saw some lovely lace and embroideries, but no china to tempt us. After this we took a carriage to the Avenue Friedland to call on Mendez Leal, a Portuguese gentleman living in Paris, to whom Enid was by way of introducing us, that we might gain some information for our guidance in Portugal. He was, however, in Lisbon, so we occupied ourselves with the neighbouring shops; at Tousson's we got two Chinese plates, and a Masonic box done in boxwood. At Nelson's we got a curious Oriental dish. Called on Mme. Flaudin, still en voyage. At Liandier's, where we found nothing. After this we went back to the Oppenheims, and, asking them to take charge of our purchases for us and either bring them to England with them, or lock them up in their cupboards till our return, we summoned courage to invest in the beautiful cocks we had so admired in the morning. They had bought them in St. Petersburg, and proud am I to add them to my Collection. Got back to our Hotel about 7., after a pleasant and busy day.

19th. One of the happy and fortunate days of life. We

were up early. Walked out after breakfast, and took a cab in the Rue St. Honoré and so to the Station St. Lazare, and so to Rouen. There was a mist over the valley of the Seine; it was only partially lifted when we got to Poissy (with its beautiful Church) and was only just dispersing as we got to Nantes (of many memories). On through Vernon and Gaillon, reviving recollections of last year's happy ramble to Château Gaillard, the Grand Andelys, etc., all very delightful. I worked all the day but enjoyed glimpses of the scenery all through the route. As we neared Rouen I asked a fellow-traveller if he knew the address of M. Gouellain, Amateur en Faïence; he did not, but the word faïence caused him to remark that M. de Boulay, a great Collector, and Directeur of the Rouen Musée, was just then getting into the train. When we arrived at the terminus, we got him to point him out to us, and then commenced our attack. M. de Boulay showed us the way to M. Gouellain's house, where we were fortunate in finding that gentleman at home. He is a charming man and we fraternised most sincerely. In the old collecting basket, we had with us the celebrated piece of Oct. 14. 1874, and another example which C.S. had found at Marks's, which I had singled out six years ago, but was now considered worthy of notice at last. M. Gouellain went into ecstasies over both specimens, which he pronounced to be undoubted "Denys Dorio". They make up the number of 9 known pieces of this description. Five are in the Musée, two in M. Gouellain's collection, two in ours. M. Gouellain was in the greatest excitement. He had heard of our *trouvaille* from M. Fetis of Brussels, who passed through Rouen the other day. He sent for his old father to look at the specimens and was overwhelmed with enthusiasm. When he calmed a little he showed us his own collection, small, but very good, Rouen faïence, Mennecey, and St. Cloud. He gave us an introduction to M. Belsegarde, who has a good old house

(Louis XV.) and some very good faience and Oriental china. On leaving him we went to the Musée, where M. de Boulay presently found us. We compared our Denys Dorio specimens with those in the Musée, and had some pleasant talk with him. On leaving the Musée we accompanied him to look at a vase which a dealer from Lyons, whom we fell in with, had bought at a public sale. It was white, aspiring to Arabian decoration, large and striking, marked I.D. It is evidently of very recent date and might, I should think, have been manufactured for the Exhibition of 1857 by Deck. After parting with M. de Boulay, we looked through the shops. Billiard and François had nothing for us. The latter showed us a good private collection of his own. After this we strolled, with great pleasure, to the Salle de Justice; then took an open carriage, revisited the Cathedral, St. Martin's and St. Ouen's, ending by another call at M. Gouellain's to fetch some wraps we left there, where we saw a St. Cloud Vase which he had lately bought. The day ended by our joining the table d'hôte at the Hôtel de France at 6, and returning to Paris by the 8.50.

20th. A long day's shopping in Paris. Went first to Arthur's to get some money. Bought an enamel box of Wanitz, then took a carriage and drove about till 7; frequent and violent showers. First across the water to Lacroix. He had no prints for us; bought a Wedgwood bowl at a neighbouring shop; on our way thence we stopped at Pallinel's, Rue de Grenelle, where we found the *remains* of an exquisite Wedgwood plate. Then to Duvauchel's. Invested in a pair of lovely Oriental vases with rose borders like those we bought of Le Roy of Brussels. Among other things there we discovered a pair of showy vases, black and green ground, etc, which tempted us by their fair show and moderate price (£25). We left them to be washed up while we went across the River again. Called on Fulgence; went through the Rue de Provence;



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bought the *beau restes* of another old Æsculapius marked Cock for a pound, and got back to Duvauchel's as a late sun-beam succeeded the rain and lighted up the vases we returned to inspect, and which we pronounced to be "nouveau décor". As we passed again by the Quai Voltaire we got some pretty Oriental cups and stands, but fell into a snare at another shop. Went, en dernier lieu, to Fournier's to pick up the pieces bought there on Monday, and then to Oppenheim's to deposit all our recent purchases, which had run into a lot of money. I care but little for the two Dresden Cocks and figure, the two Rose-bordered Oriental vases, and the broken Wedgwood plate. After dinner a good deal of letter-writing, and to bed.

21st. Up early. Letters before and after breakfast. Left Paris at 10.45. travelling through that most interesting Loire country to Bordeaux. Working most of the day. Through Juvisy (which reminded us of the adventures of June 1, 1871), Blois, Amboise (view of Château de Chaumont), Tours, Châtellerault, which (after showers) was lighted up by one of those wonderful golden sunsets which one sees but seldom in a lifetime (this one resembling the colouring of 22 Aug. 1856, when my Ivor reached his majority), Poitiers, which seemed to us one of the most beautiful and interesting places we had ever seen, and which we determined, God willing, to visit on the first opportunity. After this daylight failed. The train stopped to dine at Angoulême, but we could see nothing of it. We got to Bordeaux and to our Inn there (Hôtel de France) by about 11. A very comfortable Hotel, which we were glad to have found out, but the servants uncivil.

22nd. C.S. took a little turn before I came down to breakfast, and returned to tell me that the Fair was going on. We had fallen in with it once before (March 1872) but then I was

not able to go and see it. To-day our first care was to go and see Mr. Davis, the agent of the vessel in which we had taken our places for to-morrow, en route towards Lisbon. After our visit to him, we returned to the Fair, which is a most amusing sight. Bought a small Mennecy jug, then walked about the town. The Sayers have not nearly such a good stock as they had previously, but we found a little Battersea étui with them, and two very curious Worcester cups, bearing a forged Sèvres mark, and (in gold) the date 1782. One or two trifling purchases in the course of our ramble, which ended by a visit to the Cathedral. All this on foot. At 3. we came in to get some bread and butter and to review our plans and we did not go out again till 5, when it was growing dark, and the people were beginning to close their stalls. We bought, however, two (not quite perfect) fire-backs; one with Insignia, etc., of Louis XIV. dated 1690, the other with Royal Arms of England and initials I.R., having undoubtedly belonged to James II. or his unlucky son. Both, they said, had come out of the same house, in demolition at Bordeaux. We are going to send these home by sea. We had a great hunt for another shop in the Fair, where we had, in the morning, seen a very pretty marcasite watch; but we failed to find it, which I the less regretted as the price asked for it (£12) was exorbitant, and there seemed little chance of obtaining it at much reduction, if any.

25th. I must begin and make some memoranda here, or all the last 10 days will be forgotten. Well, before 9 o'clock on Saturday morning we were astir, and the commissionaire had come to take our luggage to the boat. There was a drizzling rain and it was rather cheerless. We were amongst the first to go on board, and there we sat for more than an hour crouching under the scanty awning, before we got under weigh. At length we started. The rain continued, and nobody hurried themselves, and it was between 3 and 4 o'clock before

our "tender" reached the steamer, the "Acongagua," by which we were to pursue our journey to Lisbon. There we had another conference with the agent, Mr. Davis, by favour of whom we got berths in a cabin all to ourselves, which was a great mercy, and where we made ourselves very comfortable. Very soon we were told that one thing and another had so retarded the steamer that she did not propose to go farther that afternoon. We were a little way off the town of Pauillac. All the shores of the Gironde had been pretty and interesting, though not fine or romantic. Now we were not sorry to hear that we were to pass a night in peace before leaving her quiet waters. We dined, and then I got my work and sat in a quiet corner of the saloon, talking to an agreeable lady (Mdlle. Eny Piderit) and to a poor lame English gentleman, whose name I did not hear, who, having studied some time at the Heidelberg University, was now going to finish his education at Valladolid for the sake of learning Spanish. Before 11. I went to our berth, undressed and went to bed.

24th. Next morning we were up betimes. The rain had ceased, the sky had cleared and we had one of the loveliest days that ever came out of the heavens. After breakfast we went on deck, where we sat most of the day, watching our passage over the bar, and through a large portion of the Bay of Biscay. At length night came. I lay down in my berth with my clothes on and got some sleep, but not comfortably as I got a good deal cramped and the vessel rocked *very* little. All of a sudden we found we had stopped, so C.S. and I rose from our couches (we had not undressed) and walked up and down the deck. We were off Santander. The stars were very bright, and the sea was lighted with phosphorescent light, but it was long ere we could see anything of the shore. We watched for the first streak of dawn, and by degrees the hills behind the town and their snows became crimson.

25th. Soon after the sun topped the horizon and we had one of the most beautiful effects I ever saw—and so, this was Santander of which I had lately heard so much! A Queen's Messenger went off from here taking despatches with him to Madrid, and the Vice-Consul, M. St. Martin, came on board on the ship's business and bringing me a letter from Henry Layard, praying us to disembark there and go by train to Madrid, thence to pursue our journey to Lisbon by land. Having, however, made up our minds to proceed thither in our steamer, we wrote him a note to that effect, which the Vice-Consul promised to transmit. In the meantime the Captain of the "Lively" (Hiller's ship) came, and having notice from Henry that we should be here, very kindly offered to place his boat at our disposal if we were inclined to go ashore and explore the town. Time, however, did not admit of our accepting his kind offer. It had been arranged, had we gone to Madrid from this point, that we should sleep on the "Lively" on our way, as the railway would not go on till the next morning. All this, however, with many thanks, we declined. I am sorry not to have seen the Captain (Captain Palliser), who is the son of our old friend of ceramic repute, but just as he arrived I was performing a hasty toilette, and before I could get on deck again, he was gone. We breakfasted off Santander, Soon after 10. we were off again. The first part of our voyage was most propitious; the brightest sun; the smoothest sea. I sat on deck till the afternoon. Then the sky became cloudy and there were slight showers and I went to the cabin and lay down and read. When night came on I tried to sleep, but did not undress. There was slightly more rolling than the previous night, and the deck was wet with showers when we went up in the morning to see the entrance into Corunna. They pointed out to me the burial-place of Sir John Moore, in which I could not but feel the greatest interest ever since I read

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of his sad fate some fifty years ago, in Southey's graphic page. I stayed on deck watching the boats from the shore with their curious freight of musicians, fruit-sellers, etc., all *so* Spanish. Then came breakfast, and before that was *quite* over we were off again. I saw that the weather was less propitious than it had been on other days, so I went down early to our cabin, and placed myself comfortably on the sofa, where I remained for the next 24 hours, and more. The passage was pretty calm till we came near Cape Finisterre; then it became rough. There was no wind. Towards evening the sun came out, and the night was clear and starlight; but the rolling of the ship was most unpleasant, owing, they said, to gales in some distant quarter, which disturbed the sea, and subjected us every now and then to a serious lurch. I had eaten very little during the voyage and slept even less, but now I was so tired that I found myself, more than once, dropping asleep, though holding *tight* to some of the adjacent fittings. The hours were very, very long, and, though they said we got on very fast, it was late in the afternoon before we got into the Tagus. Then I went on deck. From that moment the weather was perfect, and the scene magnificent. It was certainly worth while to go through something to enter Lisbon for the first time by sea. The sun had set before we came to anchor. Then, of course, there was the usual confusion about landing, so we stayed quietly on board and dined before we went on shore. It was 8. o'clock before we did so. One of our fellow-passengers, Col. Williams, who has some employment with the Portuguese army, had a boat awaiting him and took us in it with him. He recommended us to go to Street's Hotel, but that being full, we went on to the Braganza, where we found comfortable rooms, in which, in the space of an hour, we went to bed. I was tired from fasting and sleeplessness, but I had escaped being ill during all the voyage, which was the case with hardly





PART OF A SET OF ANTIQUE CHINESE PORCELAIN SHOWING TEA-POT, TEA-POT AND MILK JUG : THE LATTER VESSEL PLACES THE SET IN THE XVIII<sup>TH</sup>, WHEN MILK WAS FIRST USED WITH TEA. A RUBY GROUND IS RICHLY DECORATED WITH SCROLL-SHAPED RESERVES ON WHICH ARE PAINTED LANDSCAPE AND RIVER SCENES  
*Lord H'imbourn's Collection*



any one else. So I ought to be thankful—still more so that we were permitted to land here in all safety.

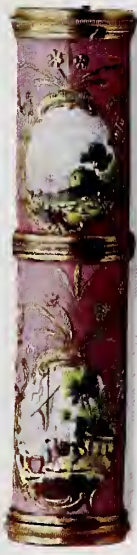
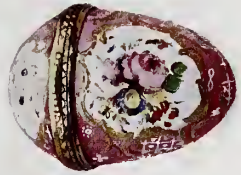
28th. We had not been allowed to bring more than a carpet bag through the Custom House last evening, so as soon as breakfast was over to-day, C.S. went out, with Col. Williams' boatman, to clear our luggage. Meanwhile we had discovered that the room next to ours commanded a most lovely view, looking west as well as south, so we obtained leave to change one of our apartments for it, and while he was out I occupied myself in effecting this. It makes us a charming and most cheerful sitting-room. Colonel Williams had promised to call at 2. o'clock, but as he had not come by 4., we then walked out to take a stroll, went no farther than the Chiado, the Rua Aurea, the Praça do Comércio, which is really grand, and the Rua Augusta, where we found a large curiosity shop, but with nothing good in it. There was nobody at the table d'hôte, but one of our fellow-passengers, Col. St. George, a director of the Monches Iron Mines, worked by an English Company; I had some interesting conversation with him while on board. We find him a very agreeable man. After dinner Col. Williams came to see us; he had been detained in the morning trying to trace a robbery, which had taken place in the packet. He promised to return the next morning to take us to some of the curiosity dealers; however, when the appointed time, 11. o'clock, came, he sent us word that he was summoned to the War Office instead.

Friday, 29th. Accordingly we sallied out alone, and walked about some hours. First we went to two large shops in the Rua Alecrim. In the first we found nothing; the second, a Bazaar at the bottom of the street, was more pretentious, but had only second-rate goods at exorbitant prices. We went into the Rua Aurea and amused ourselves in the numerous goldsmiths' shops. Then we went to the Rua de Plata, where we

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made a discovery with which we were perfectly enchanted. It appears that at the time the Praça do Comércio was built, after the Earthquake, and King José I.'s statue was erected there, General Bartholomew da Costa, superintending the Works, discovered the art of making a beautiful biscuit porcelain, and plaques and medallions à la Wedgwood. Of all this we had never heard before; none of the Ceramic books mention it. We were now fortunate enough to find a biscuit plaque, representing the lowering of the Royal Statue into its present position, with a long inscription at the back, giving the artist's name, the date (1775) and place, etc. Also in the same shop, a medallion, also signed and dated, with the equestrian statue in situ. Farther on we met with a smaller piece, a cameo à la Wedgwood, with portrait of (qy.) José I. or his successor, dated 1783. This last had been mounted as a pin, but the shopman took the cameo from its setting for us. It had been a very gay day in Lisbon, being Dom Fernando's birthday. All the ships in the river were dressed in colours, and guns fired and bells rang. All this time the weather most exquisite, like midsummer in England.

30th. We had been directed to another curiosity shop, 13 Rua Annunciata, Coelho's. It was the best we had seen, but everything very dear; we got, however, two pieces of Battersea enamel, and two Mennecy boxes; one of the most excellent being formed as a female head and bust, coloured. We had, however, to pay well for them. After this we rambled to the Praça de Santa Anna, and on to the Barrier of the Arrogas. On our way we were attracted by seeing the English Arms quartered with those of Portugal on a large building; we found out afterwards that it had been a Palace built by Catherine of Braganza, Queen of Charles II. (now used as a school, called Bemposta). Just at the Barrier, and where fields with aloe hedges were beginning to appear, we came to the remains of



4

## BATTERSEA ENAMELS.

5

Nos. 1 and 2.—A Pair of Circular Salt Cellars of delicate workmanship and decoration. No. 3.—Metal Mounted Etui of Pink Battersea Enamel with landscapes in reserves. No. 4.—Telescope and Etui combined, beautifully made and fitted. Pink Battersea Enamel with views and gold decoration. No. 5.—Egg-shaped Thimble Case of Pink Battersea Enamel with floral decorations. (From the Collection of the Countess of Bessborough).





an old fort, where we got a fine view towards the mountains. Returning to the town we stood awhile to listen to some chimes at the Church of Sta. Cruz, which we afterwards looked into, and while thus employed were passed by a most picturesque funeral, the coffin borne on a sort of triumphal car, drawn by horses and mounted postillions, and followed by a tremendous cortège of carriages. I must not forget the shop of a potter, whose front was decorated with tiles from top to bottom forming a series of very effective pictures. Before returning to our Inn, we went to see the Cathedral, of which but little of interest remains. The West Porch is good, but scarcely anything escaped the earthquake. To-day was the birthday of the (actual) King, so there was more firing and bell-ringing and dressing of ships.

31st. Col. Williams accompanied us in our walk this afternoon, and showed us the way to the Estrella Gardens, where they keep a caged lion. We called at the Embassy but found that the Lyttons were not there. [The late Earl of Lytton, who was H.B.M. Minister at Lisbon from 1874 to 1876, before going as Viceroy to India.]

## NOVEMBER 1875

LISBON: MAFRA: MONSERRATE: CINTRA: OPORTO: VIANNA:  
PONTE DO LIMA: VALENÇA: JOURNEY TO SPAIN: SANTIAGO

November 1st. Col. Williams came to fetch us and took us to a Jew named Blumberg, who is to find curiosities for us. The Jew was out however, to-day being All Saints' Day, and a holiday. We went to the Carmo, saw the interesting collection of antiquities in that fine ruin, then tried to get into St. Roque, where the Chapel of Joan V. is shown, but it was shut. Next, to the gardens at the top of the hill called, I think, "S. Pedro". The view of the opposite hills, St. George, etc.

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magnificent. While here we heard music below and so we descended to the Passeio Publico, where, being All Saints' Day, the Band was playing to a crowded audience. Met Col. St. George, who introduced us to friends of his, Count and Countess Menezes. To-day was the anniversary of the dreadful earthquake, 1753.

2nd. Walked about generally. Found two more of the Lisbon cameos, both being of Maria I. and both being signed by Figuerado and dated 1783; also at Raphael's, Rua Augusta, we got a good Derby plate. Walked along the promenade by the beach. Glorious sunset.

3rd. We expected to have made an excursion in search of curiosities to-day with Blumberg, but he was prevented from coming with us. C.S. fetched from a shop another Derby plate, matching that we had bought the previous day. In the afternoon we visited the collection of Baron Laxman, the Russian Consul, whose acquaintance we had previously made in the curiosity shops last Friday. He has a few good things, and a quantity of pictures. We would like to have two Wedgwood and Bentley plaques of his, but he will not "ceder".

4th. Drove over to Cintra, leaving our Hotel soon after noon, in a nice little open carriage. Most enjoyable, weather perfect. Put up at Mrs. Laurence's, an excellent old Welsh woman from Glamorgan, who makes her small hostelry most comfortable. We took a charming walk before dinner towards S. Bento.

5th. First to the Moorish Palace, with which we were quite delighted. The ceilings all fine, especially that in the Salle des Armes. I was charmed with the tiles lining every wall. Alfonso VI.'s prison, the Baths, where our guide indulged in a little "espieglerie" and nearly gave us a wetting; lastly, the kitchen with its stately and picturesque chimneys: I had expected little, and was all the better pleased with what I

saw. After this we scaled the hill to the Pena, Dom Fernando's mountain Palace. Words cannot express the beauty of the house: we saw only the Chapel and the dining-room. We walked through the grounds up to the Moorish Castle with its remains of Mosque and Baths. All the views magnificent, and the weather most propitious; hot with a slight breeze.

6th. Took a carriage at 9, and drove over to Mafra. The weather at first seemed threatening, but we had a lovely afternoon, only, as we returned, the Pena seemed enveloped in mist. The drive there and back was most agreeable. Mafra, grand as it is, is certainly very depressing. It slightly reminded me of Blenheim, which, though not so large, is much more beautiful. Of course, the Church is as fine as the style of architecture of that date permitted. I never like a Grecian Temple for Christian worship. The vistas, too, through the rooms are impressive; but the rooms are small and uninteresting. We went on to the roof but not into the Bell Tower; we heard the chimes, however, after we got back to the Hotel, where we had to wait more than an hour before our horses were sufficiently rested for us to return. I shall never forget the pace at which they tore down the hills, and such steep hills too, without any drag! Desolate Mafra, monument of human pride and folly—I was very glad to leave it.

7th. Took a guide and walked to Monserrate. We had an order to see the gardens, and at the house we found the gardener, an Englishman, named Brittain, who is a new-comer, most polite; had everything in the building shown to us, and then went through the grounds with us himself, pointing out whatever was rare or curious. A beautiful group of five flowering aloes should never be forgotten, nor the glorious scarlet passion flowers. The house is done in excellent taste. The stucco work, à la Alhambra, was Beckford's fancy and is most appropriate to the site, but it had all fallen to decay

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before Mr. Cook bought the place. The furniture and decorations and objects of art are all in good keeping. On leaving Monserrate we struck across the hill and climbed up the hill to the Convente da Cortica, a most curious old place, well worth the exertion, though under a broiling sun. From it we continued our walk to Colares; all the views magnificent. Then our guide took us into the cellar of a little Inn, where they drew us from the wood a good bottle of the native wine. We sat down there and refreshed ourselves for a few minutes, and then walked back to Cintra, arriving in good time for dinner. It had been very hot and the distance we had traversed had been some 15 miles; it is usually done on donkeys, but I was not at all tired. We had a large party at the table d'hôte, some noisy and disagreeable, some intelligent, offering us information for our intended trip to Oporto.

8th. With regret we left Cintra at noon. We agree that it is as near our ideas of Paradise as anything can be, and we hope to go there again before we leave the country. We had the same merry driver as on Saturday. Came in for part of the sham fight which was being enacted some little way out of Lisbon, a most picturesque sight, and passed the King riding slowly home. In the evening finished the dress I have been working at for Blanche.

9th. We were to have gone out exploring with old Blumberg, but again were disappointed, as he was ill. We went to see the old man, and he sent his daughter with us to see a collection; that of a certain Conselheiro Almedas, near the Necessidades Palace. We thought we might have seen something there worth purchasing, but no! He has two fine armoires (French) and some Portuguese furniture; nothing else of interest to us. Went on to the Embassy; called on and saw Lady Lytton [the mother of the second Earl, 2nd daughter of the Hon. Edward Villiers]; then went to the



Palace "Penafiel"; the possessor is ruined by gambling, and everything is to be sold. A large, well-furnished place, but in bad modern taste, very grand but not beautiful. No china or other objects to attract us, save two or three Oriental circular dishes. Everything, even the servants' liveries, was exposed for sale. Having parted from our little Jewish guide (who came out, to our surprise a pattern of neatness and even fashion), we drove up to the Fair at S. Anna, which was a very amusing sight, and where we found several small matters to our taste. Called for money at the Banker's. Received a visit from M. Mendez Leal before dinner.

10th. We have been at home all day and have just had a long visit from the Count and Countess Menezes and their daughter. We are now prepared for a long journey to Oporto. Having dined we set out for the train which left at 8. We had been told that the journey was a very fatiguing one, but we did not find it so. We had a comfortable carriage, not overcrowded, and arrived in Oporto in less than 12 hours.

11th. The terminus is at some distance from the town. We tried for rooms at the Peninsular and Castro's Hotel, but at length found some which suit us very well, at the Hôtel du Louvre. Having breakfasted, we walked out and did not return till dinner-time at 5. The dealer to whom Blumberg has given us a letter (Vieira de Castro) was not at home, so we went on a voyage of discovery alone. Called in at every shop in the Rua das Flores, in search of old jewellery, and found several very pretty things (a pair of combs enamelled in flowers, on silver, among the rest), and spent some £10. In another part of the town we got a very nice old chatelaine in a curiosity shop. On our way stopped to see the performance of some vagrant dancers and acrobats. They performed very cleverly, but it went to my heart to see the feats which the poor little children had to go through: however, they seemed

very happy. One great feature of the place is the immense traffic by oxen, drawing heavy loads, with richly carved and decorated yokes, and mostly guided by little boys. The girls and women carry everything on their heads—I was amused to see a child sitting comfortably in the basket borne by one of them, who walked on as firmly and unconcernedly as if she had been carrying only a quantity of fish. The buildings on the heights stood out grandly against the clearest of skies. Two intelligent Englishmen at dinner, from whom we got some useful information about the country.

12th. A man had come to inquire for us the previous night, hearing that we had been buying in the Rua das Flores and saying that he had some things to sell; he called again this morning, and we went out with him as soon as our breakfast was over. He took us to a house a long way off, 31 Rua de St. Lazaro, where he had some pieces of silver, one of them, to my eyes, very fine, but for which he wanted a great price. He then took us to the house of a man (Henriques Nunes Teadira) who proved to be the great amateur dealer of Oporto. There we saw a great many things, all outrageously dear. He had a magnificent carving representing a procession with many figures, in wood, of an Oriental sovereign with attendants, mounted and on foot. C.S. suggested that it might represent the exit of Boabdil from Granada. It is a very fine thing. He wants £500. for it. We fancied a little Bow figure of a woman seated, holding a shell, but he asked £5, so we left him. From this place, Rua de Concato Christovan 160, which is almost out of the town, but commands a fine view, we returned to our Hotel, where our guide, Luis Maria e Silva, left us. We then set out again; went once more to de Castro's; he was absent; they said he was employed by the American Tramroad Co., so we set off to their office. It was a long walk along the Rua Boa Vista, but again we had the benefit of a fine prospect. De

Castro could not come with us or do more than refer us to the dealer with whom we had already been, but promised to see us to-morrow. On our return to the town we bought two more chatelaines where we got a fine one yesterday, and then laid out some more money on pretty, last century jewellery in the Rua das Flores. I am charmed with the rush or basket work cloaks in which the peasants *thatch* themselves in wet weather. I must try to take some back to England.

13th. The Portuguese climate and atmosphere are simply wonderful. We went after breakfast to the "Crystal Palace", which commands a most extensive view on all sides. Watched a vessel being towed through the narrow opening of the Bar. It was very hot so we indulged in a carriage instead of walking as usual, and I am very glad we did as it enabled us to see a great deal of the town. A procession was coming out of the Church above the Torre dos Clerigos. Amongst the children was one little girl in a tawdry dress to represent the Virgin! Our first point was the Cathedral, which has indeed been sadly disfigured, but the fine cloisters remain. We were shown the silver altar, very gorgeous but not of the best date. Remember the Monster terminating the balustrade of the steps at the West end; barbaric and interesting. We had an appointment with a gentleman whom we had met at the Hotel, Mr. Benjamin Franklyn, who met us at the "Borsa" to put C.S.'s name down for the reading-room. He took us all over the building, which is immense and overladen with ornament, especially the ceilings, but all in bad rococo taste, except the large room, which is in course of being decorated in the Moorish style, and which will be, when finished (if it ever is), very beautiful. Mr. Franklyn took us to a china shop to inquire about "Vista Allegre". It appears that the manufacture is still carried on, but on a small scale, and only for ordinary domestic articles. I cannot hear of any specimen of the old fabrique in the town.

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We also went to see a repository of the terra-cotta figures made here of the peasants' costumes. Taking leave of our polite acquaintance we now drove to the Church of the Sao Martinho de Cedofeita, a 10th century building with three good romanesque porches, a good window over that to the West, and original internal columns. Even in the last few years the greatest pains has been taken to spoil it by the addition of modern rubbish. It would seem that for the last three hundred years at least, the Portuguese have taken delight in destroying (as they thought, beautifying) every edifice of interest that they possessed; even their Renaissance is less pure than in other countries. Certainly they are devoid of architectural taste. Their furniture is equally clumsy and unrefined. Called at the house of the Consul, Mr. Crauford, who was too ill to see us. Then to the dealer, Nunes, of whom we bought the seated Bow figure for £3. We next took a drive along the beautiful river, passing the most picturesque rows of houses, with arcades in front of them. Returned by an upper road, and went to a shop in the Rua das Flores, where we were promised to see some china. We had called there twice before in the course of the day, and now that we found the dealer at home, the china he had to offer (Oriental plates) was far from desirable. This ended our day's peregrinations, which had been most enjoyable, but I must not forget to mention that in the morning, as we came down the hill, C.S. spied out in an old broker's shop in the midst of a heap of Cosa Santa horrors, a very pretty little picture à la Watteau, which he secured for 100 Reis (4/-). A quiet evening at needlework. I had not been very well the previous night, but now had some good sleep and got up quite well this morning.

Sunday, 14th. Another cloudless and most delicious day. We went to Church, a good and spacious edifice, situated in a large enclosure with immense camellia-trees in full flower all

around ; the Service well and quietly done to a large congregation. We walked about in the Churchyard at the back, full of tombstones of departed English, one of them with a very drolly inscription, which we copied. Since the service C.S. has been to the Borsa to read the papers. 3 P.M. Went to Fozuim by one of the "Americanos", taking the upper road. We spent some time on the beach of the village watching the breakers. A most magnificent sea view. Walked back to the mouth of the harbour, within the breakwater, and there stood to see the sun sink into the broad Atlantic, which it did in unclouded majesty; a grand sight not to be forgotten. Then we took another "Americano" and returned by the lower road to the town and our Hotel.

15th, morning. The mosquitoes were trying at Lisbon, but much worse at Porto. Though we got up at 6. we found it difficult to get off from our Hotel in time to catch the 9.30. train for Braga; we had to wait a long time for a carriage, but when at length we reached the station we had again to wait some half-hour before we were in motion. At length we started and had a most agreeable journey to Braga through beautiful scenery, and we were fortunate in finding ourselves in the same carriage with an intelligent Englishman, who spoke with a Northumbrian accent, and in other ways reminded us of our friend Don Juan Rutledge of Cordova. He gave us much useful information about the country and people. By his advice we put up at the Hôtel Real, where he left us. He proved to be a civil engineer residing at Porto, named Thomas Smith. One of those stalwart, honest, straightforward men who are sure to make themselves of marque wherever they go, and whom one is proud to recognise as countrymen. There was an old Brazilian lady in the carriage also to whom we showed our trifles. She had got on a brooch with a Maria Primeira china cameo, like those we found at Lisbon. It so



happened that on the steps of the Hotel we met with another Englishman (of a somewhat different type from the worthy Thomas Smith, but doubtless worthy also in his way), who immediately fraternised, saying he had not heard the sound of his native tongue for three months; so he volunteered to walk about and show us the town, which office we accepted and we set off forthwith. First we went to the Sé. The South and Western porches of the finest early style, such as we should call Romanesque or Byzantine; the interior, as usual, has been ruined, but there were still the tombs of Don Henriques and his Queen, D. Tereja, daughter of a King of Leon; a fine Baptismal Font, the mummified remains of the warrior Archbishop Lourenço, to whose courage the victory of Aljubarrota was mainly due, and on whose remains I looked with reverence. Also in the Sacristy, some rich vestments, and among other plate, two very remarkable pieces, one of them a Chalice of the finest Cinquecento work and dated 1509; and the other, in the form of a small cup, of a much earlier period, probably Romanesque, with grotesque enrichments. The choir is, I suppose, Manoelino: it is very elaborate in carving and most richly gilded. It is very heavy, and to me uninteresting, but it is very remarkable. With its two large organs it occupies an upper floor at the West end. We went into the Church of Sta. Cruz (of 1600) which has nothing remarkable. Also into a Chapel dedicated to the Virgin in 1520, by a Cardinal, whose Arms still remain on the picturesque windows of a house opposite it. Then we walked about the town, which is beautifully embosomed in hills, and looked into the little jewellers' shops, where we could find nothing old, but one watch, not very good, for which we gave 13/6. We were shown a handsome quilt, but they asked £15., which was double its value. The table d'hôte dinner is generally three o'clock, but to accommodate us it was delayed till 4. to-day. Our new acquaintance

was the only person at it. We found out that he had been a merchant in the Brazils, at Para, etc., and had just given up a situation as manager of a Bank at this place. He had seen much but not to any great profit.

16th. A brilliant morning, again a cloudless sky. We got an open carriage and, at 11., set off to visit the Dom Jesus. The Englishman, whose name we had not yet ascertained, volunteered to accompany us, so we had no choice. He is a curious old man, very original, and rather amusing by his out-of-the-way remarks, but we had rather have had our morning to ourselves. However, he acted as interpreter, and was very good-natured, so we made the best of it. We drove up to the summit; then visited the Church and neighbouring Chapels. The group at the East end of the Church itself is well done and effective (the principle figure was hidden by a curtain); but those in the Chapels are rudely done and even grotesque; altogether rather revolting to a Protestant eye, almost blasphemous in their coarse familiarity with such sacred subjects. The weather was everything we could desire, and we greatly enjoyed the magnificent views which met our gaze on every side. We walked down the flight of steps, our carriage awaiting us at the bottom, and got back by three o'clock. The leaves are not yet off the trees here; when the grapes are on the vines the effect must be lovely. The vines are here allowed to climb as they will from tree to tree. No description can give an idea of the grandeur of the scenery here. It was very hot to-day.

17th. We went out after breakfast for a long stroll. We walked along the Bacrellos road to some distance and, after crossing the railway, struck into a very primitive pathway by which we returned to Braga. It was *very* hot but very amusing, the scenery lovely. We went into the gardens, Campo Santa Anna. Tried to buy an old Cosa Santa, a carved reliquaire

formed as a ship, in a painter's shop, but found his price excessive, £6! An intelligent Portuguese fellow-traveller had given us some information as to our progress to Vianna do Castello, and we intended to travel in the same diligence with him. C.S. went out after dinner to secure our places. He got them in another carriage by mistake, but it turned out to our advantage, as *our* carriage started so much earlier that we were enabled to reach our destination by daylight, and so to enjoy the whole of the beautiful scenery.

18th. By 8 o'clock we were at the diligence. We had taken outside places (the interior being probably impossible) and I was specially favoured with a seat next the coachman, my maid beside me, C.S. above. At first it seemed a precarious eminence, but I soon got accustomed to the position, and enjoyed the journey immensely. The weather was splendid; again a cloudless sky, if anything it was a trifle too hot at times. I wish I could detail all the amusing little incidents, but they would be nothing on paper, though at the time they were most diverting—how one man sat *on* our feet on the foot-board—how an unkempt youth placed himself on the top of the luggage on the roof and sang—how by degrees he crept down to a more convenient seat, where I made him sing to me again and again, and his songs were a kind of wild, wailing Moorish chant that I shall never forget—how the horses, where they baited, were fed out of a movable trough with corn and bread and wine—how the conveyance stopped when any passenger saw any friend on the road that kind converse might ensue—how the driver whipped his three horses (or rather rats) and how I came in for some of the blows—how everything was quite quaint, novel, and delightful, and the whole journey like one long summer's holiday!! We dashed at full speed into Ponte do Lima, of which we had a lovely view some way before reaching the town. The road was there so rough that we were

nearly jolted from our seats. We were suffered to have a "descenso" of half an hour at this place, so C.S. and I walked on till the diligence overtook us. The scenery, at this point, is beyond anything I could have imagined in beauty. I was not surprised to find afterwards that it was the Elysian Fields (the Lotus land) of the ancients, and that Lima was their Lethe. Of all the exquisite spots I have ever visited in my many wanderings this is by far the most exquisite. I wish I could stereotype every feature of it on my memory. The remains of the ancient fortifications are interesting. On the other side of the magnificent bridge we came on a small mediæval Chapel, or rather the remains of one. There were the peasants washing in the stream, the fishermen with their nets, all the picturesque incidents of a southern landscape. Only one drawback—the sad, disgraceful prisons, which are universal in Portugal, with their wretched inmates thrusting their heads and their hands through the barred windows, holding converse with their friends, or beseeching alms of the passers-by. The diligence took us up, just outside this enchanted town. We had a beautiful drive into Vianna, and arrived there about 4. We had been advised to put up at the Aguia d'Ouro. Our driver, however, set us down at another Inn, which pretended to be the one we inquired for. We saw rooms that we persuaded ourselves that we must make the best of, and prepared ourselves for a stay at Vianna of not the most agreeable kind. Fortunately we went out for a stroll upon the beach, and had scarcely reached it when we saw the name of the "Aguia d'Ouro" emblazoned in large golden letters on a very different-looking house. We immediately revindicated our luggage from the fraudulent hotel, and, carrying it away in our hands took refuge with the hospitable "Eagle", where we were soon ensconced in light and airy apartments commanding a beautiful view of the Lima and the opposite shore.



We found it so pleasant that we stayed there for the next two days. First of all came dinner. A large party seemed to have been dining at the "mesa redonda". They kept it up long after we had gone to bed. They were all very civil. One of the party, a Spaniard employed on the railway works, helped us as interpreter and we became great allies.

19th. A most lovely sunrise. We walked out after breakfast, and stayed out till our dinner-time, 5 o'clock. We walked along the Fort and along the Beach, and on to the Breakwater, where we stayed a long time watching the little vessels as they made their way through the narrow entrance to the harbour through the Bar. They were all bringing in fish, and we went to see them land it, the women piling it in baskets and carrying it away. We went to the Church of St. Domingo, of which the interior decoration is better than I expected, date late 16th century. Also to the Sé. The west door *very* fine Romanesque; two good flanking towers; curious figure of a gigantic priest, in dress of a parish beadle, collar, ruffles, etc., with a glory round the head. Sent a telegram to Ireland by the assistance of the employé of some English merchants, Teages and Co., who have a large establishment here.

20th. Called on the Consul, saw some fine Oriental dishes at his house, got from him various renseignements. Engaged a carriage for the morrow and then ascended the mountain overlooking the town, from which the view is very grand in every direction. *All* the town of Vianna is full of curious old houses, with traces in their architecture of ancient times. We were delighted with them. As we came down from the mountain we turned into the old Convent of Sta. Anna, with a curious tower. After that we went to the house of Don Antonio Pereira Cyrne da Silva Begerra Fagundes, in the Rua da Bandiera 215, to whom we had an introduction from the Consul. He told us that we should see there some good china,



but that there remained nothing to be bought in Vianna. We were much amused at the ceremony which attended the display of Don Fagundes' collection. He received us politely and kept us in conversation in one room while an old male and an old female servant set out the articles in the room adjoining. By this we were little prepared for what was coming. The collection consisted of little more than a dozen pieces, but all of the rarest kind; among them two Chinese figures on pedestals, decorated in black and green and every imaginable colour, about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet high! truly marvellous. It appears the Rothschilds had tried to buy them, but without success. They were "*pièces de famille*". Vianna and its Lima are truly the Elysian Fields! I must mention that in passing a chemist's shop this morning (22 Rua Sta. Anna) we were attracted by a curious wooden figure, and went in; there we saw two earthen vessels, a jar and a kind of cornet, blue and white decorated with a crown, etc., and lettered at the back, Vianna, in large letters. The owner would not part with either of them. He said there had been a fabrique some years ago at Vianna, long since discontinued.

21st. Up soon after 5 this morning; at 8 we left Vianna, where we have been very happy. I wish I could describe all the amusing scenes we witnessed there—how everybody ate together—how all the four sisters talked at once—how the railway employés (excellent Spanish gentlemen from Seville) helped us to interpret our requirements—how the waiter seemed to be the prime manager, and how our worthy host, Don Lopez, presided over the whole. We must visit Vianna once more. It is full of pleasant memories. We had a most pleasant drive to Valença. It was a colder day, but more like the freshness of early autumn weather, and very bright. Our horses had a "*descenso*" of two hours at Caminha, during which we explored the town. Its principal

Church is quite the best we have seen in Portugal, Manoelino, in very good order, and unspoiled. A funeral service, with an orchestra of fiddles, was going on when we looked in. My maid went to her service in another church, near the Arch, which was crowded. A great number of men stood round the entrance while the service was going on. It seemed to them a sort of lounge, but there were many others attending most devoutly, kneeling, even beyond the doors, and it was a very interesting sight. We reached Valença a little before sunset, and hurried down to the Ferry so as to be in time to cross over to Tuy. The first sight of that fortress as it bursts upon you is magnificent. Equally so is the view of Valença as seen from the other side. We crossed to Tuy, and after walking through some dirty streets were agreeably surprised to find a most comfortable Hotel, where, after telling us that they had nothing in the house, they gave us an excellent dinner of omelets and chickens and fish and cheese and sweetmeats, the best I have had since I have been in the Peninsula, and so here we are now, once more in Spain.

22nd. After breakfast we walked out to explore the town. Found the Cathedral most beautiful and interesting. A grand Romanesque West door and porch, such as I have not seen in the whole Peninsula. The interior is not spoilt by restorations, but it has been found necessary to strengthen it with some unsightly props and cross-beams. We went into the cloisters, which are very good, and a youth, belonging to the College for Priests, came thence to show us the Sacristy, in which there is a series of beautiful carvings in wood of the 16th or 17th century. He showed us also their crosses and Candlesticks of the last century, very good, but still better, we espied a *mediæval* silver processional cross which, to our eyes, was worth all the rest, but on which they did not seem to set much store. The Alto Coro, at the West end, has also a good carved silleria.

Altogether we were delighted with Tuy, and all the more so from its beauties having been altogether unexpected. The views all around, and towards the opposite frontier fortress of Valença, very grand indeed. . . . We sought vainly for antiquities. In a silversmith's shop we saw a small silver quadrant, which we *thought* we had bought, when the master of the shop came in and insisted it was not his, and that he only got it to repair, so we had to relinquish it. Finding ourselves so near to Vigo, we could not resist the pleasure of going to see a town of which we had read so much. Accordingly we took places on the outside of the diligence, which started at two, and here we were perched on high in a very precarious position ; I expected every moment to be jolted off and on to the horses' backs, but after going a little way in great jeopardy, I persuaded an excellent traveller to change places with me and to let me take his seat between the two coachmen, where I made the rest of the journey most comfortably. The scenery was wonderful and I enjoyed the drive immensely. The first view of Vigo and the Bay not to be forgotten. Arrived in good time before dark. Put up at the Hotel "Fonda del Comercio", very clean and comfortable. The hostess cooks, and very well ; the landlord waits, assisted by his son of eight years old ; and his daughter of ten years old does the honours with the baby of 11 months generally in her arms. They all do their best to make you happy and it is your own fault if you are not so.

23rd. Our first move was to call upon the Consul, S. D. Barcena, a Spaniard speaking excellent English. He advised us, being so far, by all means to go and see Santiago. We found that the English steamer by which C.S. expected his brother to arrive in Portugal should touch at Carril on Saturday, so we determined to try and intercept him there, which would be much more agreeable for us than having to hurry back to Lisbon to meet him, leaving unseen all

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there is to interest us in the North. [This was Mr. Charles Schreiber's younger brother, William, who died in Ireland within a few months.] After our conference with him we walked about the town, vainly seeking for any curiosities, and afterwards climbed up to the fort, where a soldier politely gave us permission to enter. The view all round is magnificent. We were amused by the fact that the Governor was out shooting just below the "Castle", and on the report of his gun, the word was passed from soldier to sentinel "un otro pajaros esta matao" ("another sparrow is slain"). Our English ship of war, the "Sultan", lay in the Harbour. We went to the landing-point where was one of her boats loading provisions. Got into conversation with the young officer in command, Mr. Messum, who had served in the "Sultan" with Edward Ponsonby. He told us they had encountered fearful weather in coming out. With us it has been glorious.

24th. Again most glorious weather, but a little crisp in the mornings; not a breath of air, or a cloud on the bright blue sky. The Consul sent his little open carriage to take us a drive to Bayona and soon after 11. we started; but we had not gone 5 miles before one of the wheels stuck and refused to move. One of the clerks was driving us; he showed infinite resource but could not overcome the difficulty; then he rode to a neighbouring village for a blacksmith, but all in vain. We spent about three hours in useless efforts to mend matters—took off the wheel, etc.; at length C.S. and I turned to walk home, and before we reached Vigo the trap overtook us in a patched-up condition. We were sorry to have missed the drive, which is said to be very beautiful, but we enjoyed what we did see of the country. While we waited beside the recreant car, we saw the English ship "Resistance" enter the Harbour. Back before 4. We are to be off before 6. to-morrow morning.

25th. We had a very bad night, for C.S. is so martyred by

the insects (fleas) that in two hours he was awake and neither of us had much sleep. Soon after 4. we were up again, and before daylight had had our cup of coffee and had groped our way to where the diligence was awaiting us. It started at or about 6. (alarm that the maid had left the keys behind, but no). We were very glad to be inside the coach this time. The road was rough and it was rather cold; there was a sharp frost on the ground, but soon after the sun got up and this disappeared. Nothing could be more lovely than the morning lights as they illuminated the distant hills. Our route lay all round the head of the Bay, which is certainly one of the most beautiful things to be seen on this earth. The diligence was almost empty, and we had the end seats to ourselves, so that we could command all the scenery and it was magnificent. I never enjoyed anything more. Redondela, through which we passed, is a picturesque old town. The projected railway has finished its viaduct at this point, also a little higher up. It is a very fine construction. At Pontevedra we stopped to breakfast, and while the food was getting ready we ran off to see the Cathedral, with which we were delighted. It is of the best Romanesque time and quite unspoiled. A funeral service was going on when we went into it. Pontevedra is a busy place and seems improving. A very good breakfast at the "Postas", then on to Carril. We had stopped from 10 to 11. The rest of our journey occupied two hours more. This part of it was wilder and less interesting, and we were not so impressed by the entrance to Carril as we had been by that to Vigo. The train from Carril to Santiago did not start for another hour, so C.S. went into the town to try for some authentic information about the English boat which is to come in on Saturday. As we left Carril we found the Bay prettier than we expected from the first view of it, but after Vigo everything must be tame. The scenery to Santiago is not so attractive as that on the



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Miño, but it has a wild beauty of its own. We arrived at 5. and got a little boy to direct us to Casa de Huespedes, to which we had been recommended (Casa de Rey, opposite the University), where we got very comfortable quarters. How many little incidents I omit to mention in this hurried journal, but some I cannot forget, be they or be they not recorded—for instance, the parting of the young sailor of the “Esperanza” with his young wife and aged mother, as he took his place on our diligence at Pontevedra.

26th. After breakfast we went out and strove vainly to find curiosity shops, and “antiquities” to buy. Having hunted through the principal streets we gave up the quest and delighted ourselves with the real beauties of this wonderful place. First the Hospital, where we spent a long time studying the entrance, the corbel table under the balcony, the string-course under the roof with its many mouldings. Then we went into the four Courts, all most interesting. In the Entrance Chapel are pictures of the founders, Ferdinand and Isabella, which, although they cannot be contemporary, must be of some antiquity. We then went into the Cathedral. On the South side of the Cathedral we found some Platerias, with pretty jewellery, not very old, which we are to visit again. We took a letter of introduction to Don Barcena’s brother-in-law here, and made arrangements with him for further excursions. Looked at some brass work in the Calle de Preguntorio. Then came back to our Hotel, where C.S. took up his luggage and went off to the railway for Carril, where we expect to find the English Mail boat to-morrow, by which his brother is to arrive. I walked with C.S. to the station, taking with me my maid, with whom I came back. Visited the public gardens, whence we saw the sun sink behind the hills, and, again, the hospital. It is curious to see what an excitement the sight of strangers produces here. We are followed

by crowds of children, and I must say that even the well-dressed are anything but polite. As I left dinner, I heard solemn music under the windows, and saw a procession with lighted torches winding its way to the Cemetery. It was the funeral of a young student of 19, who had died of typhoid fever. This is always a day of sad memories for me, and to-day there have seemed several melancholy incidents. Besides the above, we were told at Don Ramon's that one of the children of the family had died at their house only that very morning. How strange it seems to me, being here all alone in this distant Spanish town! and what curious little episodes occur. Just now, as I sat at work in my bedroom, young Ramon was ushered in, having come to inquire if he could be of any service to me, and renewing his promise to come and take us to explore at 11. to-morrow.

27th. It was nearly 12. before the Spaniard appeared, but he brought with him our Vice-Consul, Don Uriosti, who speaks English very well, which was a great comfort. However, his appearance puzzled me, for we had been told that his presence was necessary at the arrival of the English Mail Steamer at Carril, advertised for to-day, but he explained that his clerk was to do the needful for him there, and further, he told me to my dismay that the steamer was not expected till the morrow, so that C.S. will have a long detention there, which is most provoking for him. I walked out with my two Spanish friends till two o'clock, which I found out was their dinner-time. Bought an old metal cross I had seen with C.S. the day before. Then went to the Cathedral. After dinner I had a very agreeable visit from Don Uriosti, who gave me a great deal of information, and also brought me a Spanish book containing an account of the Cathedral. A telegram from C.S. saying that the steamer had not arrived and that he must remain another night at Carril.

28th. To-day it is cold. There are no means of having fires at Santiago, so when winter sets in it must be very trying. I was not up very early. I have read a great deal of the book about the Cathedral and think I have mastered the principal facts. How I *hope* C.S. will get back to-day, but I must not reckon on it. Thank God he did return. The Consul came to fetch me at 4.30, and I walked with him down to the station. The rain had then ceased, but before we arrived it had increased tremendously, and it *poured* before we got back to the Hotel. C.S. had spent two wretched days at Carril, in a kind of pot-house, but he was fortunate in meeting his brother there when at length the steamer arrived this very morning, and thus we were saved the hurried journey back to Lisbon to meet him, and were enabled to prolong our stay in the North, where there is still so much of interest to be seen.

29th. The Consul, Don Uriosti, came to us at 11., accompanied by a learned man, Don Manuel Murquia, who has written a history of Galicia and is supposed to know everything about the local antiquities, especially as he was the Director of the Public Works. With them we took a most delightful walk. We went first to the Cathedral, looked over it generally and got one of the attendants to take us into the Capella Mayor, where we went up to the figure of the Saint, and afterwards looked at the top of the sarcophagus which lies immediately below the High Altar. We also visited the Hospital and its beautiful Chapel, which is so contrived that three wards can hear the Mass from their beds. The carvings of the columns minute and artistic to a degree. Went to the Archbishopric, where there exists a curious hall of audience, which is now being converted into a Chapel by the present dignitary. In the course of the operation he has managed to destroy one of the oldest and finest of its doorways, to

Murquia's intense horror. The architecture of this place is quite Romanesque. After parting with our fine guides, C.S. and I went again to the Plateria, which we had visited together last Friday, and bought one or two small ornaments, among them a badge of Santiago, mounted with the double eagle, which seems out of the common. The Consul promised to return for us again after dinner (they dine here at 2) but such violent rain supervened that it was impossible for us to prosecute any further researches that evening. The following day, however,

30th, the Consul and M. Murquia came at 9; we had got up early to be ready for them. We went to the Cathedral and were shown the treasure. There are several specimens of the finest silver work (of course the French when they were here stole all they could lay their hands on), among these is a magnificent Custodia by Antonio d'Arfe, dated 1556. I was particularly interested in the Royal Tombs, placed in the Chapel of the Treasury. We found an old broker's shop, where there were some pictures, one of them rather good, but the prices absurd. We heard that there was a certain Dr. André who was the purchaser of everything old that was to be bought in the town. Had we known this sooner we might have seen his collection, which would have been of the greatest interest for us. The Consul went to find him for us, and he was very willing to show us what he had, but as he kept it in a house in the country it was too late for us to go and see it. Don Murquia was so charmed with the cross we had bought here, and which he pronounced to be of the 12th century, that he brought his daughter to our rooms this afternoon to make a drawing of it. I must not forget that we went to see the Library of the University, which is a very fine room, also the Palace, which was formerly occupied by the Cardinal Fonseca (who built the Cathedral Cloisters), where,

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besides a fine old Patio, there is a staircase with an Atecionada ceiling of the period.

## DECEMBER 1875

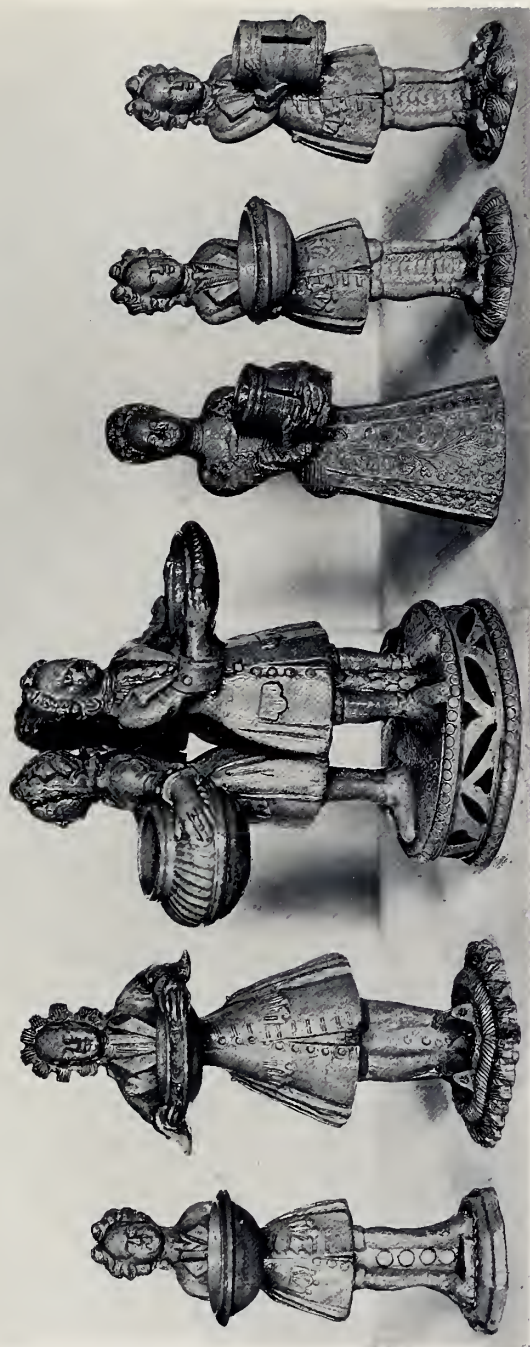
VIGO : TUY : MONÇAO : BRAGA : OPORTO : COIMBRA : LUSO :  
VIZEU : LEIRIA : BATALHA

December 1st. Up very early and off to the train, having very much enjoyed our visit to Santiago. We had a brisk walk to the station and on arriving there found the train was not to start till 8.30. In effect it did not go so soon. The Consul went with us as far as Padron. A gentleman named Mould, interested in the railway, lives there. He had sent us a message to invite us to go and stay with him that we might see the Mother Church of Iria, but time did not admit of our accepting his invitation. Joined the Correio at Carril. The first part of the way we travelled in the inside, but from Pontevedra we went in the Coupé (or Berlina) and the views of Vigo and its Bay, in the evening light, were charming. It was almost dark when we arrived. Put up again at the Fonda de Comercio, where our landlord did not behave quite so honestly as he did before; however, it is not a bad Hotel. Great Fair at Pontevedra as we went through; a pretty sight.

2nd. I was writing letters after breakfast, when C.S. ran to fetch me to go out, as the English Squadron was just entering the Bay. We went accordingly upon the heights to see this beautiful sight, and after they had anchored, came down to look at it from the Quay; salute from the Fort; music from the Admiral's ship. We had places in one of the diligences which started at 2., and which professed to reach Tuy at 6., but we were drawn by three wretched mules, which only rested some half-hour on the road, and did not arrive till 8.

3rd. At 11., we crossed the Ferry to Valença, having taken places in a diligence by which we were promised to proceed to





A CURIOUS COLLECTION OF FIGURES HOLDING BOWLS, ETC., CONSIDERED BY LADY CHARLOTTE TO BE OF EARLY LAMBETH WARE, BUT POSSIBLY OF STAFFORDSHIRE MANUFACTURE  
*The Countess of Bessborough's Collection*



Monçao at 12. When we landed, however, the entrepreneur from whom we got our tickets tried to persuade us that we were to go by a heavy coach which did not start till 2. Fortunately we discovered his fraud betimes, and went on by the appointed conveyance, which was a very smart one. The road, as usual, a very good one and we travelled at a good pace, our only drawback being a mist over the grand scenery, which at last turned to a heavy shower. However, this presently cleared off, and then, all of a sudden, we found ourselves on a part of the road which was almost impracticable, and would have proved *quite* so, had we not met a cart drawn by two strong horses, whom our driver pressed into the service to assist the efforts of our three poor mules. The fact is that this part of the road is still in its ancient form and gives one an idea of what the roads in Portugal must have been up to a recent period; the portion which is completed is most admirable. We arrived at Monçao at 3, Hotel Central. We had an introduction to go and see the Château of a nobleman, Don Simon Perreira, who lives at Berjoeira, about two leagues from the town, so we got one of the vacant omnibuses and drove over there. The owner was not at home, and it was some time before we could gain admittance to the house, but at length the old housekeeper came out, and showed us over it. We saw no fine things, no collection of meubles or china, as we had hoped, but there is a large suite of rooms, all in the vilest Empire taste, but as good as could be expected of the date. The view over the garden and surrounding scenery must be grand. It was getting late, and there was a mist over the river, so we could only imagine it. Primitive dinner, two waitresses attending and inspecting everything we did. We had been misled about the Correio for our further journey, but found a diligence which was to leave Monçao at 5. and in this we secured places. As we were to be up and packed so early I did not go to bed, but only lay down and got

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about three hours' sleep. I regret that the rascality of the landlord made me lose my temper, and that I took my revenge on the two little innocent waiting girls. I am ashamed of it and hope not to be betrayed into such unworthy conduct again. It was dark during the first part of our journey but presently the stars disappeared and the dawn broke. There was a sharp white frost, snow on several of the surrounding hills, not a breath of wind, but the air was cold, the sun hot and brilliant. Our journey lay through the most glorious scenery. At Dos Arcos tried to get some breakfast; with difficulty obtained some bread and wine and hot chestnuts which a woman was roasting in the street. At the bridge they made us all get out and walk over to save the mules. We reached Braga at 3. after a most prosperous journey. Large fair of cattle, etc., being held at a little village on our route. Arrived in time for dinner, of which we were glad. Early to bed; a long night, and got up much refreshed.

5th. Weather very cold but bright. We were out from 12.30. till 4. Arranged about a carriage for to-morrow's journey. Went into the public gardens, where a military band was playing. The Englishman we had met here before (Mr. Daniel) showed us the way to the gardens where the Columns with the Roman inscriptions are preserved. They are very curious and interested us much. C.S. made out several of them. After this we walked to that part of the town (Praça Nova) by which we arrived yesterday—came to a very pretty bridge; a lovely evening and charming views. Adieu "*Bra-cava Augusta, Fidelis et Antiqua*" as the Roman slab expressed it. We have greatly enjoyed our short sojourn here. Early dinner, since which I have written a long journal and despatched a letter to Ivor. They say the cold here is quite exceptional; the poor camellias have suffered for it; they were in full flower last week and their blossoms are now almost all

nipped by the frost. I must not forget the beautiful chimes at Braga, the best I have heard in Portugal, Mafra hardly excepted. The Church bells, which continued all day at intervals, greatly added to the charm of our Sunday's walk.

6th. Called at 6.; a brilliant morning, and delightful expectations of our day's expedition! A commodious brake with two stout horses came to the door at 8.30. We were all prepared and started immediately. All went well till we got nearly half-way to Guimarães. The scenery magnificent, especially that over Braga as we left it. Suddenly William Schreiber missed his bag from the carriage, which led to all sorts of complications, as he started back some way to look for it, and thus *we* lost what was very valuable to us, an hour. However, we managed to see the principal points of interest in this most interesting place; the remains of Alfonso Henrique's Palace with its four tall cylindrical brick chimneys; the Castle, of which we ascended the Central Tower to gain the extensive view; the Cloisters of S. Domingo, of which only the inner arches remain (but they are splendid); and lastly the Cathedral, the interior of which has been utterly ruined, but where the Romanesque Cloisters are intact, and where we peeped through a grating of the old Fort; where Alfonso Henrique was baptized; and the tomb of the founder of the tower. The hour we had lost prevented our seeing the treasure, as the Sacristan was not to be found in the afternoon. The building in front of the Cathedral (westward), apparently to receive a cross or image, not to be forgotten. We were fortunate in picking up one or two little trifles from the numerous jewellers' shops, a chatelaine, a Minas novus ornament, and two remarkable crosses in black and white enamel. Altogether our day was most enjoyable. The journey takes about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours to Guimarães and about an equal time to the Famalição station, where we joined the railway before 5. o'clock and had



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to wait nearly an hour. We got to our Hotel at Oporto by 8. o'clock.

7th. Our first point was to call at the Consul's to get our letters. One from Blanche. All seem well except Merthyr, who to my grief has had another bad fall out hunting; I shall be anxious for further news. Mrs. Crauford was at home. An agreeable sensible woman. Their house full of pretty things (some of them very good) and set out with good taste. After this we tried the antiquities dealers and the jewellers in the Rua das Flores and ended our walk by going to Coutts' agent for the replenishing of our finances. Another bright sunny day but cold out of the sun. They say such cold weather has not been known here for years, but elsewhere it is much worse.

8th. It was a Fête day so no shops were open, but there were a great many religious ceremonies and much ringing of bells. We went to the Post Office and found a large packet awaiting us there and containing no fewer than 46 letters! Some of them from the children. We sat down in the outer court and read them all before going farther. Called to see the amateur dealer Nunes; then paid a visit to Señor Rozas, a gentleman we met at Tuy and whom we hoped (in vain) to get some useful information from, especially about Guimaräens. In the afternoon we found out the worthy English engineer, Mr. Thomas Smith (see Nov. 15), and called upon him to thank him for his previous civilities.

9th. Walked about generally, bought another pair of ear-rings in the Rua das Flores, and went to see the curious old picture at the Misericordia, with the portraits of King Manuel, his Queen and family. It is in a bad light, and is not in good order.

10th. Went to take lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Crauford, and spent a most agreeable afternoon with them, returning only in

time for dinner. We had many subjects in common and discussed many things. Mr. Crauford is full of information. He gave us some advice about some silver offered to us by the dealer Luis, the result of which was that on the following day (Saturday) we made the purchase of one of the objects he had offered to us, viz. a silver-gilt casket or reliquaire of quaint, but not fine workmanship, which may be about 200 years old. We had various small commissions to execute in the town, to go to the Banker's for money, and to fetch William's lost bag, which by some miraculous means had been recovered for him by Mr. Daniel at Braga. Unfortunately the Hotel is not furnished with fires (hitherto) so that the evenings are rather trying. This is the only drawback to residing at Oporto.

11th. Called on M. Rozas to know if he had any information for us about Guimaräens, where we thought of going to-morrow, but he does not respond. In the afternoon we drove over to Leça do Balio. Delighted with the old fortress tower of the military Knights, and with the stately Church dated 1330 to 1336, curious Manoelino font and cross of the same date in the village. There are remains of very ancient Cloisters with some very fine bits now enclosed in the Courtyard of a Brazilian proprietor, whose wife or daughter showed us round very civilly and took us down to the banks of the Leça, by some considered the Lethe of old, as I have said. We had left our carriage in the highway and walked to the Church by an ox-road. We returned by a pleasant ramble through the fields.

13th. Called at 4.30. We were out by 6., and after drinking one hasty cup of coffee, set out to try and catch the 6.40. for Famalição on our way to Guimaräens. We tried to get a carriage at the stables opposite, but failed, so we attempted, rather hopelessly, to walk. There was bright moonlight as we hurried along. Fortunately in the Praça Don Pedro we spied

one solitary cab, and so our difficulties were at an end. We found a diligence awaiting the arrival of the train, and in it proceeded to Guimarães. We went straight to the Cathedral on arriving, hoping to see the treasure, but the priest who was in charge of it was not in the town. The Custodian, however, showed us the processional crosses, and some good 15th century vestments, also the Font, the tombs of the founders of the tower, etc. It was very provoking to have thus missed the treasure a second time. The celebrated Olive-tree is taken up. Bought three more crosses like those we got last week. While looking into a jeweller's shop in the town, a pedlar accosted us and took us to his lodgings in the Rua St. Antonio, where amid a heap of rubbish we picked out a pair of shoe buckles. Discovered a fine Western door at the Church of St. Francisco. Some beautiful chimes at a neighbouring Church. At 2. we resumed the diligence, and again had to wait an hour before the train started. A friendly "Americano" took us from the terminus to the Praça Don Pedro, whence we walked to our Hotel—quite ready for dinner at 8., having had nothing all day but a roll and a bowl of coffee with *good* goat's milk as we went through Famíliao in the morning.

14th. Called on the Craufords and returned them his book of Portuguese travels (written under the name of Latouche) which he had lent us, and with which we were greatly pleased. In the afternoon we took a carriage and drove across the river to the Convent of the Serra—reached it just in time for a fine sunset and beautiful evening lights upon the mountains, the city, the river, etc., a most grand scene. We were enchanted; we were near leaving Oporto without seeing this. It would have been indeed a loss. All the historical associations—Wellington, etc.—rendering it doubly interesting. Laid awake late to-night reading Mr. Crauford's article in the *New Quarterly* on Affonso Henriquez, full of

information valuable to us. Also another article of his on old china, which I like less.

15th. Remained at Oporto yet another day in order that we might take another look at the picture in the Misericordia, which is no doubt by a Belgian artist. Went into the Church of San Francisco, which would seem to be of the same date as that of Leça do Balio, but has been sadly disfigured by the gilded rubbish of the monks. Had a long walk in search of a certain Arcenio de Pinutaleite (a dealer), who was not to be found, and on our way back picked up two little papier mâché snuff boxes, with French engravings on the subject of the American War of Independence. The weather has become much nicer, accordingly they have begun to light a fire in the evening in the *salle à manger* of the Hotel! I have been interested in the history and adventures of a little Contralto belonging to the Italian Opera Company, named Enrichetta Bernadoni. She is staying here, a well-educated, well-read young woman—I may hear of her again. To my surprise she told me that she was a Protestant.

16th. At length we are to leave Oporto. I am in course of packing up. C.S. and his brother have gone over to see Foz. Dinner ordered at 3. In due time we dined and took a carriage to the station, admiring as we went the view over the town. After waiting about half an hour the train started and we got to Coimbra soon after 9. o'clock. We had been told to go to the Hôtel Central, which is in the middle of the town, near the Santa Cruz, and a wretched night we had! It is the first time we have not found our quarters comfortable.

17th. Went into Sta. Cruz. The fine Cinquecento pulpit, the grand old tombs of Affonso Henriquez and Sancho I., then through the Sacristy to the Manoelino Cloisters, very good. They showed us the chamber where the relics are kept (of no interest to us). Then the Coro Alto, charming, with carved

representations of chained Moorish Kings on the Stalls. Went thence to the Hôtel Mondego and engaged other rooms (to which we removed in the evening), and then we walked up the hill, and after passing the front of the Sé Velha, found ourselves presently in the Square of the University. From its Terrace we had a view of a most magnificent sunset. In the course of the day we had investigated the jewellers' shops. One of them, Abilio Martius, possesses some Cinquecento silver dishes, of which he showed us photographs, the originals being with a friend of his in Paris, Philip Schoss, 26 Rue d'Hauteville.

18th. Greatly pleased with our new abode, which looks over the Mondego. The river now is low, but all the views are delightful, and the orange-trees are in full bearing. Went across the bridge, first to the ruined Church of Sta. Clara, which is now used as a barn and stable—circular arched entrances both East and West, and a good South Rose window. In two Chapels to the South are well-carved altar-pieces of late Renaissance. The farmer showed us over it. Then to the Fonte dos Amores through the pretty Quinta das Lagrimas, the garden better kept than is usual in Portugal. It all belongs to a rich descendant of poor Inez de Castro's family. Up the hill to the more modern Convent of Sta. Clara, in the Church of which are some life-sized representations of scenes of Portuguese history (Sta. Isabel's Roses, etc.), not bad, and what they told us was Isabel's tomb. The chain still seen at the gate. After scaling to the highest point for the view, we went down to the Monastery of S. Francisco, which is now being converted into a wine store and linen manufactory and is in the hands of a company, a great improvement on the lazy monks. In making the alterations they found a subterranean communication between the Monastery and the Convent of Sta. Clara above. There is nothing to admire at S. Francisco—the date 1602–1607—but in



the Patio we found four trees planted in the angles on mounds enclosed by fine old Azulejos, which were of older date than the building itself, and had evidently been brought there from elsewhere. We are trying to get these. When we left the hill, went again to the University on the other side, and so to the Aqueduct, where we fell in with a respectable old beggar, who took us under his venerable protection and showed us the Botanical Gardens, and *insisted* upon our going to see a view *up* the Mondego, which quite rewarded us for the walk. Bought a small silver-gilt reliquaire of good old work.

19th. Being anxious to know more about the history of Coimbra than we could glean from the unenlightened natives, we inquired if there was any savant at the University to whom we might address ourselves. By the intervention of one of the waiters we thereupon became acquainted with the German Professor Herr Hermann Christian Duhrssen. This gentleman answered to our polite messages by meeting us in the University Square on Sunday morning. He took us into the Library, which is very fine for its date and in excellent keeping. He then turned us over to an official, who showed us the large Hall, which preserves the original ceiling. It is set round with wretched full-lengths of the Portuguese Monarchs. We went into other rooms above, one with equally horrid pictures of the heads of the University. On the floor of a gallery lay a number of Flemish pictures perishing, of no merit perhaps, but curious for costume, architecture, etc. View from the parapet of the building. After this we went on to see other things, the Church of San Salvador—fine Romanesque West entrance; one good pointed Chapel within, on the South side; tall slender columns with early capitals in the nave; altogether interesting. To the Sé Velha, where we were surprised with the extreme beauty of the Renaissance Chapels terminating the two arches, especially that of the South side, dating 1336, with figures, almost life-

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sized, of the Saviour and Apostles—also the grand 15th cent. Retablo. The columns are encased in Azulejos; at the West entrance is an Atecionada ceiling. Note in the North transept a Bishop's tomb, and that of Sta. Isabella's "Lady" Bataça next to St. Jago. The West end doors are intact and grand, Romanesque. The interior is entirely modernised and spoilt. Through all these "sights" we were escorted by the waiter and the good old beggar. When the Professor was with us we must have formed a curious procession. It was all done by 4. o'clock, and then C.S. and I set off alone, and went by the walk on the river side up the Mondego, which seems to be a sort of Alameda, and where the élite of the town, the estudantes, etc., were taking their evening walk. We "persevered" up to the top of the hill, and having enjoyed the glorious view, returned in time for dinner. The Professor called to see us afterwards and we had an agreeable and instructive talk. He is a man of much cultivation, well skilled in many languages.

20th. Met our Professor by appointment in the Botanical Gardens at 11.; went into the hothouses. Thence to the Museum, a large building where there are large collections of natural history, fossils, minerals, etc., and where the anatomical and other scientific lectures are given. Thence again to that delightful retreat, the Quinta de Sta. Cruz. It belonged to the monks of that name. At their dissolution the whole property was sold for £100. What would it *now* be worth? As we passed the Sé Velha we stopped to look at an Arabic inscription which is imbedded in its walls. Then we went across the river to the St. Francisco, where we explained to the Professor our wishes with regard to the Azulejos there, about which he promised to exert himself on our behalf. After parting with him, C.S. and I walked a little on the banks of the river, and he espied a curious old Moorish-looking building on the hill. We were told it was "Las Ripas", where Maria Fellez

was killed by her husband, the son of Inez de Castro. Next morning,

21st, accordingly we climbed to the spot. It is an old Moorish tower communicating by a curtain wall with another ancient building in which several Manoelino doors and windows had been introduced. This portion had, we were told, belonged to the unfortunate house of Aveiro. Some of the Manoelino carvings, indoors, etc., of the Aveiro buildings are very picturesque. The Arms everywhere defaced. But I since hear that in *one* place in the town they have escaped and are still to be seen. This morning we went again into Sta. Cruz, which I should never tire of looking at, the tombs, the beautiful cloisters, the Pulpit. After a pleasant round and leave-taking with our Professor, we went back to our Hotel to prepare for our journey to Luso. Of course we were at the station about an hour too soon, but that mattered not. An hour by train brought us to Mealhada, and there we cast about for a carriage to take us forward. C.S. presently found and engaged a comfortable little calèche. We got some bread and wine at a little Inn and then set off for Luso. It was 6. o'clock, a lovely evening without a breath of air, and with brightest starlight. The Hôtel de Serva did not seem promising when we arrived. It looked like a long series of tenantless huts, but when the door was opened and we were admitted we found very clean and comfortable quarters. Got an indifferent dinner and went early to bed. I must not forget a curious ceremony we witnessed on Saturday in the New Cathedral, St. João. A corpse was there laid out; a number of priests stood round the bier and chanted awhile, after which they carried out the dead woman, proceeding with her, unveiled, in procession down the streets.

22nd. C.S. and I went to explore the mountains. Walked up to Cruz Alta, enjoying the various magnificent views as we

passed the various stations. We came back through the forest, to the Obelisk marking the battlefield of Busaco. C.S. read the account of the fight, which it was easy, on the spot, to understand. Returned through the beautiful grounds to the Convent, and so back to the Hotel. It was the loveliest of lovely days, perfectly warm, in the sun almost too hot, and the sky cloudless. I sat out of doors, working, till sunset, C.S. reading to me our Portuguese history. This was indeed a day to be remembered. On the hill we had seen "Admiral" butterflies flitting about, and I had gathered wild, sweet-scented primroses. Our Hotel being *now* prepared for visitors, who are not frequent at this time of year, we had an excellent dinner, and an amusing interview with our cook, a Spaniard.

23rd. We had intended to proceed to-day to Vizeu, but we failed to get places in the diligence, the Coimbra Estudiantes having secured every nook and corner, and having chartered five coaches in addition, to take them home for their holidays. So perforce we had to stay on here, and were not sorry, as it is a very pleasant and comfortable place. Wrote a little in the morning. At about 1. we started up to the battlefield and returned by the Convent and forest.

24th. We did not go out very early (a lovely day, a bright sun and blue sky), but at 1. we started for a lounge, which ended in this, that C.S. and I walked over to Mealhada, some five miles distant, and back, returning in time for our 5. o'clock dinner. It was a delicious and amusing walk, full of little homely incidents, among which most conspicuous was the olive-gathering just outside Mealhada. The men were mounted in the trees throwing down the fruit, which the women were collecting below. We went to the diligence office to get our tickets for the morrow, and then walked up to the Church of Sta. Anna, which is a barnlike building of no particular interest.

25th. I had slept but little in the night: our tickets were

taken for the diligence which was to pick us up at six in the morning, and we had to be up betimes to meet it on the road in front of our Hotel, so before 4. we were astir, the stars quite bright and the air quite warm. We could see the light of the diligence some time before it arrived at Luzo, and I stood at the open window watching it, and thinking of all the dear ones at home on this Christmas morning. At length it came. Señor Lopes (pronounced Lopps) the Waiter, and Maestro Rodriguez, the smoke-dried old Spanish Cook, came with lanterns to see us off. We took our places hastily, but we had difficulty about our luggage, little as there was of it. Luckily we had only small hand packages which we were able to stow away, and luckily we had also accommodating fellow-passengers, a doctor-professor of Coimbra and his friend, so that we had every assistance to make us comfortable. At 10. we stopped at a kind of pot-house for breakfast, and fared well. After this we did not leave the carriage till we reached Vizeu. It was long before we lost sight of Busaco. Our route lay over mountains, chiefly bordered by fir plantations, and with the snow-crowned Estrella generally in view. As there was much daylight still, when we reached Vizeu, we went out for a little walk while dinner was preparing.

26th. Went out at midday. First to the Cathedral where we looked again at the pictures. They have in the Sacristy a fine old Pontifical garment, which they say is the same as that represented in their grand picture of St. Peter: after the pictures in the Sacristy we studied that of the Calvario. Then we went and found out the artist of the place, Don Antonio José Pereira. We introduced ourselves and found him to be an intelligent agreeable old gentleman. He went fully into the "Gran Vasco" controversy, which I am unable to approach, either here or elsewhere, and after talking some time he proposed to accompany us in our walk. First we went back to the Cathedral;



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saw the Alto Coro ; again the Calvario and the pictures in the Sacristy. Went also into the Sala do Cabido, where there are 14 other pictures which seemed very curious, but are put up too high to allow of examination. From the Cathedral our companion took us to look at the staircase of the Seminario, an ugly modern building, and then to the Hospital, which he told us was the finest thing in Vizeu. When we got there we found that we had been brought there to look at the wretched daubs which the said A. J. Perreira had painted of the benefactors of the Institution. In the course of our morning's walk with him we had visited the earthworks said to have been thrown up by Viriatus in the conflict between the Portuguese and the Roman Invaders. After parting with our new friend we walked to the Church of St. Michael, which with a little trouble and some delay we had opened for us. Roderic's tomb is there, but it is supposed that he was really buried on the mountain, where some remains were found not long ago in making a road.

27th. Up *very* early. We were at the diligence office long before the coach started. The painter, Perreira, politely came to see us off, and by half-past nine we were en route. At first we had all the interior to ourselves, but as we proceeded, other passengers came in. The morning was lovely; I sat looking towards the Estrella range (which was at my back on Saturday) and thoroughly enjoyed all the varieties of the mountain scenery, especially at Santa Comba, where we stopped to dine. The young Coimbran student who was brought up in an English College was travelling with us. Took the train at Mealhada, and got back to our comfortable quarters at Coimbra before 10. o'clock.

28th. Our first care was to get our letters from the Post Office. The only letter that interested me was one from Enid. In it she mentions that Merthyr had recovered from his fall,

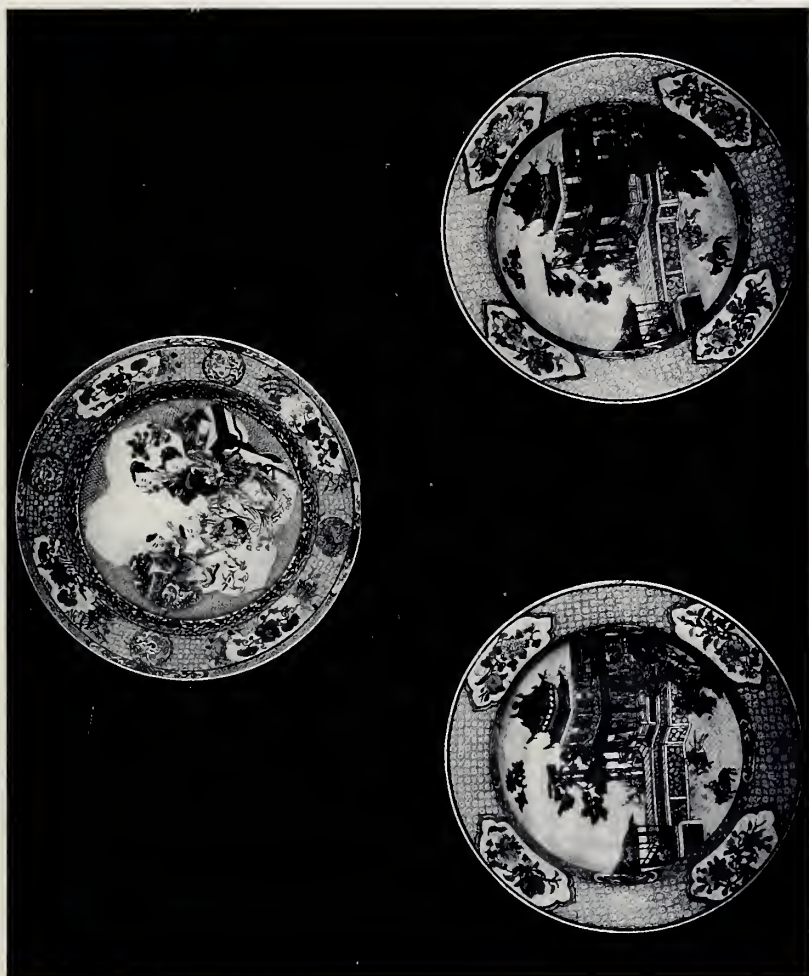
which was a great relief to me, as I had been very anxious about him. We rambled about Coimbra very agreeably.

29th. Went out early to make another attempt to see Señor Neves, but he was not at home. On our way to meet him at San Francisco's we found out the old Hôtel de Ville; went into it and went to the summit, which is in a very ruinous condition, to see the view. Señor Neves was at the Convent when we got there. We found him a very gentlemanly young man, speaking French perfectly. We agreed about the Azulejos, which were to be displaced and then left for our selection. After this we walked about the town for a couple of hours, and then went to see how the Azulejos were getting on. We stayed there most part of the afternoon to watch the operations. To our great disappointment we found that they were so firmly embedded in the cement which fixed them that it was quite impossible to get them out without breaking, so with much regret we gave them up.

30th. The morning was occupied by a ramble about the good old town, and a visit to an individual who was appointed by the Lisbon banker to give us the requisite funds for our forward journey. We found him to be a stupid old man, in a shop as general dealer, and selling bars of iron to people who paid him in heavy patacas ( I never heard of iron being so sold before). It was more than an hour before we could make him understand the transaction and hand us over our small remittance (only £25). After this we lingered about the Quebra Costas and other steep streets of Coimbra, and then took a carriage to see the remains of Condeixa. As the said carriage happened to be a closed one, we had to wait till it could be opened for us, and in consequence of this process, it was 2.30. before we got fairly en route. The drive was longer than we expected. However, we persevered, and on reaching Condeixa, set out on foot to see the ancient Roman remains.

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31st. Our train left betimes, and we quitted Coimbra with much regret. A grand old hill, crowned by ruins of Castles, fixed our attention as the train went on, and we found that it was Montemor Velho, a place which till then we had never heard of, and which it would have been well worth while to explore had we known of it sooner. At length we got to Pombal, a melancholy residence for so great a man as the celebrated Marquis when his reign was over. Here we found a diligence with three wretched overtired mules, in which it was our fate to perform the distance to Leiria. The country hilly and much planted with firs. A fine view of the Castle on approaching the town of Leiria. It was a tedious journey because the poor mules were so overtaxed, otherwise it would have been pleasant enough. It was amusing to see how the passengers, getting out at every inequality of the road, had actually to walk above half the way. Some difficulty about rooms at Leiria. The Hotel bad, but the New Year was ushered in by bright sunshine, and on the 1st of January we forgot all little inconveniences in the pleasure it gave us to explore the town. Up to the old ruins of the Castle, over which we were shown by a soldier from the Barracks below. At the Bishop's Palace we tried to see the picture attributed to Gran Vasco, but his Lordship was ill, so we were denied admission. We went into the Concio to post a letter. C.S. asked the Postmaster if he knew of any antiquities, and he produced some good Oriental plates; we invested in five. I should not forget that we breakfasted in a kind of glazed verandah, and the sun was so hot that we were obliged to open the windows and choose such seats as were not under its rays. We had a special carriage at 2 by which we proceeded to Batalha, arriving there in good time to spend an hour at the Church before dark. The views of the Castle of Leiria on departing, and of Batalha



ABOVE—A BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED EGGSHELL PLATE: THE DESIGN IN ENAMELS SHOWS LADIES AND CHILDREN WATCHING RABBITS. BELOW—PART OF A SET OF ENAMELLED YUNG CHENG PLATES WITH RUBY BACKS. THE DESIGN SHOWS A MANDARIN'S PALACE AND HORSES AND RIDERS IN THE FOREGROUND

*Lord Il inthorne's Collection*





on arriving, very fine. A very rude uncivilised Inn, where they could only just manage to take in our small party, where they were very civil and did their best, but where, on the other hand, they charged very long prices. We were greeted as we reached the town by a party of musicians (a drum and *bagpipes*) accompanying a man with a banner, soliciting contributions for some Saint—the bagpipes exactly like, in shape and sound, to those of the Scotch Highlands.

## JANUARY 1876

ALCOBACA : CALDAS : SANTAREM : LISBON : AND HOME  
' VIA SOUTHAMPTON TO CANFORD

2nd. Breakfast over, we spent the rest of the day in and about the Church. Its date puzzles us, as the architecture seems to us much later than the time of João I., in fact all but Flamboyant. The West window is undoubtedly so—very fine with good old glass. The West door most remarkable. In the Chapel, tombs of João I., his Queen, Philippa, and four of their sons, viz :—Pedro, Henrique, John, Fernando. Their eldest son, Duarte, and his Queen have tombs at the High Altar. It is curious how in this country they bring all their children and grandchildren to swarm about one at one's meals. We had written over to Leiria for the same carriage as we had used the day before, to take us on to Alcobaca.

3rd. It came accordingly and we set out before 11, a pleasant but not very picturesque road. In the immediate vicinity of Alcobaca the village appeared to be of a better kind, as if retaining some traditions of the monkish rule. We put up at the Inn facing the Church, and had tolerable accommodation and most willing service. Spent the afternoon at the Church. Tombs of Pedro I. and Inez de Castro most elaborate and fine. The tomb of D. Beatrix, wife of Alfonso III., looks Romanesque of a much earlier period, and so do the tombs

said to contain the remains of Constance, Pedro's first wife, and Inez's two sons. The Library would seem to be but very little altered since the end of the last century, its decoration, not either very good or very bad, remaining. We had some trouble to get them to show us the kitchen, which gives a perfect idea of what it was when Beckford saw it. Then we were told that it was perfectly impossible to see the Refectory, when, behold, on going through the beautiful Cloisters, we found the door of it open. The centre is occupied by a theatre, but we could see enough of it to understand how grand it must have been with its double row of Columns forming three arcades. Took a little walk towards the entrance of the town.

4th. Scaled the hill to the Moorish Castle, whence a good view. Then C.S. and I spent the remaining time in the Church, whose bold, severe architecture we cannot sufficiently admire. Again at the tombs, and in the Cloisters. I forgot to enumerate among the curiosities of the place the Cauldron taken from the Spaniards at the battle of Aljubarrota, which is still shown in a sort of Chapter-house near the West Entrance. The helmet said to have been worn by João I. on that occasion is one of the marvels that we were shown in the Sacristy at Batalha. It was about 2. o'clock when the diligence started, and we left in it for Caldas de Rainha. A comfortable little conveyance, which we had mostly to ourselves; good views of the sea, the Berlengas, etc. Some trouble in finding an Hotel, the diligence people wanting us to put up where the conveyance stopped, which would have been simply impossible. At length we got quarters at the Hôtel Ricciardi, which was about the best we have met with in our journey, and the people most civil and treating us well. Moonlight walk about the town while waiting for dinner. We had thought of driving over to Pederneira from Alcobaça, but the weather looked threatening so we gave

it up. However, all show of rain soon cleared off and the weather continued lovely.

5th. This morning it was specially so. We were taken over the Hospital of the Baths by our attentive landlord, who afterwards walked with us all the way to Obidos. That was, indeed, a pleasant day. We thoroughly explored the town, entering by the gate nearest to the picturesque Aqueduct and threading its narrow street till we came to the Castle, whence the views are very fine. In the Church nearest the castle we found a beautiful Cinquecento tomb to one of the Norinhas; about the purest specimen of the style that we have seen in Portugal. Having refreshed our party by a draught of very tolerable wine at an *Atmascen*, we walked back again, returning by another road to Caldas, where we made a fruitless search for a goldsmith. This deviation from our morning's road gave us the opportunity of seeing the architecture of the Chapel attached to the Hospital, the tower of which is very good Manoelino. Looked into the depôt of the Caldas Pottery Works, which presented a vast assemblage of the vilest and most vulgar productions I ever saw, many of them being coarse imitations of Palissy. Got home from our delightful walk in good time for dinner.

6th. Left Caldas at 9, having chartered a little open char-à-banc and three mules. And here my Portuguese notes *too* abruptly ended. I must first dot down one or two dates to account for myself from the 6th of January to my arrival in England. But I do so at an interval of some months, and cannot attempt any description or minutiae. We had indeed a most delightful drive. I was outside the carriage most of the way and enjoyed it extremely. Got to the station where we joined the railway an hour before the train started, so we walked to a little wayside Inn and got dinner there. Reached Santarem at night. The Inn to which we were directed there

was full, but we got very comfortable rooms at another, and very good treatment also. Santarem was charming. An agreeable Portuguese gentleman, stopping at the house, very kindly undertook to lionise us. He showed us everything. The grand views from the old walls, the spot where, till lately, stood the gate by which Affonso Henriquez forced his way into the City, the Churches, in one of which, now included in a barrack, there exist some magnificent tombs, etc. Nothing could be more perfect than our day's walk, not to forget our kind guide's ascent of a ruined tower from the parapet, from which he brought us flowers. The next day,

8th, we had thought of going on to Abrantes and other places, but our expected remittance had not come from Lisbon, so we were delayed. In the afternoon C.S. and I walked to the old town of Almeirim, on the other side of the river, having taken the ferry-boat across the Tagus, where we had amusing scenes with the peasants, the pigs, etc. It was a nice walk of some three or four miles. The place utterly ruined, the old Palace nearly all pulled down, but interesting from association.

Sunday, 9th. The morning was ushered in by pouring rain, but we went out, and having received information *where* we could get our letter of credit honoured we set out in the afternoon to get some money. It was a nice walk down the hill, to a general dealer's living near the railway station. On our return we found a telegram awaiting us from old Lambert of the Hôtel Braganza, Lisbon, telling us that a telegram and letters awaited us at his house. This news filled us both with alarm. We knew nobody that would telegraph to us unless there was something urgent, and we feared bad news. Accordingly, giving up all schemes of extending our researches in the direction of Abrantes, etc., we determined to return to Lisbon at once to learn what had



occurred. We took, therefore, the train which left at 2. in the morning and arrived at Lisbon between 6. and 7. It was an anxious night. From the station I and my maid went in one carriage, C.S. and William in another. We both had our adventures. Mine was, that the horse would not face the hill and we had to change carriages en route. My impatience for news from home was naturally great, but we could not get our letters, etc., till old Lambert was up. At last we had the telegram and found that it was from Ivor to say that there was a vacancy in the representation of East Suffolk, and that the Conservative party offered C.S. to become their Candidate. A great compliment. His native county. A sure seat. It was a great relief to find that there was nothing amiss at home. So far, so good, but there came a responsibility as to a decision. One thing we did decide upon, which was to return to England at once. A steamer was to leave Lisbon direct for Southampton at 11. o'clock. We made superhuman efforts to get our papers ready, our luggage, etc., on board, and we joined it. We were four days and four nights on the sea, and reached Southampton, and thence Canford, on Friday evening. We had rough weather, but I lay quite still *all* the time and was not ill. C.S. did *not* stand for East Suffolk after all. I dare say he was right and that it was for the best. He acted on principle, so it could not be wrong. For myself, I know that *I* am happier to have him out of Parliament, by which I get him so much more with me, and we are so happy together. But is it best for him, with his talent and energy, that it should be thus? This year our course has been very different from a London Season and Parliamentary Session. From May to August we have enjoyed a most delightful tour abroad, as a subsequent journal will show, and we are now meditating another, an autumn trip. I write these two pages under very different circumstances from those in which I finished the record on the night



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of the 6th of January at Santarem, when I still hoped we might carry out our intention of seeing, not only all the sights of Lisbon, including all Don Fernando's treasures, but the principal towns in the South of Portugal, finishing up a tour with Seville, Granada, Cordova, and perhaps a little bit of Italy. I am now spending a few quiet days with Maria at the seaside, my dear husband having been summoned to Ireland for the funeral of his poor brother William, who joined us in part of this Portuguese journey, and who died somewhat suddenly on the fourth of this present month.

## NOTES CERAMIC

APRIL TO AUGUST 4, 1876

TO BLENHEIM

1876.

19th. Left Langham House. Went to Usher's Hotel in Suffolk Street, expecting to set forth on our travels on the following Saturday: but so many things remained to be done, that we found ourselves obliged to delay our departure. This enabled me on the Saturday to drive down to Roehampton to see Maria, and on the Sunday C.S. went to Newbury to spend the day with his brother Brymer. Then we made ready to depart on Wednesday, 26th. But on the previous day we heard from Constance that Ivor and Cornelia were to return that evening from Paris, and so we determined to stay and see them. Meanwhile, the Duchess of Marlborough, who had just come back pressed us to go down to Blenheim to see how she had carried out our suggestions of last autumn in the arrangement of her china, and to help her further in the disposition of some that was still unplaced. So it ended that we again put off our departure. We went to the station to meet Ivor and Cornelia, having earlier in the afternoon paid a farewell visit to Mrs. Layard at Blackheath. The following day was spent almost altogether with Ivor (who proceeded in the evening to Scotland), and on Friday we went to Blenheim.

Saturday, 29th, was taken up with china conferences, and a drive to see the neighbouring Churches of Islip.

Sunday, 30th. Went to Church at Woodstock.

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MAY 1876

OSTEND : BRUGES : GHENT : YPRES : BRUSSELS : ANTWERP :  
TOURNAI : THE HAGUE : GOUDA : ROTTERDAM : LEYDEN :  
DELFT : UTRECHT : AMSTERDAM ,

Monday. May 1st. Returned to Town (where we stayed at Hamilton House), taking Oxford on our way, where we found an admirable table of the last century, painted with flowers, and a Cipriani subject, which we bought. Arriving in town we called to see Constance, two of whose children have scarlatina.

2nd. Cornelia came up from Blenheim, and her children from the country. We met the boys at the station. The weather very cold and draughty: so, although we had intended starting on Wednesday, we again lingered, and spent the time very pleasantly till the end of the week. We had various transactions with Mortlock, who took our superfluous Bow knife-handles and other things: and on

Friday, 5th, we had lunch with Lady Sykes, who is now installed in our house for the twelve months. She has greatly altered our arrangements in the rooms, etc., to her taste. I cannot say I think she has improved it. That night I sat up writing till half-past two, and before five I was alert again. I can hardly say I slept.

6th. At length that morning we got off, taking the train from Charing Cross at 7.40. I lay down, and worked, and slept, and in three hours and three-quarters we landed at Ostend. Went on to Bruges—Hôtel de Flandres, as usual. Before dinner we looked at Render's and Vandyck's stock. The former is altering his house. After dinner we called on Mrs. Berrington, and made appointments for to-morrow.

7th. We were to have met under the chestnut-trees opposite the Hôtel de Ville, but we missed: so C.S. left me there, pacing up and down, while he went in search for her at

her house, and, when he rejoined me with her, we went together to call on Monsignor de Bethune, to whom she introduced us; a most charming gentleman. I was never more pleased with a visit. His house is that inhabited formerly by Vasquez, secretary to Isabella of Portugal, wife of one of the Counts of Flanders. It is beautifully restored. He has much good china, most of it in daily use, and some few pieces kept as ornament. Also he has collections of coins, Roman sepulchral antiquities, pottery, etc. Among his treasures, we saw one of the so-called Lambeth Wine-jugs of the 17th century, inscribed "Whit-Wine 1641". He told us it was found under water, in one of the canals, or on the beach. We admired it, and he most graciously presented it to me. I shall ever esteem it very highly, and hope it may reach England in safety. After we left the Canon, we accompanied Mrs. Berrington to hear the "Benediction" sung by the "Dames Anglaises" at their Convent. It was not particularly well executed. Then she took us to see the Hall of the Archers' Guild, which exhibits a portrait of Charles II., one of their patrons, over the mantel-piece. Thence to the neighbouring ramparts, and thence to the gate of S. Croix, by which we re-entered the town, returning to the Hotel for table d'hôte.

8th. A great procession of the Saint Sang, which we saw from the Hotel windows, very long, very tawdry, but attracting an enormous crowd of spectators; numbers of children walked in it in various costumes; one group of boys was dressed in the manner of the mediæval worthies who brought this supposed relic to Bruges. But it was all most absurd; one could hardly understand grown-up people lending themselves to such ridiculous exhibitions. But then, it is a system of the Church to foster such superstitions, for the advancement of their power. When the procession had cleared away, and the crowds dispersed a little, we went with Mrs. Berrington,

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who came to fetch us, to call on Mr. Paterson, who is now in a fine large house, even larger than that in which we first knew him. We spent a long time with him, and some £20 worth was selected from his stock, whether to any good effect remains to be seen. We afterwards went to Mr. Kerkhove's, where we also made some purchases, and in the evening bought one or two things at Omghena's.

9th. Having fetched our things from Paterson's, and stowed them in safety in a nice little cupboard in C.S.'s dressing-room, we set out for Ghent. First called in the Boulevard Frères Orban. Sorry to find that wild, excitable, but useful creature Dumoulin now a bankrupt. Followed de Clerc from his new house in the Rue des Dignes de Brabant to his warehouse in the Rue Basse des Champs, where we luckily found him; rewarded by two fine large shield dishes, etc. Called at Omghena's, where it is always a pleasure to see his fine collection and have some agreeable talk with him. Vermeer next—not at home. To Rogier, Costa, and so once more to de Clerc's on our way to the station, where we dined very comfortably at the buffet, before returning to Bruges. There had been a public sale at Ghent this morning, where we heard of enormous prices (only 7 francs per piece) being given for china knife-handles, which happen to be things we are specially in search of just now.

10th. We made a very nice little excursion to Ypres to-day: it is such a lovely old town, we should never be tired of looking at its Halles. Went to the Church of St. Martin, with which we were even more delighted than when we were there some three years since. Called at Mr. Bahm's, the man who had the china when we were last at Ypres, and has since made a sale of it. Found a trifle still with him; also something at a little shop not far from our Hotel, the "Tête d'Or", where we dined. There is now a new shop, a grocer's. He



had a magnificent Oriental dish for about £6, but we thought it scarcely sufficiently covered. Returned to Bruges in the evening.

11th. Mrs. Berrington took us to make the acquaintance of the Comte and Comtesse de Bruce, French people, whose property near Sedan was devastated in the late war, who claim descent from the Scottish Heroes, and sport the Arms and motto (*Fuimus*) of the Bruce. They have a great, ill-sorted collection, which was wearisome to go through. But they were very kind, and it always interests me to see foreign interiors. The polite Comte thought it necessary to make me a present at parting, which consisted of a cracked cup and saucer, which I dared not refuse. Mrs. Berrington was also complimented with a cadeau of a Delft dish. C.S. went over to Ghent in the afternoon. We had seen a very fine bowl at Costa's, and he thought it might be worth buying. However, on examination, he found it was sadly imperfect; so he gave it up, of course, but brought home with him a set of little black Oriental vases—a slight accident to one of which made me for awhile rather unhappy.

12th. A pleasant lounging day about Bruges, which really is more charming than ever. We have had bright weather since we came, but though the sun has been hot, there has been a strong east wind, with tourbillons of dust, which have been sometimes trying. Small purchases at Seegur's, and a lovely blue and white teapot at Render's. This man is getting up a large collection, but we could not see much of it, owing to his house being in a state of alteration, rather, I should say, for the worse. After table d'hôte we went to Omghena's, where C.S. stood to see some of our purchases packed. I retired to their front room, where I fell fast asleep in a chair till the ceremony was concluded. The case when packed we followed to Dumont's, the wood-carver's (a friend of Buckley's), who promised to see

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it despatched, through an agent, by the Ostend Boat to England. All this took time, but C.S. hoped that it was all well done, and so we were content.

13th. A delightful visit to the Cathedral. The Sacristan is an intelligent man, and is very proud of the building, and all that pertains to it. He showed us everything with the greatest enthusiasm, the Brasses, the Chapel founded by Philip le Bel, whose Secretary is buried there, etc., Vasquez's Inscription, and the relics in the Sacristy, of which the most interesting is the inscription on brass, which was formerly on the tomb of Gunehilda, daughter of Edil Godwin, and which was found among some rubbish. The fine tapestries from Ivan Orley's designs were hung up in the chancel, so we had a good opportunity of looking at them. They were wrought at Oudenarde, 1725, and are signed L, V, D, Borcht. From the Cathedral we tried to get into Notre Dame, but it was closed. Then called at Doblaere's, an artist in glass and tiles. He was out, but his wife showed us the fine room in their house, circa 1500, all in character and very curious. Called to see Mrs. Berrington and to take leave. Soon after 12. we left Bruges. All this week the town has been in a kind of commotion on account of the Fair. The place opposite the Beffroi all occupied with booths, strolling players, merry-go-rounds, etc., picturesque and delicious to behold. At Ghent we stopped a short time, went into the town, found a trifle at de Clerc's, dined at the buffet, and then went on to Brussels, where we found ourselves at the Hôtel Mengelle before 10. o'clock.

15th. Up early; out before 10.; had visited every curiosity shop on foot in Brussels in eight hours, and made a few purchases. The Marynens are gone, he having died, but the shop is held by de Roy, who has some of the best things we have yet seen, and some of which were quite a temptation. At old Genie's met the Comte Duchatel.

16th. To Antwerp. A very satisfactory visit to Eva Krug. Her friend and patron, poor Terbruggen is dead, and she seems now to be managing the business. Left with her some things to be packed, and made one or two purchases with her, and with Van Herck. Dined at the St. Pierre Restaurant, and got a wretched dinner, after which we returned to Brussels.

17th. A bright May morning. Up betimes, and soon after 7. driving away to the Gare, whence we made an expedition by train to Tournai. Breakfasted at the "Impératrice"; got some good Oriental plates at Mme. Détail's; found that she was the purchaser of the expensive knives at Ghent (see May 9): but that she now wanted 20, francs per piece for what had sold at 7. They were very pretty, but too dear for us. Old Pourbaix had written us word that he knew a number of knife-handles to be disposed of, so we went to him with high hopes, which he soon dashed by telling us that the owner declined to sell. We found out a nice little dealer, Depret, Rue de France, and here again we had a disappointment. He had possessed a large number of Tournai knife-handles, and only last week, sold them all to an amateur from Lille. Spent some time in the grand Cathedral. Returned to Brussels in time for table d'hôte, walking up from the station to our Hotel.

18th. All sorts of contretemps about the box we had despatched by Ostend to London. C.S. expected to have to go and look after it, but this, fortunately, proved unnecessary. Went to see old Genie's private collection in the Rue de la Limite, chiefly consisting of a large number of Grès de Flandres, which I doubt not are very fine, but which I do not understand. At Volant's found a good Oriental Basin. Walked about Brussels, etc. At table d'hôte met Col. and Mrs. Leith Hay; with them were Col. and Mrs. Blackett, who are living near Uffington.

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19th. Left Brussels about 3. o'clock, but before starting went down to old Genie's to look at some tiles which we thought might suit Ivor, but they would not do. Also to Le Roy's. A very high wind, cold and cutting, with a hot sun; we both of us have colds. Only just in time to catch our train to Antwerp. We went first to Eva Krug's, where C.S. packed up this second box of china, which we saw taken to the steamer. Put up at the Hôtel St. Antoine. My birthday. C.S. has written to consult with Ivor about the Japanese dishes; and I wrote back next morning to Le Roy's to purchase a set of five fine purple vases, which I took a fancy to at 18. fr. Having accompanied C.S. to get the bill of lading for our box, I came in and sent it off to Rodrigues. Meanwhile the Blacketts had come from Brussels, and we went with them to the Cathedral to see the Rubens, and then to the Gallery, where I was particularly struck with Quentin Matsys' Entombment, Herodias' Daughter, etc. Mrs. Leith Hay had not accompanied her friends, which I was sorry for. Before 2, we came back to the Inn, took some luncheon and went to the train. Left Antwerp at 3.40. and had a most lovely journey to The Hague. It was rather hot, and there was much dust at starting, but altogether it was most enjoyable, and I was delighted to be in dear Holland again. Reached The Hague before half-past eight. Hôtel Paulez as usual.

21st. A letter from Rodrigues the first thing this morning, announcing the arrival of the box from Ostend, but in "very bad condition," vases broken, etc., which is most vexatious. Wrote him for other particulars. In the afternoon we walked out. The wind moderated and the weather very fine. Called on the Bisschops, and found them absent in London. Then to Church. Walked home through the Bosch in time for table d'hôte at five. Mr. Schuster there.

22nd. Went out directly after breakfast, and remained till dinner, visiting all the shops. There is a new one in the Spui, opened by Hauja of Haarlem. He had only one little plate for us. At Dirksen's we spent a long time, looking over his large stock, especially his prints. He showed us some wonderful table linen with all the Duke of Marlborough's battles commemorated on it, arms, names of victories, combatants in costume of the time, etc.—very curious; also we found the pendant to a table we purchased there for Ivor two or three years ago. We thought these two objects ought not to be missed by him, so we authorised Dirksen to send them over to him. If he disapproves, they must be turned back on our hands, price of the damask, £20., of the table, £45, but I hope and believe he will like them. There are so many London dealers flitting about that it seemed a pity to risk losing them. Old Marks is staying at the Paulez where we are, and in the evening we fell in with Enthoven, who took us to look at some candlesticks at his father's house, and insisted also on our seeing his father, an old man of 92, who was placidly seated at cards in an adjoining room, and of whom he seems as proud as of his Wedgwood candlesticks. We went in the morning also to Sarlin's, where we made several small investments (knife-handles included), and bought a magnificent mezzotint by Valentine Green of the Antwerp Rubens, in a frame of the time. Small purchases at Tennyssen's and at Isaacson's, the former completed in a stroll after dinner; altogether a busy day. A telegram from Ivor deciding us against the Japanese dishes at Le Roy's of Brussels. He finds them less esteemed in London than C.S. had expected.

23rd. By the 9.50. train to Gouda. Old Pavoordt was out, and there seems scarce anything in his large premises. At Cohen's we got a plate. Trijbits has absolutely nothing. Went on at 12.30. to Rotterdam, where we obtained a magnificent



large rabbit of old red anchor Chelsea at Van Minden's, very cheap. Would only that it had been perfect ! But, alas ! it had suffered much. Still it is a noble piece. He only asked £5. for it and took £4. At Kryser's a fine Battersea box, 30/-. Nothing at Pluyne's. We got back to The Hague soon after 4, and on our way to our Hotel called at Rolleveel's, Hauja's, and Munchen's ; found nothing. At dinner Col. Gordon, an agreeable man, who knows this country well.

24th. An earlier start to-day. Took a cab to the Hollandsche Spoor, by which we started at 9. o'clock ; a great assembly at the station, all going different ways in quest of prey : I never saw such activity amongst them all as there is now. It is owing to the craze for "blue and white", now so prevalent in England. [Lady Charlotte became more appreciative of the beautiful porcelains of Kang-he a little later on.] Whatever *they* may have found, *we* had no cause to complain. Leyden was our first point. It is a lovely town, and never looked better than to-day, with the young green of the avenues bordering the canals, and the profuse horse-chestnut blossoms. We went to 5 various shops, and found great spoil in each : two charming Battersea enamel, turquoise tea-caddies, and a silver-inlaid snuff-box at Duchatel's, and various trifles at other places. From Leyden we went back, through The Hague, to Delft. We tried hard to find something with our old friend, Jedeloo, the jeweller in the Place. It was difficult, but I got at last a rather quaint set of silver buttons. Then his boy took us to an old rag-shop in the Flaming Straat (Van de Velden), where C.S. fell in love with twelve ware plates, horrible, to my eyes, with transfer-printed portraits of the hideous Prince of Orange, and so they were brought home to add to our "trouvailles". Got back in good time to table d'hôte. Found many letters, amongst others from Rodrigues and Phillips, from which we find that the two best vases sent over in the box from Ostend



A CURIOUS AND CHARACTERISTIC EARLY XVIII CENTURY SPANISH CABINET  
 OF EBONY INLAID WITH TORTOISESHELL, PURCHASED BY LADY CHARLOTTE  
 WHEN TRAVELLING IN SPAIN, NOW FILLED WITH A COLLECTION OF SALT  
 GLAZE WARE, ALSO FROM HER COLLECTION  
*The Countess of Bessborough's Collection*



were those that were broken in the transit, which is very provoking, and a great loss.

25th. By 9.50 train to Gouda, where old Pavoordt showed us all his recent acquisitions, but we only brought away two small objects, which we had selected on Tuesday. We spent one hour in Gouda, and then took the train on to Utrecht, where we arrived at half-past 12. It had begun to rain, and soon, from a shower, it went on to a torrent, so it was not pleasing to walk about, and dear old Utrecht did *not* look its best. However, some three hours passed there very pleasantly, though we found nothing to buy but a little cane head at Costa's. Gorkum, to whom we early bent our steps, had actually nothing in our line, neither had Frenkel. We spent some time at Hamburgers. They have changed their house to the side of the Gracht, and near it have a pack-house, where they showed us some wonderfully fine Oriental, but all too dear for us. It was a treat to have seen it. There was one pair of straight-sided vases I should like to have had, of a peculiar white ground, and large chrysanthemum-shaped flowers, like some at Blenheim, but the price was £30. Old Gorkum could only see us for about half an hour, he said, because, being the Ascension, it was a fête day, and some few of the shops were shut.

26th. Made our expedition to Amsterdam, laden with china, etc., which we took thither to be packed. Our first point was to Van Houtum's to deposit these things; with him we found a few more knife-handles. After this we proceeded to Speyer's, where we spent a long time, and some money. Besides a few trifles, he sold us a wonderful set for dinner and dessert of old Wedgwood Ware—cream colour with decoration of blue daisies; of the dinner service 155 pieces, of the dessert service 84; the whole costing only £15. At Ganz's we got nothing except a few cane heads. He had some lovely blue

and white knives in their old cases, but all too dear. Thence we went to Van Galen's, now established in a new smart shop. He was not at home, but we looked through his stock, some of which is magnificent. I especially coveted one vase with a black ground. At a little shop, Moesel's, in the Koning Straat, we got a pretty little bit of Wedgwood, after which we had only time for a visit to Kalb and Soujet before going to dinner, at five, at the old Brack's Doelen. Everybody is still wild about "blue and white", and there were dealers buying it up at Kalb's when we went in. But we got what I like much better, viz. a glorious Worcester salad-bowl, coloured in the manner of Capo di Monte, with a slight fire flaw, and a very good Battersea plaque, printed in red, of the Fortune-teller. The group of little Kalbs, swarming about us, speaking broken English, and expressing themselves as "very fond to sell us something", was amusing. We walked to Boasberg's after dinner, but he was closed for his Sabbath, as so pious a Jew should do; and we did not see much of him or Blitz, on whom we also called. At a  $\frac{1}{4}$  before 9 we took the train again and were home and in bed before 11.

27th. Long letters to Mortlock. We had already told him about baskets, thinking we could get him some here. He telegraphed to say that his limit was from 16/- to 20/- apiece. C.S. in the evening called upon Sarlin and asked what he would take for forty which he possessed, and he talked about £2 apiece, which is absurd.

28th. I had nice letters from Ivor and Maria. The former seems pleased that we got the table for him (see 22nd May). He doubts whether he will care for the damasked linen, but it ought to be Marlborough property. Besides Col. Gordon there was at table d'hôte to-day Admiral Van Capellan, who gave us a very charming and very tempting account of Zeeland. It makes me quite anxious to go there,



and especially to see (Chaucer's) Middleborough, which he says is a very fine town, though now little inhabited. Curious account of the stealing of the fine Gainsborough (said to be of the Duchess of Devonshire), in the English papers, which we saw just before leaving town and which was sold to Agnew at Christie's on the 8th of this month for £10,000.

29th. We went out and walked from 12. to 4.; went again into several of the shops, making sure that we left nothing desirable for us in any of them. Tennyssen's, Dirksen's, Isaacson's, Boor's Bazaar. Met an English dealer, Mr. Tooth, who had just given £25. for a small pair of blue and white bottles, on which he said he expected to make a profit of about £10. on his return to England; the rage for everything "blue and white" is truly ridiculous. The dealers own it to be so, but are not to be blamed for profiting by the madness of the hour.

May 30th. Again to-day we sauntered about The Hague, enjoying, for the first time, a feeling of summer. We visited the pictures and the Museum of Antiquities on the Vyverberg (No. 15), where there is some fine Oriental china. Among the miniatures I was interested in seeing a Battersea enamel oval plaque, transfer-printed in black, of, apparently, a young man in female attire. It was described as a portrait of Charles Edward (the Chevalier of St. George), and the features much resembled his. Probably it was intended to represent him in the female guise he wore when escaping under the care of Flora Macdonald. It was in the little old metal frame. [An example is now in South Kensington and is illustrated here.] This day was altogether one of some disappointment. The first thing was a letter from Pinti saying he had not been able to do anything with our pictures; then when we came in from our walk in the afternoon a letter from Phillips, telling us that our yesterday's sale was an utter failure—only 9 lots sold out of 49, and those

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at very indifferent prices; thirdly, no answers came from Mortlock to our Saturday's despatches. It was altogether discouraging; but these things will happen.

31st. We walked out, found some tempting prints at Dirksen's, looked in at Sarlin's, Schwaab's (a new shop in the Amsterdam Gracht), Block's, etc.; and came home to be again disappointed of letters.

### JUNE 1876

AMSTERDAM : ALKMAAR : HELDER : HOORN : ENKHUIZEN :  
HAARLEM : MARKEN : VELZEN : ROTTERDAM : ZEALAND :  
MIDDELBURG : BRUSSELS : TOURNAI : ANTWERP

June 1st. A bright morning. We were doubtful as to our movements, being anxious to go and see some of the North Holland towns, yet not liking to be out of letters. However, the early post brought us a packet, and so we determined to set out. Luff wrote to-day he had been unsuccessful about our screen, etc., but we had a very satisfactory letter from Mortlock. [John W. Luff, formerly Steward and Agent to Lady Charlotte's eldest son, Lord Wimborne. He began life in quite a humble capacity in Sir John and Lady Charlotte's household, and through self-education and great ability rose to the above position and became twice Mayor of Blandford and a great friend of the Corbet family.] We have now other letters to write, which occupied us all the morning; but by dint of hard work we got off in time to go by the 3 o'clock train to Amsterdam; a pleasant, sunny journey. They were too full at the Brack's Doelen to be able to take us in, so we went to the Bible Hotel, where we had charming rooms, but the table d'hôte was bad. As soon as it was over, we walked out. Went to Fokking's to taste the Curaçoa; then walked about for some two hours; Van Houtum's was shut; called at Ganz's about his knife-handles. Then at Heeman's,



RARE PRINTED BATTERSEA PORTRAIT PLAQUE IN RED OF CHARLES EDWARD STUART, THE YOUNG PRETENDER. ON THE BACK IS A NOTE IN THE HAND OF BECKFORD TO THE EFFECT THAT THIS IS PRINCE CHARLES IN THE DRESS OF BETTY BURKE, A MAIDSERVANT OF FLORA MCDONALD, IN WHICH HE MADE HIS ESCAPE AFTER CULODEN, 1746. THERE IS ANOTHER EXAMPLE IN THE MUSEUM AT THE HAGUE AND AN ENGRAVING AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

*The Schreiber Collection*



Blitz's (who has a lovely Battersea box, but dear, £3.10.), and Speyer's, and so back to our Hotel by 9. The City looking very beautiful in the evening light. There is a young moon. Altogether a very pleasant walk. This day five years! This day 45 years, and its white roses!

2nd. Went out after breakfast. Walked to the shops—Ganz's, Blitz's, Speyer's. Bought a few more knife-handles, etc., and arranged with Speyer for them to be despatched by the next boat to England. Then in a little open carriage, went to a large shop kept by one Jacobs, 103 Nieuwe Heeren Gracht, which was chiefly full of modern objects, the old ones being very indifferent. Then a short visit to Boasberg's, who has some beautiful pieces, chiefly Oriental, but mostly far above our mark. Back to the Hotel to dinner; since which we have been writing out lists, and a letter to Mortlock. The celebrated Capt. Boynton [who invented a famous safety boat and other ingenious contrivances] was at the table d'hôte to-day.

3rd. Without regret we left the Bible Hotel at noon. It is a very second-rate house, with all the airs and charges of a superior one. We took the train to Alkmaar, arriving there somewhere about 2. o'clock. It was a most lovely afternoon, not very warm, but feeling like spring. From the station we walked into the town, making our way through the pretty woods and pleasure grounds which surround it, and where the shrubs, especially the lilacs (now in full bloom) sent forth a delicious scent. We wandered about for some little time, and at length stopped to inquire if the town boasted a curiosity shop. Fortunately, the person we spoke to appealed to an intelligent young man, speaking very fair French and English, who came down from an upper chamber, and most complacently accompanied us during our subsequent researches in the town. He first took us to the Museum, which, though



not very well filled, possessed several objects of interest, especially some old pictures of the 16th century, representing the siege of Alkmaar by the Spaniards, and rich in portraiture of the costumes and manners of the time. We came out of the Museum through the grand old Town Hall, with its elegant Campanile. Then we wandered about till we came to the Botermarkt. We stopped opposite the quaint old Market House, and, as it was just then 4. o'clock, waited to see the mounted figures appear and disappear four times as the hour sounded. Our pursuit of antiquities for sale had not been very successful, but at length we found the Jews' quarter, and there, although it was Saturday, Mons. Emmering condescended to sell us a little plate with a ship upon it, dated 1745, which might be Bristol ware, and a little piece of mediæval ivory, carved with the Flagellation. As we left this place, and in the street leading to the Cathedral, our guide pointed out to us a stork on her nest at the top of a chimney, a sight which, often as I have been in Holland, I never saw before. We watched her for some time feeding her young. The house (on which a nest has existed for years) was not shut up. It used to be inhabited by a dealer in antiquities, but he is dead and all his stock was sold at Rotterdam. Our last visit was to the Cathedral, a magnificent structure of, probably, the early 13th century—of fine proportions, with grand columns and arches, which *we* should call Early English, all in excellent preservation, and with no admixture of style—all extraneous ornament, of course, swept carefully away. Here we parted from our polite guide, who told us that he was an employé at the railway. We walked through the pleasant gardens, and returned to the station to await the 5.30. train, by which we went on to Helder. The first part of our journey much like the rest of Holland, but the district about Anna Paulowna barren and desolate indeed. At Helder we had a long walk to get to our Hotel, Den Burg,

small, but comfortable—regular provincial life which I enjoy. The Kellner described in Havard's *Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee* is now the landlord, and we have found him very useful and attentive. We had not the best supper in the world, having fasted since our breakfast, but it was late, and we had excellent beds, and slept perfectly.

4th. Our landlord, De Bruin, recommended a drive to see "everything," so he produced an open carriage, and we went. C.S. found us in danger of being put into a stately apparatus something after the fashion of the courtly equipage we escaped at Barcelona six years ago, but he stipulated for something less pretentious, and a most charming drive we had. First we went through the long street of this portion of the town, the Nieuwe Diep, into the older "Helder". One of the first events of the morning was being summoned to the window by a band of military music, to the sound of which the young cadets were marching to a church. The table d'hôte was rather early, half-past 4. A young Englishman called Phillips, connected with the shipping trade, was there, and we had some instructive talk with a German, now resident in this place, from whom I learn with regret that the coal trade is threatened with serious competition in these localities from the coalfields of Westphalia. We saw several steam colliers from England this afternoon. We have been greatly favoured by the weather; though fresh it has been very bright and pleasant, the sea smooth and lovely. Now from my window the moon is reflected upon it in all glory. Helder is ever to be remembered with pleasure. Since dinner C.S. has been out with the landlord to see a fine old Oriental service of china, decorated with "Waapen" (Coats of Arms), but the owner wants £100 for it. To-morrow we are to be off again at cockcrow, so I must shut up this book for to-night.

5th. Before 5. we turned out of the little box-like beds of

the Hotel Den Burg, very comfortable though they were, for by 7 we had to be on board the steamer on the North Holland Canal. It was a bright, lovely, June morning, the sun shining in all splendour, but there was rather a high wind which made it a little less pleasant than it would otherwise have been. However, I enjoyed the trip very much. The boat was crowded with smart peasants making holiday. I wish they would not wear those detestable French hats and bonnets over their national head-dress! Near Alkmaar we came to pretty, neat houses, standing in their own little gardens, and extending for more than a mile. They looked like villas, but I believe they are lived in by the labouring farmers. At Alkmaar we landed, got a truck for our luggage, and walked to the spot where the diligence was to start from. But the diligence was not to start till half-past four, so, as it was then not eleven, we preferred to take a carriage and drive over to Hoorn. Road not very interesting. Wind now very high indeed, to the maid's great discomfort, which I was sorry for. When we got to Hoorn, we walked about the town for a couple of hours. It is a nice old place, less deserted, I should say, than the book represents it. It is not so striking as Alkmaar, nor so picturesque; nor are the public buildings of any great antiquity. The gardens round it are pretty but not remarkable. Many of the houses have little pieces of sculpture, mostly rude and quaint, let into them; I suppose they have been used as signs or emblems. On one of them was a representation of James I. of England and Anne his Queen, surrounded by a long Latin inscription. This house stood at the corner of a street and on its other front was a rude representation of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Darnley, with an inscription in English to that effect. I presume that the house belonged to some Englishman or Scotchman, who adopted this decoration in compliment to his country. We looked into one or two old curiosity shops, but they had in

them nothing but broken rubbish. I fancy everything decent goes to Amsterdam at once. The table d'hôte dinner, which we joined at the Hôtel Igusz, was at half-past 3. It was very tolerable. After this I should have liked to go out to explore a little more of Hoorn, but the wind had turned to heavy rain, so I let C.S. go alone, and sat working in the Salle till he came back. He had been as far as the Ooster Port, but was not so much struck as he expected to be, and walked through other parts of the town. Our diligence, leaving Hoorn, was to start at seven, so we went to the Kantoor to be ready for it. There was a large Salle attached to this Kantoor, and there was drinking and smoking and singing. It might have been described as one of old Heemskirk's pictures, scene of "Dutch Boors Carousing". It was 8 o'clock before the diligence from Alkmaar "en correspondance" arrived, and then we were started in a supplementary conveyance, the parent being full. There was but little rain and it was a singularly light evening. We got most comfortable seats in the unwieldy institution, which, professing to hold 12 persons (on four benches), actually accommodated 15—most of them smoked; nevertheless, I enjoyed my three hours' journey very much, and was, moreover, very much diverted by it. The whole road was lined by those substantial villa-like houses that we saw in the neighbourhood of Alkmaar. The curious way in which their paths and palings, and even the trunks of the trees, were painted in many colours was truly amusing; at the same time everything betokened affluence and comfort. At 11. o'clock we reached Enkhuizen. We put up at the hostelry kept by one Botman, who did his best to make us comfortable, and succeeded. We had to ascend by something like a ladder to our bedrooms, in which the beds are stowed away in little boxes, and resemble in their arrangements the berths on board ship. The lower part of the bedding consisted of straw well laid out, over which was everything to

make it soft and downy. I was sleepy, and never woke or moved till time to get up.

6th. Our breakfast was excellent; we had ordered it overnight, and eggs being among the edibles bespoken, our good host took care to have them for us, hard boiled and quite cold. He had taken C.S. on a little preliminary walk before breakfast. After it we set out under the guidance of his young son to see the town. We walked all along the old ramparts and by the sea wall, and then into the town itself. It is quite the most curious and interesting place I have yet seen in Holland, possessing many quaint old houses. We went into the Westerkerk, which is a fine building of Transition, or, as we should say, Early English date, the transepts abolished, the aisle Perpendicular. The choir screen is of the finest oak carving of the Renaissance period, and bears the date 1542; the pulpit, also very fine, is later. We passed in front of the Orphanage with its fanciful entrances, embellished with figures of the children in costumes of the last and of the 17th century. Looked into the shop of one curiosity dealer of the humblest description, and hesitated to go to the Church of the old Catholics because it was manifestly such a modern building. Luckily, however, we did go to it, and were richly rewarded. The priest showed us the treasures of the place, which consisted of some very fine Cinquecento vestments, and some still finer Cinquecento plate. The latter was displayed on the Altar, in celebration of the Pentecost. It comprised two very fine silver figures, one of the Virgin, the other of the Patron Saint of Enkhuizen, both on chased pedestals—and the latter on a pedestal enriched with subjects, representing the miracles of the Saint, such as his cutting down a tree, then binding up the parts, and making it grow again, etc. There were Altar Candlesticks, and above all there was a divine little bell of most unusual make, which



I would gladly have bought—or stolen. Returning to our Inn, we made ready to depart, and taking the Harlingen steamer at 2. o'clock, found ourselves at Amsterdam at 5. Unfortunately it came on to rain heavily, so I was obliged to go below, where, however, I passed the time very pleasantly, reading the *Life of Macaulay*. We were lucky this time in getting rooms at Brack's Doelen.

7th. For the day we visited Haarlem. The dear old town looked its best, and we found a few scraps of china to crown our expedition. The laburnums are now in fullest flower, and very brilliant. In many places the tulips seem to have faded only very lately. This has been a very backward season; the May flowers are only now coming out; I have passed one garden of fragrant beans. After table d'hôte we strolled out. Bought some silver salt-cellars of an old Jew, Morpurgo, against whom we have been lately warned. Found at Van Houtum's a lovely Wedgwood bust, in white ware upon a black pedestal. Small ice-plates have now become the object of our pursuit, and we have got some very pretty ones. Returned to Amsterdam at 3.30.

8th. When just setting out for our day's ramble, we fell in with Ion Hamilton [afterwards 1st Baron Holm-Patrick, father of present Peer; he was M.P. for County Dublin from 1863 to 1885, and Lieutenant of the city and county. He married Lady Victoria Wellesley, sister of the 3rd and 4th Dukes of Wellington, in 1877; he died in 1898] and Mr. Clifton. They accompanied us to Morpurgo's and Speyer's. At the former place we got a curious engraved silver plate, with inscription and date, and signed "Svavivs"; it appears to be commemorative of some peace. After awhile we took a carriage for some three hours, 2. to 5. Delicious weather, and most pleasant. Visited a number of little shops, which have not much to boast of. Got some good ice-plates, and another glass-shaped object at Ganz's,

and called at Müller's. After table d'hôte we made some purchases at Koller's, a little shop new to us in Halvemaanstug, and called again at Müller's, where we saw a number of very interesting caricatures, but only bought two little prints. Vexatious letter from Mortlock, that our box, despatched on the 26th of May, had not yet arrived.

9th. Looked over Van Galen's fine stock, and called at Speyer's, where we bought a delicious double gourd-shaped bottle, blue and white, with a Capuchin neck.

10th. I do not know why I woke at half-past two, and lay waiting for four o'clock, when it was light enough to read (for it was a dull morning); then I revelled in that pleasant *Life of Macaulay* for more than an hour, and slept again till seven. After breakfast we went to Van Houtum's to make more purchases, and then to the "Tentoonstelling", *i.e.* the Exhibition of various objects relating to the town of Amsterdam, in which were many things curious and interesting to behold, especially some bronze figures of the old sovereigns in their middle-age costumes, which had been in the former Stadthuis. The art value of the various objects is not, generally speaking, of much account, but *locally* nothing can be more valuable. We were greatly pleased with all the plans of the town, showing its vast expansion. At four we took a cab and drove to old Thyssen's and Geniter's, in search of prints, but they had neither of them anything. Since table d'hôte we have been out again; a cold, ungenial evening. Went to Boasberg's to look at some cards he has of the South Sea Bubble, for which he wants an enormous price. Then walked round the Quays, tracing the direction of the ancient walls by the situation of the Towers, parts of which still remain; the Outer Port, St. Antoine's Port, then another tower, then that which contains the Brack's Doelen Hotel, then the site of the Rondeel, etc., all as shown in the maps we had studied this morning.

11th. We were called at six, and got up early, thinking to make a trip over to Marken, for which we had provided. But the weather was so unfavourable that, by the advice of the people of the Hotel, we gave it up; indeed, they said it was not practicable. And so I have stayed within doors all the day, reading and writing. C.S. has strolled out now. This is a month I always love, though some of its memories are sad, and when June is over, I always feel as if the year was declining.

12th. Took some of our things to Van Houtum's to be packed and sent off to England. I hope this box may arrive more punctually than the others; we have not yet heard of the arrival of that sent off on the 26th May! Went to the offices of the North Sea Canal to get permission to go and see the works which are now in progress beyond Felsen. Got there some useful information, and arranged to go there again on the morrow. Having heard that there was to be a balloon ascent from the grounds of the Crystal Palace, we went there; watched the process of inflation and the ascent. The Aeronaut, a Frenchman, took his daughter with him; it was an exciting scene; there were a good many people in the enclosure to see it and on the housetops, and on the masts of the boats, etc., and the crowd without was enormous. Got back a little late for dinner. Found letter and telegram from Ivor saying that they were on their way, and expected to be with us here on Thursday next (they have been staying at Aachen). It will be delightful if they carry out this plan. We went to the telegraph office as soon as our dinner was over, to let them know they would still find us here, and we have changed all our arrangements in accordance with theirs. Passing by the Speyers, the eldest brother had some talk with us, and told us that the "peoples' concert" was then going on in "the Park". So we went up there, arriving about nine, stayed an hour, were

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very pleased. "The Park" was well illuminated with wreaths of lights, etc. The music was very good. First we had the Overture to William Tell, then Madralena, which was enthusiastically encored; then a selection, which I liked less. After this we came away. The audience was large, very quiet, respectable, and well dressed. They seemed thoroughly to enjoy themselves. Most of them sat at the little tables surrounding the Orchestra, a few of them taking some light refreshment; others walked about, but all was done decently and in order. It had been a most lovely day, with a blue sky and bright sun, quite summer at last, and I enjoyed it all immensely.

13th. Went again to the Canal Office. Mr. Watson, the Chief Manager, came there while we were there, and promised to arrange that we should see all the Works, and have everything explained to us. We fixed Saturday for the expedition, hoping Ivor may be with us then. Found that Mr. Watson is son of Mr. Watson of Cardiff, an old friend of former years. Took the 12.45. train to Haarlem, where we had seen a G.R. cruche last time we visited the town. Bought our cruche, and one or two trifles, ransacked the other shops, but found nothing. Got back to Amsterdam at four, and walked to our Hotel—very hot. At Haarlem saw the two young De Maans, carrying away sets of blue and white, which they had been buying there. Began Miss Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*. Since table d'hôte have been out again, and spent some time at Ganz's, where we bought two very good beakers.

14th. So much to write! So little time to write it! And now scarce a hope of recovering even an outline. It is almost a fortnight since I have made any notes here. We carried out our long-intended expedition to Marken, and were well pleased. Rose early and left the Hotel at half-past nine in a kind of state coach, which the said Hotel provided at stately

prices, and accompanied by the Hotel Commissionaire, who was to lionise us about it. We are not much accustomed to all this display, but on the present occasion it seemed inevitable, and all went well. We crossed the Ferry, carriage and all, enjoying a fine view of Amsterdam, and on reaching the other side drove on to Brook. There we stopped at the old woman's curiosity house, bought a trifle of her, and then went on to Monnikendam. Here we left the carriage at the water's edge. A boat had been telegraphed for to meet us. We had expected a tedious sail across, but the day was so still that sails would not have availed, and so we were rowed across by three sturdy boatmen. It took about an hour and a half. Marken is indeed a curious place; all the houses, with one or two exceptions, built of wood, and on piles, standing high above the ground, to let the water pass below them when floods arise. It has two or three separate villages, to the principal one of which we walked—not a tree to be seen. We went into three of the houses. The walls are covered with crockery, and everything of bright-coloured ornament, in the way of painted wood, boxes, etc., but nothing of the slightest value or antiquity. In one of the houses were some very good old carved cabinets, the only really valuable things we saw. This was at the grocer's shop, which they told us the Queen had been to look at last year. In the third house we went into there was no chimney. The women were still cooking at the stove, which was near the open window, and there was an opening in the high roof, to carry off the smoke. I suppose it keeps them dry in this damp climate. All the men are fishermen, and we saw hardly any of them, as they go out for a week at a time. The dresses of the women and children are the prettiest, gaudiest things I ever saw, and some of the children are quite good-looking. We went into the Church, which is, of course, quite



undecorated, but the pulpit is good, well carved and old. Having stayed about an hour on the Island, we re-embarked, and two of the boatmen rowed us back again. It took us rather longer to return, as what little wind there was, was against us. At Monnikendam we went into the fine old Church, now, as usual, merely a skeleton. In one corner was a fine old Font, Byzantine—broken and disused. The large piece that was broken from it, lay beside it. It is a sin that it should not be repaired. Walked round and about the little town—lovely views of the Church tower from one of the bridges. Discovered a little jeweller in the main street, from whom we made a small purchase, then remounted our carriage and drove away towards the rich dairy country of the Beemster. We went into one of the farm-houses to see the style of living. The young farmer's wife was sitting in a small room forming part of the large cowshed. All the cows were now in the fields. This long building was at the back of the house; the dwelling-rooms were to the front, neatly but rather scantily furnished. Note! The people at Marken leave their shoes—wooden ones—at the door on entering a house. The loose dress of the men has also a very Eastern effect. I need not say we were well pleased with the success of our little expedition. Returned to Amsterdam.

15th. To the Canal Office again about our contemplated trip on Saturday. Then we busied ourselves with providing materials to construct me a bonnet, in honour of Cornelia's expected arrival, and not before it was urgently needed. Sent my maid home to "confectionner" it, and then we ourselves walked on to see the Portuguese Synagogue. Most of their fine plate is now on view at the "Tentoonstelling". It was curious to hear the man who showed us over the building still speaking a kind of patois, Portuguese and Spanish. Went on to the Zoological Gardens—pretty arrangement of an avenue

of parrots on their perches. In the Japanese section there was nothing that interested us. C.S. lingered before the dens of the wild beasts till it was time to walk to the railway station—the Rhijnspoor. We waited to see the young people, but they did not come by the afternoon train. After table d'hôte we again walked to the station, and this time had the pleasure of welcoming them. A carriage was there for their servants and luggage, but they preferred to walk with us to the Hotel, where we had secured them delightful rooms. They dined, and then we came and sat with them till eleven. They had been making the beautiful trip from Aachen by Cologne and Duren to Trier (Trèves), and so back by the Moselle, as we had done three years ago.

16th. After an early breakfast, Ivor walked with us to the curiosity shops—Van Houtum's, Speyer's, Ganz's. Then we came back for Cornelia, and got a carriage, and she went with us also to Van Galen's, etc. Ivor made several large and very good purchases. Came back to luncheon at or about 2, and after it drove out again to show Cornelia something of the town. Went into the Zoological Gardens, and saw the pictures of the Trippenhuys.

17th. Left Amsterdam by a train at 9.40. to Velzen (the servants were sent with the luggage direct to The Hague). Here we were met by Mr. Sawyer, who is in charge of part of the Works of the Great North Canal. The Company's little steamer was there awaiting us, and we went in it towards the entrance to the new harbour. Cornelia and I sat in one of the offices, while C.S. and Ivor walked to the end of the pier. It was rather blowing and the sand was deep, so we preferred to wait for their return. We then were put into a little open waggon on the tramway, and taken back to where the steamer awaited us on the inner side of the stupendous lock. We now employed the time in eating on board the luncheon which we

had brought with us. Landed at Felzen again, where C.S. and Ivor went to see the process of making the concrete. Cornelia and I went across the bridge into the little town, and waited there till they joined us. A little open carriage was then procured for us; we took leave of Mr. Sawyer and drove on to Haarlem, but not till C.S. and I had walked about Felzen a little and had seen the interesting old Byzantine Church. Our expedition had been most interesting and instructive. Ivor could not fail to be pleased with it, and I hope he will have gained information that will turn to good account, whenever anything is seriously undertaken for making Poole (as it ought to be) a first-rate harbour. Now for our drive to Haarlem. It was perfectly delicious. The weather was quite charming, and we were delighted with the country we went through. The whole way lined with pretty villas and their well-kept gardens. As we approached the town, these gardens were bright with patches of anemones and ranunculuses, glowing with every shade of colour. The season is a late one. The pink and white May is still in flower, also the laburnum—the lilacs and horse-chestnuts are over; tulips I have never seen in Holland, though I have been there so often, nor skating. We drove to the Hôtel Funckler, and ordered dinner. While it was in course of preparing, we walked about the town. Looked at Hauja's musical clock, went to both the Churches (meeting with a very uncivil reception at the large one, where the organ was being played—the first uncourteous words I ever met with in Holland), and walked about the town generally, admiring especially the public buildings of 1603 and 1630, and the metal Jubé in the big Church. We got an excellent dinner, and went on in the evening to The Hague, where, owing to the fête of the Queen's birthday, our friends were not so well accommodated as I should have wished. However, all was set right the next morning. The town was full of flags, and after the

fireworks in the Bosch it was curious to see the swarms of people passing our hotel, on their way home,

18th. To Church in the morning, then we wrote letters, having visited the Museums, that for the pictures, and that for the fine china, on our way home from Church. At 4. we drove; the weather was fine but not hot. First took Cornelia to see the Huis ten Bosch, then drove through the most interesting parts of the old town, and then went on to Scheveningen. There we walked about till it was time for the band to play, to which we sat and listened for some time before returning for dinner. As we walked on the beach, we had a long talk with one of the sailors belonging to a herring vessel, numbers of which were ranged upon the beach, ready to set out upon their summer's cruise. This man had his wife with him, and some little ones playing round them. We asked what family they had, and he told us they had those two, and that one "was asleep"—it was very touching!

19th. Ivor breakfasted early with us two, and then went the round of the shops with us, without, however, finding anything to tempt him. At 10. we returned to the Hotel, to pick up Cornelia, and then we joined the train which took us to the dearly beloved Utrecht. Put up at the "Pays-Bas", which is much better than the old "Bellevue", but very dear. Here we had luncheon after going the rounds of the shops. Hamburger has some fine things, and Ivor bought the vases we had so much admired on the 25th of last month. He got the two perfect ones and an imperfect one into the bargain for £30. Van Gorkum, who was not at home, and Costa had nothing. Later in the afternoon we drove about, looked into the Church, went through Maliebaan, and made the circuit of the town through its pretty gardens on the Boulevards. Soon after 4. we took the train again for Rotterdam, where we accompanied Ivor and Cornelia on board the steamer, which was to take them across



the river on their way homewards. Here their servants joined them from The Hague. It was now four days—not quite 100 hours—since they came to us at Amsterdam; it is incredible how much they have seen within that short time; to us it has been a charming little incident. Having watched them for some little time, we turned back to the station, and found a train *just* starting for Gouda; we had barely time to get into it, but were glad to get back there and spend two quiet hours in the good old town. Bought some trifles at old Van Pavoordt's and got back to The Hague about bedtime.

20th. Called at Sarlin's, where we yesterday saw some more knife-handles, and then joined the train to Leyden, where we also expect to find something good, and where we now meet with a very good set of vases (blue and white) for a very moderate sum at Duchatel's. After table d'hôte we went back to Sarlin's and bought the knife-handles, etc.

21st. It has only just begun to be summer weather, but now it is hot indeed! In the morning got a nice little open carriage, and drove over to Scheveningen in the vain hope of getting something in the shops there, but we enjoyed a delicious breeze instead. Later, we finished off the Hague shops, and prepared for an early move on the morrow.

22nd. Left by the eight o'clock train for Roosendaal, where we branched off for Zeeland, reaching Goes early in the afternoon. It was very hot, and the railway dusty. Yesterday we had seen in the paper an announcement of the death of our old friend Mr. Talbot, the Member for Glamorgan: to-day we see the contradiction of this news; it is his son Theodore who has died. Had it been the father, I fear the Tories would have tried to get Ivor to stand again for the county, and I could not congratulate myself at his escape. How much, however, I feel for our poor friend's sorrow, I cannot express—his only son "asleep"! We spent a few hours at Goes, where the Inn is



clean but unattractive, and the table d'hôte most mediocre. Walked about the town, visited the Church, which has been fine, and admired the remains of the old Stadthuis. We were taken to see the decrepit mulberry-tree, which dates from the time of Jacqueline, but was still full of fruit. Tried vainly to hunt out some antiquities, and fell in with a Middelburg man, who promised to call on us the next day, and take us to all the shops in that place. To Middelburg we proceeded by a later train, and took up our quarters at the Logement of the Abdij, where we were very comfortable. Before dark C.S. and I took a little walk about the town; were delighted with what little remained of the ancient Abbey, and perfectly astonished with the splendour of the 15th century Stadthuis—it is quite the finest thing we have seen in Holland.

23rd. Our acquaintance of yesterday came after breakfast, and we went out with him. He took us to several shops. At the jeweller's, Meyer, we bought a curious repeater, and some buttons, and were just coming away, when the dealer produced a case for a knife and fork, carved with minute scriptural subjects, and bearing date 1552. We clutched it eagerly at the price, £2. 3. 4. Found a few other things in the town, but could not see the great shop because the owner, Bal, was out "en voyage". Went into the Town Hall to see the Museum there. After the early table d'hôte visited the other Museum in the Latinische Schoolstraat, where there is an interesting collection of coins. All these local collections have a charm of their own, and that in the Town Hall pleased us very much. Our guide was to have returned for us after dinner, but he failed to do so. We walked about a little alone, but saw nothing fresh, and were at length driven in by the rain. At seven o'clock we took the boat to Vlissingen (Flushing). This visit to Middelburg has been a great delight to me. I have often wondered what sort of place it was, since nearly half a century

ago I found it commemorated in that line of Chaucer's. But we could discover nothing that could have met his "Marchaunt's" eyes, except one massive Romanesque column, built into one of the gateways of the more recent Abbey. Heavy rain during our short journey from Middelburg to Vlissingen. The Hotel to which we were there directed was a decent public-house called the "Duke of Wellington", kept by a worthy old tar, who spoke excellent English, and whose only crotchet seemed to be his objection to my removing his ponderous feather beds and sleeping on the mattress. After we had had a little amicable combat on the subject, I gave way, but took care to arrange the beds to my own liking, when *he* was gone, and before *we* got into them. In the evening the rain had ceased, and we walked about the town. It has nothing to call for remark, except as to the docks and harbours, which are, I believe, considered most wonderful works.

24th. Up early; before seven o'clock a carriage came to take us and our luggage to the steamer, which was at some distance from our cabaret. It was a lovely morning, and C.S., who likes the water, enjoyed the trip to Terneuzen. Certainly we could not have had more favourable weather. Terneuzen appears to be only a large village. At the frontier, Selzaete, we underwent rather a rigorous examination, and the young man who overhauled our "collecting basket" pronounced—to my great amusement—that all our carefully selected old "blue and white" was modern, and must pay duty. He insisted that he was a great judge, that he knew it was "style ancien", but that nevertheless the articles were modern, and that if we had bought them for old, we had been "trompés". He called the "chef de douane" to his aid, who said the quantity was too small to call for any remark (fortunately he did not open the hand-box or my red bag), and so we were spared the trouble and vexation of any more unpacking, and proceeded to Ghent

without any further adventure. Here, leaving the maid and luggage at the station, we walked into the town. Fortunately found de Clerc at home, and invested with him, as also with Rogier. We called also on Omghena, and showed the good old man the few treasures we had collected since our last visit to him. He thought highly of our knife-case, and of our repeater, but was more especially delighted with the silver plate, signed by "SVAVIVS", and dated 1559, and with the stamp for ornamental book-binding, which we had bought of Leureman, at Leyden, on the 24th ulto. These two pieces he has retained to take impressions of. All this gratified us very much. Soon after 4. we took the train to Brussels, where we arrived about 6, in time for dinner. The day had been hot, and we were not sorry to rest after our journey. Passed to-day through Dendermonde, and its grass-grown remains of fortifications. Hôtel Mengelle. Found letters awaiting us. All well, thank God!

26th. Though very hot, we went through all the Brussels shops, and were about six hours on foot. Found a few things at Volant's, Cools', and Genie's, and some more ice-plates at Le Roy's, where we claimed our set of purple vases and beakers, with buds in the panels. They are very fine, and though expensive (£18), are not dear.

28th. Made some more additions to the "blue and white", which we are sending off, both at Genie's and Volant's. Looked in at Stroobant's, who is too dear, and had, moreover, nothing to tempt us. There met Mr. Morren, whose collection we hope again to see before leaving Brussels.

29th. Up at 5. Caught the 7.30. express at the Gare du Midi, and were at Tournai in good time for breakfast at "L'Impératrice." However, while it was getting ready, we walked up to old Detail's, where we got two good blue and white vases. After breakfast we went on to Depret's, but he had nothing at all. Then to M. Pourbaix. He was more

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energetic than ever; made a purchase or two of him. Then went to the railway station, and sat there and read till the Calais express came in, late, to take us back to Brussels for dinner. Went up to Le Roy's to look after some Famille Verte beakers, which I wanted, but he was shut up.

30th. By 9.15 train to Antwerp. Eva Krug had prepared boxes for us, and in the course of the morning the goods were packed off for the journey, and C.S. went with them to the Quai, and saw them on board the steamer for England. Unfortunately the proper authority was not there to countersign the Bills of Lading, so that another journey to Antwerp on the morrow was necessary. In the meantime we went about the town, finding nothing to add to the boxes, but a trifle at Eva's and a mug at Aren's. Went to the Chaussée des Malines to look at a collection there to be sold, which had been brought from Louvain. I believe it is part of that belonging to the Charentier, which we had seen there some three years ago. We did not get away from Antwerp till late, nor did we dine till near nine o'clock.

### JULY 1876

ANTWERP: BRUSSELS: LIÉGE: COLOGNE: BRUHL: BREMEN:  
HAMBURG: LUBECK: STETTIN: DANTZIG: POSEN: Breslau:  
DRESDEN: FRANKFORT

July 1st. Again up at 6. C.S. went by the express to Antwerp, to get his Bills of Lading signed, and returned about two. I remained at home, writing, etc. Have had the comfort of hearing of Blanche's safe arrival in England. A little walk in the town with C.S. after his return from Antwerp filled up the afternoon till dinner-time. I have been studiously reading four of Miss Austen's novels, incited thereto by Macaulay's praise—*Pride and Prejudice*, *Northanger Abbey*, *Persuasion*, *Mansfield Park*. I like the first least of all; I think I like the last best. But I cannot quite make up my mind





OLD WHITE DRESDEN (MEISSEN) VASES, SHOWING NEO-CLASSIC MODELLING AND THE DELICATE APPLIED FLOWER WORK. THE COVER OF EACH VASE IS PIERCED, SUGGESTING THAT THE PIECES WERE USED FOR BURNING SCENTED PREPARATIONS  
*Lord H'imborne's Collection*





whether I am alive to their *very* great merit. For the epoch at which they appeared, some sixty years ago, they are very remarkable. My Enid's birthday (1843). I wrote to her.

2nd. Wrote letters in the morning, and made out lists of the goods sent off the previous day to England. I only went out to attend afternoon Service. C.S. ran down to the post with our letters before dinner, after which I read and slept. After I went to bed I read over that wonderful part of Macaulay's history the death of Charles II. and was quite excited by it, when I dropped asleep about 1 A.M.

3rd. Again we read and wrote letters in the morning, which was rather rainy, though still hot and oppressive. Walked a little in the afternoon. Bought the two Famille Verte beakers at Le Roy's (see 29th ulto.) for £9. Posted our letters. Since dinner C.S. has been reading to me again Macaulay's account of Charles II.'s death-bed. A cheerful letter from Ivor to-night.

4th. Maria's birthday, born 1834. Went out at 1. to see M. Morren, who had asked us to come and view his collection. He was out, which troubled me, as I feared it would be our only opportunity of seeing him. As we walked away, however, from his house, we met him, and he appointed us to call again at four. Meanwhile we went to the Tour de Hal, where we spent a couple hours, as usual, very agreeably. On our way thence we turned into the Hôtel Windsor for some refreshment, and there saw on the mantelpiece two very good blue and white bottles (one of them *rasé*). The old landlady said she wished to sell them, but we did not come to any conclusion with her. Went to M. Morren's, where we had a real treat. His Oriental vases are no less wonderful than beautiful. He lent me a number of the *Revue des deux*

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*Mondes* containing an article on M. Luce's *Life of Bertrand du Guesclin*, which has amused me a great deal.

5th. Our first visit on going out this morning was to the Hôtel Windsor, where we gave the old landlady what she had asked for her bottles—20 francs. Left them in charge of Le Roy, who keeps for us the beakers we have bought of him. We then went down to old Genie's, and walked about till dinner-time. Ivor's Ball fixed for to-night.

6th. Up at 6. C.S. and I set off on a little expedition to Middelburg, which we reached by an express train, without other adventure, about 2 o'clock, just in time to join the table d'hôte at the "Abdij". The weather was extremely hot, and C.S. suffered from hay-fever; yet we agreed that our trip was a most agreeable one. While we dined we caused the Commissionaire, Blum, to be summoned, and went the round of the shops, great and small, with him. Bal, the great dealer, was now at home, having returned from his "voyage," which proves to have been a first visit to Paris, in company with our old friend Cools. But this "great dealer" had a very small stock, and really nothing of value or interest in it: nor would he be termed "great" anywhere but in good old Middelburg. We found only a trifle with him; the remains of a splendid old Wedgwood Basket at a very small shop, and, at the jeweller's (Meyer), where we got so much last time, nothing. Before returning to our Inn for the evening, we looked into the Church. It is comparatively modern, and the only things worth noticing in it are the 17th century brass lecterns, the reading-desk and the pulpit. The "Abdij" happened to be very full, so we were not magnificently lodged. I read and worked till nine, soon after which we went to bed, rising at six again the following morning.

7th. Took the early express, 9.40., and after many delays (changing at Roosendaal and douane at the Belgian station)

reached Antwerp about 1. An intelligent man in the carrying trade in the carriage with us; and we fell in with an honest north-country Englishman, who had come over to look after some horses, with whom we had a good deal of agricultural talk, and whom we did our best to speed on his way. The three hours and a half that we spent at Antwerp were spent in looking over some prints at Eva Krug's, and in calling at other shops. Tessaro had promised engravings but had found none, nor was there anything to buy elsewhere, so we took the express train back to Brussels at 4.40. and arrived there for dinner, after which, very sleepy and *rather* warm, I lay down and slept. Before leaving the subject of Middelburg, which I may never see again, I must note a very curious old house on the Quay near the Dry Dock, dated 1590. There are some others in the Langedelft, etc., but none so handsome as this. Also I must remark on the fragrant lime-trees, now in full blossom. Some of these flourish in the enclosure of the Abdij, but the largest and finest of them is the centre of the Botermarkt—a noble tree.

8th. A pleasant and quiet morning at needlework which I am doing for Ivor's youngest boy. We had a short but heavy thunderstorm early in the afternoon. When it had cleared off, we walked a little, but only to Le Roy's, to deposit with him our small Middelburg purchases, till our return; and then on to Genie's—a sort of leave-taking of the old man. After dinner I worked and read. Am just finishing the first volume of Macaulay's History—a wonderful book. I owe Edinburgh a grudge for having tempted him back to politics, and so having robbed us of the completion of his task—the reign of Queen Anne.

10th. Left Brussels at 10. for Liège, where we spent some two hours or more. Much struck with Liège itself, its situation, and grand overhanging buildings, and picturesque neighbourhood. Though I had known it before, I did not

admire it so much as now. Walked into the town, leaving maid and luggage at the station. Found one or two things at Renard's, nothing at the other places; but discovered a new shop—Bougaart's—which gives promise for the future, and where we bought a good piece of cream ware. We had taken a carriage to explore this part of the town, and so drove back to the station. Left Liège at 3.30. and, passing through Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle), duly arrived at Cologne—Hôtel Disch—where we had a late dinner.

11th. We had thought to proceed on our journey to-day and make our Cologne researches on our way back. Finding, however, that the Exhibition of Art Treasures was already open, we determined to stay till to-morrow. We were well repaid. Went to the Exhibition after breakfast. Disch, who is one of the greatest collectors in the town and an exhibitor, went with us, and pointed out some of the objects of greatest interest. The Church plate is wonderful; also the Grès; and many other things which it was a great treat and a great lesson to see. After the Exhibition we went to the shops. Since we were last here a family, Bourgeois, have set up shops at Cologne; they have very fine things, but outrageously dear. Our old friend Dahmen had a quainter store than ever. We saw with him several things we might have desired, but more especially a clock with a silver repoussé face of the 16th century, with hour-glasses in front, which revolve at intervals—the maker's name, Artvig, London. It came from a Convent at Fulda. He began by asking £38 for it. We had got a carriage, and we now drove to some of the principal Churches, etc. First to the old Kaufhaus, with its wonderful Hall and two good fireplaces; a fine old building (now used for balls, etc.) and newly decorated. Then to Sta. Maria in Capitolio, where, besides all the Romanesque work, we especially admired the Cinquecento gallery in the Western entrance,



and the wooden doors, north transept. The Cloisters have been restored, and the whole building is under repair. Passed by the Rubens house, where Marie de' Medici died, to St. Peter's Church, to see the picture he painted for it. The Custos was absent so we could get no farther than the threshold, but near enough to admire the font and its grand old cover, recalling those of Hal and Louvain. Next to the Apostles' Church, past the house with the two horses looking out of the window, and romantic legend of the buried, living lady, returned from the grave. So, by the Roman tower to St. Gereon's. All three most interesting monuments of ancient times, and each deserving a separate study. These Byzantine or Romanesque churches are only too beautiful. I never realised the charms of Cologne as I did to-day. There remains a very great deal to be seen—I hope—at some future time.

12th. Up early. Old Dahmen had confidently asserted that a baker at Bruhl possessed a set of knife-handles, so we took a train at half-past nine to go and visit him. Spent some time in the Cathedral on our way to the station. Bruhl is out half an hour's distance. On arriving, we walked into the village, discovered our baker, and found that, indeed, he had knives, and in their old cases too, "parsemé" with fleurs, etc., but they were mounted in mother-of-pearl instead of china, and he wanted an enormous price—£15 for eleven. So we left him and bent our steps to the Château (temp. Louis XIV.), where we spent some time in the charming ground till it was time to return to Cologne. Although disappointed in the object of our visit, we were fully compensated by the charms of the Château, its gardens, and allées; the limes nearly over, but still sweet; the orange flowers on the terrace delicious. By midday we were back at Cologne. Went again to old Dahmen's, where we purchased the coveted clock for 30 guineas. We paid

a deposit upon it, and are to call for it on our return from our more extended tour. Came back for table d'hôte at one, after which we remained some time within, and then paid another visit to the Exhibition. Left Cologne at eight for Bremen, which we reached about three in the morning. Hôtel du Nord—very comfortable. Got to bed by 4. and were up again, well rested, by ten—charmed with Bremen. All its fine antiquities lie in a small space, but they are most remarkable. Its Dom, with its mummy bodies, contains many interesting remains, especially a Romanesque Font. We walked thence into the Kunstlerverein, with its extensive cloisters, which have been evidently part of a Monastery attached to the Dom. Delighted with the Rathhaus—principal front 1612—very fine indeed—grand old Hall above, with quaint pictures of the olden time, and richly carved gallery and staircases—grand old cellars underneath a grand old Rolandsäule in front of it. Having explored all these things, we went in search of antiquaries, and with great trouble found one, Gries Meyer, living in Karlstrasse. He had really nothing. We managed to buy a print or two from him, but he was a genial old man, and we got him to go with us in a carriage, and to show us where the other two little dealers lived. Then we drove round the town, the suburbs of which are rich in little detached houses and smiling gardens. The walks and plantations on the old boulevards are lovely. Bremen is a very pretty town. We left it at a quarter past five, and in about two hours were in Hamburg. Some German-Americans were in the carriage with us, and it was curious to hear their impressions on returning to their native country. Some of them gloried in the beautiful things that Germany still possesses, and in the advance in prosperity she has made. One of them, who seemed utterly disorganised by a long residence in Texas, could tolerate nothing that was not strictly for “use”, and the Almighty Dollar. One of them was

quitting America after a long residence, in disgust of his public men. We put up at the Hôtel de l'Europe, but before we ate, we went to the Post Office, where I found a nice letter from Ivor, and to Froeschel's shop, where we discovered six very good Wedgwood cups and saucers.

14th. Spent all the morning in visiting the various curiosity shops, some 14 in number. Considering how many there were, we did not get very much—from Froeschel's two Delft bottles; some cream-ware baskets, etc., at Burgman's; and a silver money box at Holtzman's. After table d'hôte (at four) we went out again. Called at Stern's, where we got three very good "Adam" pedestals, and then went for a long and most beautiful drive all round the Alstars. This gave us an idea of the wealth and comfort of the Hamburg merchant.

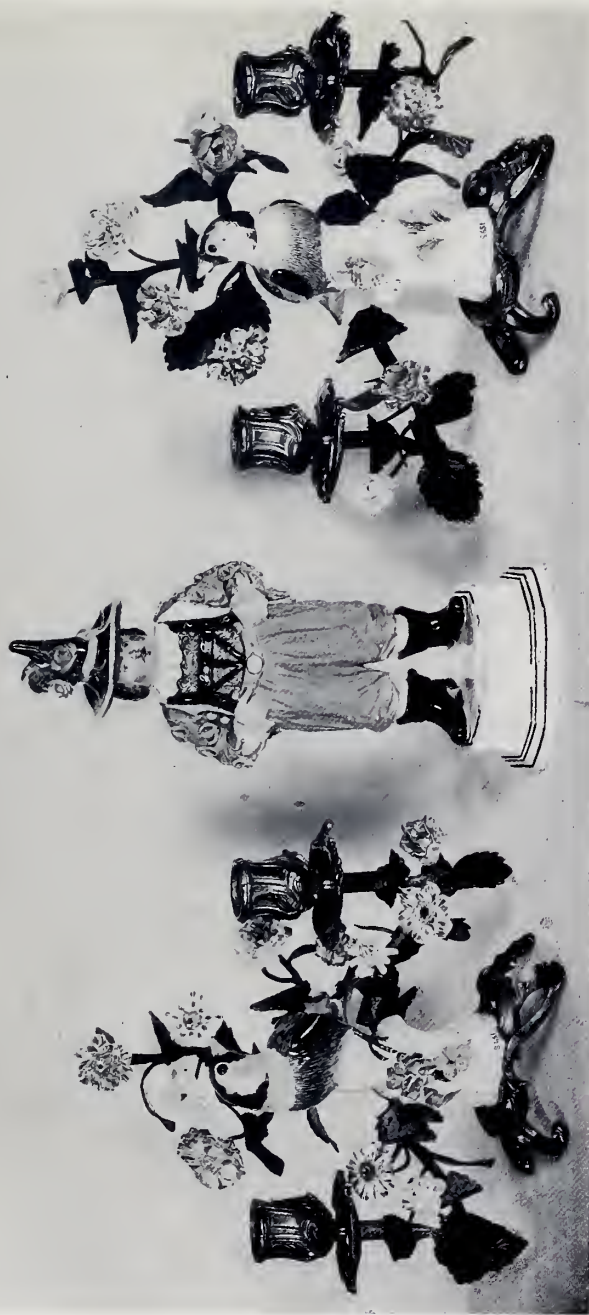
15th. Took the few articles we have collected since leaving Brussels to Froeschel's for him to pack and send off, addressed to Mortlock. He promises that they shall go by Tuesday's boat. Then we finished the shops we had not yet visited. One of them, Lehmann's, Kerweide St., is to be specially remembered. It is quite an old rag-shop, but it might contain anything. I got there two very good old printed fans, one of them commemorating the invention of the balloon. Left Hamburg a little before five, and in two hours reached Lubeck. But our train was a long one and unusually detained by a crush of passengers. Duffeke's Hotel. Delighted with the entrance to the town; the fine gate with its towers near the railway station, the curious buildings we passed going through the streets. Walked about a little in vain search of something like a curiosity shop.

Sunday, 16th. Got up to find the town in a high state of excitement. There was to be a rifle competition outside of the town, and a procession of the trades was to inaugurate it. We first went to see them assemble in the market-place, and then

returned to our Hotel, from the windows of which we saw them march past. In the course of the morning we spent some time in the Marien Kirche, which possesses many objects of the rarest interest—a dance of death (1742)—a mediæval brass font—a sacrament house—a magnificent organ—in fact treasures too numerous to particularise. There is one of those clocks with moving figures, in the manner of those of Strasbourg and of Alkmaar, which I care less about. The table d'hôte dinner was very early—at one. After it we rested awhile, and then tried to get a carriage that we might drive about and see the environs of the town, but we could not engage one; they would confine themselves to the profitable occupation of taking parties to and from the shooting. So we walked, by which we were the gainers, for we saw many things we should not have seen else. Walked along the Brexestrasse, looked into the very curious Church which forms an entrance to the Hospice of the Heiligen Geist; then passed through the grand old gateway to the country beyond. *Thousands* were hurrying, gathered from all parts of the neighbourhood, in the same direction, and we soon found ourselves in an enormous Fair—booths, cafés, shows, etc., in profusion, an animated sight, which crowds of people seemed to be thoroughly enjoying. After leaving the Fair, we went to look on for a short time at the rifle shooting, and then walked for a very long way—probably a couple of miles—along the beautiful lime avenue, now in fullest flower, leading to Travemünde.

17th. Up soon after six, and writing here. After breakfast went to see an amateur, who lives nearly opposite the Hotel—a banker called Cohn. He has not many things, but seems an enthusiast in his line. He showed me what interested me very much—some tiles which he had made from Cinquecento Matrices in his possession, which had been found in





EARLY DRESDEN FIGURE AND PAIR OF CANDLESTICKS, THE LATTER ELABORATELY MOUNTED IN ORMOLU OF THE TIME OF LOUIS XV.  
 THE FIGURE IS AN UNCOMMON AND PERFECT ONE  
*The Countess of Bessborough's Collection*





making excavations in the town. He took us to the local Museum of antiquities. Then we paid a visit to the Schiffer-Gesellschaft, which is now used as a Restaurant, and retains all its ancient carvings, seats, and ornaments. Very near it is the Kaufleute's Building, with its beautiful rooms, still fitted up as in 1550 and 1600—it is needless to say that I was delighted. Dinner at one—walked into the town—at Metz's, Marlitz Grube, met with a nice old Cinquecento box which will clean up beautifully when we get it to England. Showed Mr. Cohn a few of the trifles we happened to have with us, then managed with difficulty to get a carriage, intending to have a long drive, for the weather was very hot, but our driver, before long, pleaded indisposition, so we were forced to walk instead. Went over the Dom brasses—one, of two Bishops, another in highest relief (life size), the finest thing of the kind I ever saw. Then there is the Font, the enormous Rood with accompanying figures, and, lastly, the celebrated Memling picture. We spent about an hour at the Dom, and then took our Macaulay, and, each armed with a volume, went and sat among the fragrant limes on the mounds beyond the railway. Walked home by the side of the town beyond the Dom, through the grand avenue and woods that encircle this most lovely spot. Lubeck exceeds in beauty and interest anything of which I could have formed any notion. Besides the "Lions" of the place, it is full of relics of the Middle Ages—Cinquecento façades, stepped gables, and all the most picturesque combinations imaginable—very different from Hamburg. There everything that pretends to be good is new; the only portions which the conflagration spared are ugly and squalid, and look like the receptacles of dirt, disease, and demoralisation. I should add one criticism: Lubeck is built almost entirely of brick, which is a material ill adapted to ecclesiastical architecture; the immense height of their churches, without light and shade, gives them rather a

paste-boardy effect—they seem to want solidity. Nothing can be more fitting for secular buildings than good, rich, well-moulded brick, with all its ornaments of arabesque, etc., but for large, severe edifices it is certainly out of place. Yet what could the poor Lubeck people do if they had no other material? I should answer that they should have been less ambitious as to size, and have bestowed more care on symmetry and ornamentation. But I am very bold in my ignorance.

18th. Up very early, and at the railway station a good half-hour before the train started; so I sat there and worked. We came on to Stettin; had a good journey, but through an uninteresting country. Arrived before five—Hôtel Drei Kronen—walked about for an hour, went on to the Quai, and made fruitless researches for curiosity shops. Dined in an arbour after six, then came up to our room, and sat at an open window, working, till dark—half-past eight.

19th. Breakfasted again in our arbour, and C.S. made an attempt to get into the Dom, where we heard that there were to be seen the tombs of some Dukes of Pomerania. He did not succeed, not being able to find the Sacristan. It rained then, and continued to rain all day, till at last, when we reached Dantzig, there was a regular torrent. We had a very comfortable journey, in an airy, quiet carriage, and we read a great deal. But the country was not amusing until we got near to the City, when we had some peeps of the Baltic. The time it occupied was about nine hours. Put up at the Englisches Haus, where we had good apartments, but high up, as they were very full.

20th. Waking at 4., I read for a long time, which I always enjoy in the summer early light. But this is not conducive to activity, as I generally fall asleep again when I ought to be getting up. The weather cleared a little about noon, and presently we went out. Took a closed carriage and called upon

a "Commission Dealer" called Cohn, to whom the intelligent porter directed us. We found a few unimportant specimens of English ware, etc., with him and at a small shop he took us to. He afterwards accompanied us about the town and showed us some of the relics of antiquity, rooms fitted up with Cinquecento panels, old doorways and doors, in fact several things in private houses, which we should not have suspected without his aid. We also went into the Stadthaus, a most quaint old building, 16th cent.—its old fittings remaining, good fireplace, charming old winding staircase, reminding us somewhat of that to the Gallery of the Bremen Rathhaus. More interesting was the Artus-Hof—costume pictures of the period on the walls—wonderful group of painted statuary, life size, representing Acteon, etc.—most particularly the stove, formed of coloured tiles, many of them heads, the finest thing of the kind I ever saw, and even exceeding in rarity the green-tiled stove of the Kaufleute-Haus at Lubeck, with which I had been so much pleased. By this time the rain had entirely ceased and the afternoon was lovely. We parted from Mr. Cohn; got an open carriage and drove about the town, and in and out of the gates, so as to get a complete idea of the locality. The grouping of the fine old buildings and spires from some of the points of view, rising above the ramparts, most striking, reminding us of our little Berlin enamel of the flight of Stanislaus "*De Dantzig à Bar*". After a most delightful drive of two hours, which we terminated by going through the quartier of grand old warehouses, we returned to a late dinner.

21st. Old Cohn presented himself again at an early hour; he is a worthy creature, but not bright. He took us to see an amateur "*qui vend*". I think the name was Koemarin. This gentleman had but few things. We fancied a Delft vase but his price was absurd. We had to make arrangements for sending away to England the few pieces we had bought at

Dantzic, so we went to the office of the Steam Packet, and finding that a boat was to sail on the morrow, fixed to send our box by that opportunity. We had to go to meet the captain of the steamer on Change at half-past twelve, so I had an opportunity of seeing the dear old Artus-Hof again. Visited the town Museum, where many fragments of the Cinquecento houses of the Langestrasse have been treasured. Of course they are interesting and more deserving of being stored and preserved, but an old picture of Dantzic itself, as it was 300 years ago, pleased us most of all we saw. Went to the Dom—wonderful assortment of old ecclesiastical garments, etc.—some woven—some of needlework—some of them decorated with woven inscriptions in Oriental characters. The great Lion is the Memling picture, which I like less than that at the Dom at Lubeck. The “Retablo” over the High Altar (the surrounding fittings are modern) is magnificent—surpasses anything of the kind I ever saw. We drove to the Château, now inhabited by a Princess of the Hohenzollern family. The gardens are open to the public, and we walked about them for some time. They are very pretty, but there is so much water introduced into them that they have the effect of being damp. One thing was very beautiful. A broad band of water, lined on each side by bocages of trees, and terminating in a view of the Baltic. When we left the garden we went into the Church, which is Early, of Cistercian date, very large, but has been cruelly spoilt by “improvements”. While there the clock struck eight, and warned us to return. We had a beautiful drive back under the limes, but did not arrive till after nine. As for the limes of Dantzic, they are not so fine as those about Lubeck, but are evidently of a later growth, those near the town especially.

22nd. Up at six. Old Cohn had promised us to see another amateur before we left Dantzic. However, the amateur



proved to be out of town, but we were well repaid for our early rising by a little walk on the quay, which, with its markets, was all bustle and activity. We got a sufficient idea, having seen it from this side, of the scheme of the city. Its fortifications are wonderful, its public buildings most remarkable, and its streets full of houses bearing traces of the Cinquecento period. Jewelled Gothic, as we should call it, seems to have come in very early here, say at the latter half of the 16th century, and mingles largely with German Renaissance, which is less pure than in France and Italy. Left Dantzic with a lingering feeling of regret; I think I should have liked to explore it further. I have desired to see it for many years, and find it grander even than I expected; moreover, it is a place which grows upon one, as one becomes acquainted with its details. Train started a little before 11. Changed carriages at Dirschau, where there is a wonderful bridge over the Vistula, which I have already crossed twice (and certainly never expected to see again) in going to and from Königsberg to nurse Ivor with scarlet fever in 1862. All the sorrow that followed that journey returned vividly to my mind. [Lady Charlotte alludes here to the death of her fourth son, Augustus F. Guest, who died at Canford soon after leaving Cambridge, at the early age of 21.] We dined at Kreuz and afterwards went on to Posen. All the other trains between Kreuz and Posen take two hours, but the one we travelled by took four, and we did not arrive till half-past nine, but it was a quiet pleasant journey, through a flat, dull country. Hôtel de Rome very good.

23rd. A two hours' drive from half-past eleven to half-past one. Went into the Cinquecento Stadthaus, where are two very fine original ceilings about 1550. Then to the Dom, a modernised building, but containing some of the finest brasses (end of 15th century), and grandest old sculptured tombs of

## LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1876

Bishops, etc. (the best are of the 16th century), that we have seen anywhere. One of these recumbent prelates (Adam Kornaski of Korilino) boasts on his monument of having fetched in Henry III. to reign over Poland. Posen is even worse off than Dantzig in respect to "antiquars". But what treasures Dantzig must have had for a collector, and must have still, if one had but time to *reside* awhile and follow it up. Left Posen by a four o'clock train, the sun very hot, the carriages rather crowded, the country we passed through flat and uninteresting; but the journey was far from being unpleasant, beguiled as it was by Macaulay's Siege of Londonderry; besides I like the heat and enjoy a railway! As we neared Breslau, I spied a mountain in the far distance across the level plain—a young moon rising. Before nine we were comfortably installed in the "Goldene Ganz", at Breslau, which gave me an opportunity of doing some writing here before going to bed; and I have been up writing since six this morning.

24th. This has been a busy day. Up writing at six, and out before 11. First we went on foot, and tried to make out the curiosity shops. There is only one good one—Altmann's, where we got one or two things: but at Mackauer's we chanced to find some little Wedgwood cups and saucers, with traces of their gilding remaining on them, and, what was rarer, a marked Wedgwood spoon in each. We returned to our Inn for dinner at half-past one, and then went out again into the Elizabeth Church, where I saw a fine Sacrament house, the third I have met with; the others being at the Dom, Lubeck, and the Dom Dantzig. At four we took an open carriage; went to the Dom, where a sprightly young verger in a scarlet robe showed us everything very intelligently. Luckily he had the keys of the Altar picture, which he was able to open, so as to show us the silver figures that it concealed. The Dom possesses fine tombs and beautiful brasses; indeed, the brasses, in highest

relief, of Breslau and Posen are beyond all praise (that of the Bishop here is by Peter Vischer, 1496). It boasts also a picture by Lucas Cranach. We next went to the Kreuzkirche—more brasses, and a life-sized effigy of the founder, coloured; and a mediæval font. Both the Dom and the Kreuzkirche have been barbarously treated from time to time, but are interesting. The Church “on the Sand” is much later, almost flamboyant, and I cared little for it. We went on to the Rathhaus, where first we visited the cellars, and then went into the Fürstensaal. One door leading from it to the Gericht Chamber (where judgment was wont to be pronounced) charmed me, surmounted, in rich colours, with the arms of the town, the district, etc. In the Fürstensaal is a clock with moving hour-glasses, something in the manner of that we have bought at Cologne. This Rathhaus is externally most quaint and beautiful, and all the “Ring” surrounding it is embellished with curious old houses, one of them painted all over with full-lengths of Kings and Emperors, and other devices. Altogether this is a most remarkable spot, and full of historical interest. We drove about, round the town by the boulevards, past the University, etc., and returned about eight. It was no easy matter to get a very stupid driver to understand that we did not want to keep within the narrow streets, which was his idea of showing us the town.

25th. Before leaving Breslau to-day, we walked back to Altmann's to get a little Cinquecento enamelled flacon I had seen there and coveted. I fancy it is one of those with a double side, which was in those days used for poisonous scents. We also went to the bookseller's, and laid in a stock of Tauchnitzes, which came much into request during the day's journey. Our train started at 12.45. The first part of the way was monotonous enough, but we had to change carriages at Kohlfurt, and again at Görlitz; from this latter point the

country became very beautiful. It was a relief to be once more in an undulating tract, and in a stone district. I am tired of the endless sandy places with their dust, and the flat brick edifices, which, when large, lack expression. It was such a hot and lovely afternoon. The journey was delightful, and we both read a great deal of Macaulay. Reached Dresden between eight and nine: tried to get rooms at the "Bellevue", whither we had been strongly recommended, but were not sorry when we found that it was too full to accommodate us comfortably. So we were obliged to have recourse to our old friend the "Victoria", where we are, as we always have been, as well off as possible.

26th. Breakfasted, as in the old times, in the garden; I could hardly believe that it is seven years since I was in Dresden last. Went to the shops—found very little indeed—I might say, nothing. Froeschel, of Hamburg, was there buying right and left. One or two trifling bits of Wedgwood, and a few Delft knife-handles were the only rewards we met with for a long walk and drive. Table d'hôte at half-past four. In the evening we took a long drive. First, over the bridge to the Neuestadt, and so up the hill through villas and trees, passing the spot of that in which Schiller lived when he wrote his *Don Carlos*.

27th. Up early. Froeschel came to see us, but brought no goods. Also came old Moritz Meyer, looking exactly as he did seven years since; he has now few things to sell, and nothing good. Went to the "Grüne Gewölbe", where we spent a pleasant hour, more than ever impressed with the beauty of all the fine workmanship we saw. Then to the Picture Gallery. The heat to-day has been intense. We sauntered out after dinner, looked again over Mlle. Elf's and Salomons' stocks, and then went on to the Brühl Terrace. [The name of the curious Minister of Augustus III. of Saxony, who was



CHOCOLATE CUP WITH TWO HANDLES, ON A STAND OF A PATTERN SOMETIMES CALLED TREMBLEUSE. THE DECORATION IS PAINTED OVER GLAZE IN BLACK, THERE IS ALSO SOME GOLD ORNAMENT. VARIOUS AUTHORITIES HAVE CONSIDERED THE PIECE TO BE EITHER BRISTOL OR WORCESTER. THE ANNOTATOR CONSIDERS IT TO BE MEISSEN OF THE MIDDLE XVIII CENTURY  
*The Countess of Bessborough's Collection*





famous, among other things, for his directorship of the factory of Meissen porcelain. His family still holds hundreds of fine samples of his period.] We sat awhile on the Terrace; a band of music was playing in one of the gardens on the opposite side of the river; nothing could be more enjoyable. We lingered there a long time, watching the boats and the rafts. Presently a little hot rain fell and we were moving homewards, when we were accosted by the Sterns of Hamburg, who kept us talking about curiosities and their trade some time longer. It was past nine when we got back.

28th. Stern (the one who lives in Schwerin) came to see us while we were at breakfast. He told us that he had bought part of the interior fittings of the Church at Meissen, which he now wanted to sell. He told us that it was in course of being erected in the Museum of the Grosser Garten, so we promised to meet him there to look at it, after 12.0'clock. In the meantime we went out to some shops. At Salomons' we bought a charming Battersea enamel box, formed as a parrot sitting among fruit. It cost £6, which is a good deal of money to spend, but would not Boasberg have made us pay more than double for it? We tried to make out some other shops, the names of which were in the "*Livre d'adresses*", but failed. Then off to the Grosser Garten, which looked very bright with its beds of varied flowers. Stern was there, ready to receive us, and showed us his property. It consisted of an Altar of the 17th cent. in bad taste and of a bad period—accompanied by various figures of Saints, carved in wood. We did not like it at all, but were glad of the introduction it had afforded us to this Museum, with which we were previously unacquainted, and where we saw some most interesting relics—chiefly ecclesiastical—of former times. Returning to town, we called at Mlle. Elf's. We bought of her a pipe of Wedgwood's black basalt formed as a classical head—very fine and rare;

also some Wedgwood plates with gilded edges, etc. We tried to find some English mezzotints at Geller's print-shop, but in vain. Came in and packed up before the four o'clock dinner, immediately after which we set out to the railway and so left Dresden. Travelled all next night from six in the evening to eight in the morning, including, however, a stop of two hours at Leipsic, which was provoking. The bridge over the Elbe at Riesa having been broken down by the snow last winter, and not yet repaired, we had to cross in steamers, which caused another delay. Reached Frankfort.

29th. The New Hôtel was quite full, so we put up for the day at the Hôtel du Nord, which seems good. After getting some breakfast we went out. Being Saturday, *some* of the Frankfort shops were closed, and the others were but ill provided. Lowenstein has moved into grand quarters, and has grand-looking objects, but nothing that I desired or thought good, except some Chelsea seals, the price of which was exorbitant—he asked £4. 10. for one! We dined and then set out again, my only gratification in Frankfort being that of seeing the fine old Eschenheimer Tower again. We had been misinformed by the porter of the Hotel about the time of the train starting, so again we had to wait more than hour at the station; however, we reached Maintz, and I was in bed at the Rheinischer Hof by 10. o'clock.

30th. Took the Rhine steamer at nine—the weather glorious. The sky was so clear that we could see the Drachenfels perfectly from Cologne. I now understand that it was those mountains that we saw from Brühl on the 12th. Some pleasant people, natives of Leeuwarden and cousins of Alma Tadema, on board the steamer, with whom we talked about Holland. Dined on board just after leaving Coblenz. Deposited our luggage at Disch's Hôtel at Cologne, and read the papers in the garden. Later we strolled out by the water

side. As we returned, near the bridge, we saw the Crown Prince and Princess drive by. [The late Emperor and Empress Frederick.] They had been on the other side, I suppose to the rifle shooting. All Germany seems full of these exhibitions. There was one at Cologne to-day, and one at Maintz, for which the latter town was all dressed out with flags.

31st. Went to the "Exposition", and to old Dahmen's to claim and pay for our clock (see the 11th). Went on in the afternoon to Aachen, where we arrived late, and slept.

## AUGUST 1876

### LIÉGE: OSTEND

August 1st. Saw all the treasures and enjoyed the Cathedral immensely. Also went to the Town Hall, and drove about generally. Found an old Banker, Mr. Florsheim, who had a charming assortment of odds and ends. We bought several things from him. In the afternoon went on to Liége.

2nd. A great hunt among the shops in the morning, and went to see a fine collection, belonging to M. Thermes, a true amateur. In the evening to Brussels, where we spent all the next day.

3rd. Got the china we had left with Le Roy, gave a last look through all the shops, and at Slaes' indulged ourselves in the purchase of a magnificent cruche, with the Arms, etc., of Queen Elizabeth, and date 1594.

Friday 4th. With this and other treasures, we set out homewards, on Friday morning, and reached London, viâ Ostend, about six o'clock. The weather had suddenly changed, and the passage was not quite smooth; but I was well. Put up at Garland's Hotel, our own house being still occupied by tenants.

## NOTES CERAMIC

NOVEMBER TO DECEMBER 1876

BRUGES : GHENT : BRUSSELS : TOURNAI : ANTWERP : THE  
HAGUE : GOUDA : DELFT : ROTTERDAM : PARIS

November 1876.

Thursday, 2nd. Left London by the 7.40 train from Charing Cross. It was rather a scramble at last to get away. We had returned to England from our summer tour on the 4th of August, and had contemplated setting off again for the Continent in the course of a month or six weeks, but one thing after another detained us from day to day. At length every arrangement having been made, and Ivor having come, the preceding evening, to our Hotel, to gladden C.S.'s mind about the Municipal Elections, there seemed no reason why we should not depart comfortably. But it so happened that we were not called in the morning, and that I did not wake till the Westminster clock was striking 6. However, we made an effort and succeeded. The weather, as we reached Dover, looked lovely. We had a good passage to Ostend, though the sea was not so calm as we expected, owing to a gale of the previous day. I lay down very quiet and comfortable till, in four hours, we landed. At 3. the train brought us on to Bruges. Most of the day the sun had been brilliant, but as we neared the Belgian coast the weather became darker, and the sky was as leaden as if we had been in our own country. We took a little walk about the town to warm ourselves (for it was very cold) before dinner. Bruges



did not look its best in this grey atmosphere, and we both seemed depressed, probably from the hurry and fatigue of the preparations, the journey itself having been as easy as possible. Looked in upon the Renders. Their prices are beyond those of England, and they have nothing very good. But we bought an English candlestick of rather a pretty model. An agreeable American and his wife at the table d'hôte, who had been travelling through Russia, Holland, etc. I should like here to record the various engagements which kept us in England so much longer than we expected. First of all, having landed on the 4th (August), we found that we could not execute all our little shoppings, and other commissions in town until the following Tuesday (the 8th), 1st, because the Saturday is but a half-day; 2nd, because the Monday was the National Holiday and every shop was closed. C.S. took advantage of it to go and see his brother Brymer at Aldershot. It ended in our remaining in town till the 9th (Wednesday). Then we went to Canford. The Conservative Fête took place on the 17th (Thursday). We did not return to town till Saturday, 26th, but intended to leave again for the Continent as soon as Blanche was convalescent. But her confinement did not take place till Saturday, September 9th, all which time we stayed in London with only the break of our little trip to Oxford and back on 2nd of September, which was very agreeable. We found there three good specimens of printed ware to add to the collection, and on our way back bought a charming Chelsea glass flacon at Kara's. Meanwhile, on Wednesday or Thursday the 6th or 7th, I was seized with a sudden illness, a kind of chill, which laid me up for some days, and left me very weak. Still, by the end of the month we thought to get away, when, behold, there came a letter from Cornelia, saying that the Poole Conservative dinner was to take place about the 19th of October, and praying C.S. to stay for it. Here therefore

was another occasion for delay. We did not set out on our journey, but C.S. was prevented from attending the dinner by the sudden death of his brother William, which took place, and was announced to him by telegram, on Wednesday Oct. 4th. This took him over to Ireland the same night, and there he stayed ten days, stopping to look through the Dublin shops on his way back, but finding them very dear and unprofitable. In the meantime I joined Maria at Bournemouth for a little change after my illness on Saturday the 7th; and on the following Friday, 13th, went to see Merthyr at Fifehead, and remained with him till Tuesday, 17th. In the interval between my illness and C.S.'s journey to Ireland, we had a fortnight's visit from Mr. and Mrs. Glyn, and we had read over the *Mabinogion* [Lady C.S.'s translation of *Morte Arthur* from the Welsh], and revised it for a second edition. Although C.S. did not go to the dinner he was very much occupied, and we stayed on to see Ivor on his way to it from Scotland on the 20th and 21st. He was in town again on the following Tuesday, all having passed off to his satisfaction: and now we prepared to wind up some ceramic transactions for ourselves and for him, and to start at the end of the week. But we were pressed to go and meet him and Cornelia at Blenheim, and as more important business seemed then in view, we once more put off our tour, and went down to Blenheim on Saturday the 28th. All the china is now arranged there, and it looks magnificent; the place itself was glorious in the autumn colouring. They go to Ireland (the Duke having accepted the Viceroyalty) [George Charles, the 8th Duke of Marlborough, the grandfather of the present duke] at the beginning of the year, and I shall probably never see it again. This last impression of it was very grand, but, under all the family circumstances, very melancholy. We returned to town on Tuesday the 21st. I should have liked to start off on our foreign journey the very

next day, but besides that there were some matters still to finish in town, the Poole Municipal Election was still pending, and C.S. could not go till he knew the result. Fortunately, on Wednesday evening, Ivor was able to come and tell him that it had resulted as we desired, and so there seemed no further impediment to our departure, which we duly achieved on the following (Thursday) morning, though our efforts were nearly frustrated at the last moment, as above related. After all it was fortunate we did not start on the previous day, as we thereby escaped a gale in the Channel.

3rd. But to resume. C.S. wrote letters in the morning, so we did not go out early. Went for the afternoon to Ypres, taking train at a quarter before one, and returning to Bruges by half-past eight. It was a very pleasant little excursion, though the weather was rather cold and not bright. On arriving at Ypres, we walked first to the "Tête d'Or", and ordered our dinner of M. Thibaut for half-past five. Then we went the round of the shops, but found nothing to buy in any of them. Then we called on old Mr. Boehm, who, as usual, announced that he was going to have a sale, and would not sell single articles. However, we got from him a fine pair of French, plated candlesticks, a curiously inlaid old brush, and a cornucopia of a sort of tortoise-shell ware, that puzzles me. It was a great pleasure to see the dear old Halles and St. Martin's Church again. How grand they are, and how interesting the old houses!

4th. Letters in the morning. We did not go out till near two o'clock. Went through the shops, [after visiting old Paterson, who was more mad than ever, but from whom we escaped without making any purchases. We did not complete our rounds till after table d'hôte, when we went out again to old Seegur's and to Render's. A beautiful night, with bright moon and stars. Bruges looked its own lovely self to-day. I

## LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1876

have just been writing to My Lord, whose birthday it is [Lady Charlotte's eldest brother, the 10th Earl of Lindsey, who died in 1877], and C.S. has been washing up our purchases. We find everything dear, and are beginning to be disheartened with the "chasse".

5th. To Church. The service very nicely conducted, the singing good and plain—no sermon. At the Saint Sang it interested us much to see the Châsse, which is, as nearly as possible, in decoration, like that which we bought last year in Portugal. The form, at the sides, is rather different, but the engraving is the same, as well as the cherubs' heads, on which it is supported—the two might have been the work of the same artist. That at the Saint Sang is said to have been executed by John Crabbe in 1617. Went after this (passing over what *we* call Ivor's bridge—see March 31, 1873) to call on Mrs. Berrington. Found her and the Colonel at home; sat some time with them, then went to the Weale's. He is in England—we saw his wife. Walked round the "Basin", a part of the town previously unknown to us, and so back to the Hotel, arriving just in time for table d'hôte.

6th. We were up betimes, and quitted dear old Bruges at 9.40. Before 11. we had reached Ghent. Leaving our luggage and parcels at the station, we walked into the town. De Clerc was not at his new house, but we met him on our way, and made him go back there with us. We found with him a few pieces of blue and white, which we purchased. On leaving him we visited the shops in the Rue St. Jacques without result. Admired, as usual, the towers and west door of that Church, but on looking in were disappointed with the interior. At Vermeer's, in the Marché de Vendredi, we were astonished to see three excellent Mennecy pedestals in the window. We always call at the shop, almost as a matter of form, but very rarely find anything: now, in addition to the

pedestals, we got a very good glass bell, two French, printed fans (engravings with mythological subjects), and a charming "Moulin à Vent" in Dutch silver, which though dear we were very glad to possess, as we know that these toys are becoming rare. From Vermeer's we went on to our old friend Omghena's, who admired our "Moulin à Vent" and our glass bell, but went into an ecstasy over our inlaid brush of last Friday; the piqué, it appears, is in gold. Omghena pronounced it to be of a date between 1500 and 1600, and considered it to be desirable for any collection. After a pleasant talk with the worthy old man, who has, also, picked up one or two more treasures lately, we proceeded to de Clerc's *old* abode, where we took up our new purchases, and whence we returned to the station to await the 4.28. to Brussels: by this train we went on—laden, as usual, almost to inconvenience, arriving after six, happily, all safe.

We are now comfortably installed in the Hôtel Mengelle, have got the letters which awaited us (among them one from Ivor), and having dined are going soon to bed. It has been a pleasant as well as a busy day, and I am sleepy.

7th. We went all the rounds of the shops—to Volant, Le Roy, Moen, Slaes, Cools, Craenen, Polonet, Huysmans, Müller, Papillon, and Genie. We got a few good pieces, as models, etc., but nothing for the collection. The shops were never so ill supplied with fine things, and what little they have is very dear. The Duchess [of Marlborough] had asked me, at Blenheim, to look out for some lace for her. I saw a very beautiful and cheap flounce at Genie's, and have written to tell her about it.

8th. Examination this morning proved that the flounce would not do, so there is an end to that. I did not go out this morning. C.S. went without me to see old Fetis, and to show him the cornucopia of the 3rd. He could not throw any



light upon it, but does not much esteem it. We have now come to the conclusion that it is Nuremberg. Before C.S. went out he brought me my letters, one of which was from Merthyr, of Monday's date, announcing that he was engaged to Theodora Grosvenor. [The youngest daughter of Richard, the 2nd Marquess of Westminster, and Elizabeth Mary, daughter of the 1st Duke of Sutherland. She was sister to Hugh Lupus, the 1st Duke of Westminster.] This caused me the liveliest pleasure. I went with him to Motcombe when I was last at Fifehead, and was quite delighted with her. I cannot be sufficiently thankful to God for such a blessing. In the afternoon we had a long walk about the town till dinner-time, the only event was the purchase of an old Dutch glass goblet at Huysmans'. The weather very still and bright, but cold. Since dinner I have heard from Ivor about Merthyr's engagement, and have been replying to him.

9th. We planned to go down to Tournai to-day, and gave orders to be called at six. Nobody, however, did call us, and it was only the chance of my waking, after a somewhat restless night, that enabled us to be down in time for the expedition. It did not take place nevertheless; for when we got down to breakfast, we found old Pourbaix awaiting us, to say that he could not receive us to-day, as he had professional business at Brussels. We changed our plans accordingly, and went by the 10.45. train to Antwerp, taking with us our recent purchases to be packed ready for shipment. Leaving our goods with Eva Krug, we went into the town, and made some small purchases with Aren and Morren in the Place de Vendredi. Then we returned to Eva Krug, under whose superintendence everything was packed, including a few trifles bought of her, and we left Antwerp by the train leaving at 4.45. We did not get back to Brussels, owing to a delay on the railroad; till table d'hôte was nearly over; so we dined "à part". It had

been a bustling pleasant day; the exertions of it and the frost have left me very sleepy.

10th. Not up very early; wrote out lists of our present shipments—a letter to Merthyr, etc. Did not go out till past three; then to old Genie's, where we got two more baskets, and an old leather case for a spoon. On our way back from the old town, we called at a little shop (Rue de la Paille), where there *might* be something another day. Then went to pay a visit to Mrs. Frederick Layard, and were some time before we could find her house. Scarce got back in time for table d'hôte. A bright cold day, but without a breath of wind, therefore very pleasant. We are now preparing for an early move to-morrow; I only hope the cold may not be too intense in Holland.

Saturday, 11th. Left Brussels at 9.16.—a bright cold day. Left the maid and luggage at the Antwerp station, and went into the town. C.S. fetched from Eva Krug's the three boxes packed there on Thursday, and after some difficulty and adventure got them shipped for England, by a steamer to leave the next day. Meanwhile I remained at Eva's and amused myself by looking over her stock, where I found four more pieces which I had not noticed before, and which we bought. Tried to see the collection of M. David Verbeist, but could not gain permission. In due time returned to the station, where we stayed while we sent the maid to get her dinner at a neighbouring restaurant. At a quarter to four we left Antwerp again for Holland, and only arrived at Paulez's Hotel (The Hague) by 10 o'clock. It was the longest journey I ever made from Antwerp to The Hague, partly owing to delays on the road, and partly owing to a bridge having broken down just outside the town of Antwerp, which obliged us to leave our carriage and cross the place on foot by a temporary expedient. The bridge through Rotterdam is not yet completed, so we still have to

make the little "trajet" there in a steamer. These things and the Douane, where I was glad to get a "butterbrod", caused a great many changes, and it was fortunate for us that it was fine, especially as we were somewhat laden with hand packages. Very glad to be in Holland again.

13th. We went out about midday and made the round of the shops. Old Sarlin had put up some Worcester plates for us, which suit very well. We had a curious scene with him over some baskets which we wanted to buy, but for which he wanted too large a price. He tried to make a lot for us including an old and curious belt, which we admired, but did care to invest in at the price of £10. Old Sarlin (whom we have considered *old* since we first met him some 10 years ago) confided to us that he had to-day completed his 55th year, and in consequence of its being his birthday, was very anxious to make sales. Sometimes he offered me presents, sometimes he named one price, then another, with a change of articles, until it ended in our being content with the plates, and promising to consider of the baskets, etc., against another day. We went on to the other shops, but our only purchases were of some lovely Creil baskets, and a Neale Candlestick in the Achteroom, and a pair of baskets at Hauja's. We saw a few things at Van Gelder's, but rather dear—at Dirksen's nothing to tempt us; but he has a magnificent pair of candlesticks, which we all considered to be French plate of the time of Louis XVI. By looking over our Chaffers, however, this evening, we find the mark to be that of Sheffield, date 1783. Having gone our rounds we got back to the Hotel exactly at five, and had only just finished table d'hôte when old Sarlin was announced, accompanied by his son. He had come *ostensibly* to deliver the 10 Worcester plates, but in reality to see what he could do with us about the belt and the baskets. It ended in our consenting to give £20 for a set of 12 of the latter, not very

large, but the most complete and effective that I have yet seen. Thus ends our first day's operation in this winter's journey in Holland.

14th. Up tolerably early, and at Rijn Spoor by 9.50., which landed us at Gouda in some 20 minutes. Arrived there, we paid a little visit to Cohen, of whom we bought some plates, and then hurried on to Pavoordt's, where we set aside some ware baskets to be called for and paid for another day. Our time in Gouda was short indeed. We had but time to settle all this, and then to return to the station. In a few minutes we were whisking off again to Rotterdam, which we reached at half-past eleven. It was quite hot, and I found my winter garments all too warm for walking at our accustomed pace through the crowded streets. Rotterdam was full of movement; I never saw it look so busy or so gay, and this wonderful and sudden change in the weather lent an enchantment to everything. We found old Van Minden in full force, also his wife and daughter. He had some plated candlesticks, to which we fell victims, and in his pack-house we found a few other things. Before we left him he insisted in regaling us with port wine and cake to drink his health, as he told us that he was 70 yesterday. We went from him to Kryser's; bought a pair of blue and white bottles, and arranged to come and look at his Leeds ware next week. Then proceeded to Van der Pluyne's, where we also picked up one or two trifles. We had then to hasten very much, in order to catch the Hollandsche Spoor train at 1.55 for Delft. There was little to be bought at Jedeloo's; he sent his boy to show us some other little shops. The old lady in Flamingstraat, of whom we made purchases last spring, had nothing now; but we got some baskets, and a good set of Wedgwood, husk pattern, plates at another little shop in the Vrou Juttenlond. Laden with these and our other spoils,

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we took the train again, reaching The Hague, after a very busy morning's work, a few minutes after four. I have seldom done so much locomotion and business combined in six hours. Stopped to tell Dirksen what we had found out about the mark on his silver candlesticks as we drove from the station to the Hotel.

15th. We made another expedition into the country in search of objects, and with some success. Up at six, we walked to the Hollandsche Spoor Station, and left it, at nine, by the train for Leyden. While at Leyden a few drops of rain fell, and I feared the weather was going to change; but the clouds soon dispersed, and the rest of the day was one of uninterrupted beauty; the sun shone, there was not a breath of wind, and the air was perfectly warm. Indeed when we had to walk fast to catch a train, it was almost *too* hot—such a change since Sunday is indeed wonderful; Holland always looks charming under such circumstances—we are truly enjoying the “*petit été de St. Martin*”. There is not much to be said about the *chasse* at Leyden. Leureman has moved into Haarlemer Straat. We found a few small matters with him and some other little dealers. Duchatel had nothing, which was rather a disappointment. Having gone rapidly through the shops, we returned to the station, and sat there and read till it was time to go on to Haarlem. There we made some purchases at Franse's and Kouin's. The weather was more than delightful, more like early summer than winter, and this pleasant walk in beautiful Haarlem ought ever to be remembered. We got back to The Hague in good time for dinner, having stopped at Hauja's on our way through the Spui, and bought two good Oriental teapots, red and yellow.

16th. Made an expedition to Utrecht. Again most lovely weather. Called first at Costa's in the Elizabeth Straat, where we found some baskets and one or two other things; then



called at Van Gorkum's. He was not at home so we did no business there. The Hamburgers were away in Paris, where they are going to make an eight days' sale, and all their fine things were gone. So we made no purchases beside those at Costa's, which we picked up on our back to the station. It was but a hurried visit to Utrecht, but I had the pleasure of looking again at the dear old tower (from one of the bridges) and of listening to the chimes. On our way back we spent upwards of two hours at busy Gouda. For the first time in our lives we found Trijbits at home, and he took us to his Pack-house. Bought Wedgwood plates and some finely moulded buckets, or rather platters.

17th. An early move to Amsterdam, taking with us some of the things which Van Houtum is to pack for us, and send to England ; including some dozen pieces bought at Amsterdam, this instalment amounts to 91 pieces. After depositing his boxes at our house, we went to the different shops. First to Ganz, who has become very dear, but nothing to suit us. Speyer had a quantity of things for our quest. We set apart some £30. worth, to be looked over and decided on at our next visit. Brought away a pretty silver chatelaine and a charming old box for card counters and markers of the time of Louis XV. ornamented with portraits, in tinsel, of the Dauphin and his wife, decorated with dolphins and profusely enriched with "Fleurs-de-lis". From Speyer's we went to their neighbours, Kalb and Soujet. At first the chasse seemed hopeless, but by degrees they brought their things, among them a curious silver-gilt ring of old workmanship, said to have belonged to Pope Pius II., and to have been found in his tomb. For this we gave £6. Whether authentic or not, this is cheap. Then we got a beautifully chased metal gilt étui and scissor case, temp. Louis XV., and two medals, à la Tassie, of Gustavus III. of Sweden. These made up the sum of £10., and we came away

well pleased. Next we went to Van Galen's. Bought of him a pretty china milk jug, and some perforated Leeds dishes. After this once more to Van Houtum's to make lists of what he has to pack for us. Then to Koller's, who may be struck off the list, and lastly to Moesel's. Found there some of the much-desired Worcester baskets (of which we had previously secured some at Speyer's and at Van Houtum's), and bought them after an amusing little scene with the woman of the shop, with whom I exchanged compliments on the score of business qualities. We could not carry these away, so we paid a deposit and left them to be fetched at our next visit. After this we went to the Brack's Doelen to dine, and returned to The Hague by a train at 7.15. Walked to the Hotel from the station—a fine starlight night, and got back before 10, well satisfied with our day's work.

18th. After these five successive days of hard work, we were glad of some rest, and were not up very early. Got out about midday. The weather still fine but not so bright. Called at Hauja's, Tennyssen's, Dirksen's, etc. With this last we spent £5 on Prints in which I have not much faith, but I hope they may turn out well. Ended the afternoon with a visit to the Bisschops, who, as usual, had a number of pretty new acquisitions to show us. Returned to the hotel at five. Since dinner have been writing lists, etc. Very warlike news to-day which makes every one sad.

19th. Called on the Bisschops with one or two of our late investments. [M. Bisschop was a well-known Dutch painter of the period.] They were very well pleased with our silver Windmill, but doubt the authenticity of our "Pope's" ring, wherein they are probably right. But at the price we gave we are glad to have it under any circumstances. We stayed with them so long that we were too late for our Church. Tried to find Mr. Watson, of the North Sea Canal, but



ONE OF A PAIR OF KYLINS FORMING TEA-POTS. DECORATED IN FAMILLE VERTE ON  
A RED VERMICULATED GROUND. EARLY KANG-HE, 1662-1722  
*Lord Wimborne's Collection*



failed to do so after a long walk on the outskirts of the Park.

20th. We were yet at breakfast when old Sarlin appeared, having come to ask us when we would call with the articles he had promised to pack for us, with the baskets we had bought of him the other day. We arranged to be with him at 1. o'clock, and having put our various objects into our travelling cases, we kept this appointment. He approved of some of our purchases very much, and it ended in our buying of him eleven more Worcester baskets to add to our previous quantity. Called at Van Gelder's, Hauja's, Munchen's; saw some rather good Delft vases with this last, which we are to look at again. Then we went back to Sarlin's to meet the Bisschops, who brought Mr. Howard with them (one of our English Legation). We lounged about over Sarlin's stock very agreeably for some time, and then went with them to Dirksen's to look at two mirrors for lights, which I thought might suit the new boudoir at Canford. Looked in at Tennyssen's for a moment, and then came in to dinner. The table d'hôte very full on account of the assembling of the Second Chamber. We have had another fine and genial day, which was rather unexpected, by the look of the morning. At half-past six there was one of the heaviest storms of rain and hail that I ever heard, and it was wet for some time, but about noon it cleared, and we had again lovely weather.

Tuesday, 21st. Set off after breakfast for Gouda. We had seen some good and cheap ware baskets there at Trijbits', when we called on Thursday, and we now thought we would buy them. There was a great sale going on at the Zaandam; we had written to Trijbits to say we were coming, but when we arrived he was out—probably he was gone to it. It resulted in our adjourning to Pavoordt's, where we made rather a large purchase, to be sent to The Hague after us, and then we went



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on to Rotterdam. Found old Van Minden in great trouble about a dispute he had with Enthoven. He insisted on our giving him the name of a London lawyer, so we referred him to Richard Du Cane. [Married to Lady C. S.'s eldest daughter.] Purchased some fine Leeds ware dishes at Kryser's, and then hurried off to catch a train which landed us at The Hague early enough to enable us to call at Munchen's on our way back to our Hotel for dinner. Bought his Delft vases.

22nd. Up early and off to Amsterdam, taking with us the hamperful we had received last night from Pavoordt, and all our small boxes full of the things to be packed for England by Van Houtum. Having picked up the baskets we bought last Friday of Mrs. Moesel, we went on with our cargo to him. Then called at Speyer's and concluded for the purchase of the objects we had seen when last with him. Next to Boasberg's, where I fell a victim to the South Sea Bubble cards of June 10th last. We had a carriage to this point, after which we walked. Bought some trifling pieces of silver at Morpurgo's, and as we walked back to dine at the Brack's Doelen found a smart shop newly opened by Blitz. He had a few blue and white knife-handles, and after dinner C.S. went back to the shop, and bought a very good transfer-printed Battersea box, which he had seen there. Returned to The Hague at night. The Bisschops had told us that a dealer at Leeuwarden possessed a very curious piece of Cinquecento enamel, so we determined to go there to look after it. Accordingly C.S. and I started from the Rhijnspoor station at 4.10. and after a number of changes reached Leeuwarden between 10 and 11. Not having found time to dine anywhere, we were very glad to refresh ourselves with "butterbrod" at Zwolle, where we stopped some time. The weather had become very cold, and the little bedroom where we were shown into at the Nieuwe Doelen felt like an ice-house, so I determined not to undress,

and lay down in all my travelling things (muff included), huddling some thick blankets over me on the sofa, where I managed to get a little sleep, and to keep from freezing. C.S. went to bed.

24th. At an early hour we were "en mouvement" again. I left my sofa, shook myself, and, all refreshed, went down to breakfast. After the meal we set off on our voyage of discovery, with a little boy as our guide. He took us first to De Vries', where we got several good pieces of ware, and some nice little bits of silver as book mounts. Then to Huisinga's. He is very dear but has some good things. We asked him about the enamel the Bisschops had told us he possessed. It was some minutes before he could call to mind that he had such a thing; but at length he produced it, and we found it quite to answer to the description they had given us of it. I need not add that we bought it forthwith for the very small price of 100 florins. It consists of a small circular plaque with the figure of Charles V. standing on a globe, which is supported by a tall figure (probably Sternsee) on one side, while "Death" seems to be pulling at it on the other. Beneath the globe is the devil, prostrate. Charles has his hands extended towards the skies, and the inscription is "Carolus V. Sternsee. In te Domine speravi". The idea is that Sternsee was one of his generals or admirals (whose house is said to exist at Harlingen to this day, with his Waapen on the outside), and that the enamel was a present to him from Charles. It came to Huisinga from a member of Sternsee's family, but they could give no account of it, *nor of him*. We must make further inquiries. It is probable that the object depicted on the enamel and the inscription had allusion to some of the religious troubles of the times. I consider this piece the greatest "trouvaille" we ever made. Went to the other shops, of which there are several in the town. At Heinrich's got a

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nice lot of blue and white Worcester baskets and plates. Friday being market day the town was very gay, full of country people, the women in their showy dresses glittering with their golden ornaments. It was a very pretty sight. Having made all our purchases we returned to the Hotel, and got a hasty dinner before going to the train, at 2.45., by which we returned to The Hague, arriving there before 11. at night, and having had a most delightful and successful trip. A letter from Mortlock, begging for blue and white Oriental and Delft, which comes a little late as we are so soon to leave The Hague. We set to work, however, next morning,

25th, to see what could be done. The weather milder. Paid a long visit to the Bisschops, giving them an account of our Leeuwarden expedition. Also called on Mr. Watson, on Ivor's behalf, to make inquiries about the dredgers that were used in the North Sea Canal, as it was thought that something of the sort would be useful in Poole Harbour. Went to the shops, such, at least, as were open, those of the Jews being closed till evening, and after dinner started out again. Mr. Bisschop went with us to Woolf's in the Achteroom to look at a copper vessel purporting to be of the time of Philip II., but he at once pronounced it modern. Bought a fine old engraved silver-backed brush at Van Gelder's, and looked in at Sarlin's, who is packing up a box to send off for us to England.

Sunday, 26th. Not out till the afternoon, when we went to Church. Afterwards had a brisk walk outside the Bosch. At half-past six went to dine with the Watsons, meeting there only his brother and his daughter, Baroness de Tuyl and her husband. We had an agreeable evening, with much talk about the manners, customs, and peculiarities of this dear little Holland. Mr. Watson gave me a perfect specimen of a Jacoba Kanneetje, which was found in excavating the founda-

tions of the Orange Locks, near Amsterdam (June 1870), at about twenty feet below the water surface.

Monday, 27th. Made an excursion to Rotterdam in search of some more "blue and white", and on our way to the station took our various objects to Dirksen for packing, and called at Van Gelder's to see some Worcester baskets he has just got, and which we bought of him. Our visit to Rotterdam was a very short one. We found a very good set of Delft, and another of Oriental vases, at Van der Pluyne's, after which we returned by the next train, well content. Made some more purchases at Hauja's when we got back to The Hague. After dinner we went out again, and called on Sarlin's, as I had promised to show our newly acquired enamel. He went into ecstasy over it, and did all he could to persuade us to let him have it—of course in vain. He offered freely £100. and would have given much more. Indeed, when he found there was no chance of its being sold, he told us that he considered it worth £250.

28th. At length this morning we left The Hague about 11. o'clock. A very good journey. Commenced with rain, but as we left Rotterdam we had bright sunshine for our parting view, and as we neared the frontier there was one of those wild and beautiful evening sunlights, which are so seldom seen, and should never be forgotten: and so we left dear Holland, and reached Antwerp only just in time to catch the express to Brussels. Arrived about six.

29th. Went the round of the shops, but found scarcely anything. Made acquaintance at the Hotel with some agreeable English people, Mr. Thryssen and his daughter, Mrs. Cripps, who gave us some useful "renseignements" as to literary men in Holland, by which we hope to trace something of the origin of our enamel and its history.

30th. As we did not leave Brussels till after two, we had

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a little time to walk out in the morning. Went on a fruitless search after lace for the Duchess [of Marlborough] and called in the Rue de l'Escalier, but made no purchases. Had a good journey, dining at Tergnier, and reached Paris before 10. A Belgian, engaged in trade, who had lived in America, and had travelled all over the world, was in the carriage with us, and sported very revolutionary sentiments.

### DECEMBER 1876

#### PARIS

December 1st. A lovely day, bright and warm. We set out on our round of shops, commencing with Oppenheim, in whose charge we had left our purchases last autumn. He had a *few* very fine things, among which we selected a lovely watch enamelled by Bouvier and signed G.B., a gold chatelaine (very cheap at £12 the two), and Chelsea bibelot (not perfect) of a Cupid with doves, which was not dear at £9. From him we went to Fournier's, and so on, dining at our Hotel.

2nd. Out soon after midday, and hunted the Quai Voltaire, and the shops over the water. We did not buy much, but had put aside for us an exquisite pomme de canne (£7), of old Vincennes, an enamel bonbonnière in form of a cocked hat, and two Mennecy cups and one saucer painted with Cupids en camaïeu rose.

3rd. Not out till time for second service. Uncertain, showery weather, and while we were in church, one of the most violent storms of rain I ever heard. Dined at a neighbouring Café, which Blanche had told us of—excellent, and absurdly cheap.

4th. Having a commission for more blue and white Oriental and Delft, which is such a ridiculous rage now in England, we set out on the quest this afternoon. Got some



things at Duvauchel's, which is a very good shop; but even there it is difficult to find anything perfect, and after all our care we had to take some of the pieces back again, as being faulty. At Caillot's we met with a very fine pedestal (Chelsea) for 3 gns., which he sold to us as "Saxe".

5th. Our chasse to-day was entirely on this side of the water. We made some good purchases with that charming little M. Chaumont in the Rue Ferme des Maturins; and bought some knife-handles of Taburet in the Rue Pasquier. This, and a long walk in the Boulevard Haussmann, and to the top of the Avenue Friedland, completed our day's work.

6th. Our first visit was on the other side of the water, whence we took a cab up to the Barrière de l'Etoile to save time, and so walked back down the Boulevard Haussmann to Nelson's shop (Rue Pasquier), where we had seen yesterday some fine pieces of Oriental, which we now bought. While in this shop, we got into conversation with a French lady, Mme. de Montbrisson, who told us she had a collection, and pressed us to go and see it. Next morning accordingly, after a little excursion to the Quai, we went there. She has a few pretty things as far as we could see them, but it suddenly became so dark that it was difficult to distinguish anything, and while we were at the house a violent storm supervened, which detained us there some time. The rest of the afternoon it was fine enough to walk about, though with occasional showers. The morning had been so lovely! As we returned from our walk, late in the afternoon, we had the good fortune to find four Worcester baskets at Begaud's for 24/- each. We had secured one at Chaumont's the previous day.

8th. Mme. de Montbrisson called before we had done breakfast, and sat talking a long time. She speaks perfect English. After that, Oppenheim came, bringing us a set of knives. We went out in the afternoon. Explored the Rue Châteaudun, as

on Wednesday we had done the Rue de Provence. Our principal finds were some Mennecy custard cups at de Veuve's, and some lovely, soft paste, coloured knife-handles at Fournier's.

9th. I had a little cold, so C.S. went out first alone, while I wrote letters. In the afternoon we walked together. Mme. Flaudin had just returned from Italy, and had brought with her three Wedgwood heads, two of them, Queen Charlotte and Catherine of Russia, most beautiful. The third was an "Emperor of Germany". They were irresistible, and we had to have them for £16. Leaving her, we went to the Rue St. Lazare, where at Topena's and Durand's we always meet with something good. Of the former we bought a Delft vase, imitating the Oriental, of wonderful colour and glaze, and two remarkable Tournai plates; of the latter some nice and cheap pieces of Mennecy—amongst them two cups painted with buds. We looked into the Fourniers', and made one or two other visits; and ended by calling on M. Chaumont to see some Wedgwood that Mme. Montbrisson had to dispose of. It was then getting dark so we settled to go and look at it again on Monday. And so has ended our hard week's work and much walking. Every evening since last Sunday we have dined at the Café.

10th. We went out between 12. and 1., and called on M. Danvilliers, who has changed his house. He was not at home. Then we looked in at the Salle des Ventes, where there are to be some good sales to-morrow. Then, at half-past three we went to Church. This, and walking about between whiles, filled up the afternoon. We dined at our Café very early, and are now (6 o'clock) home for the evening. Had written some letters before I went out this morning. One, the first to my newly promised daughter-in-law, Theodora, who had sent me a few lines, in a joint letter I received some days ago from her and Merthyr. I am so grateful for this event; I went to

church with my heart full of them. May God bless them! Merthyr writes in such a proper spirit. They sang one of my favourite hymns at church to-day.

11th. We proposed to start off very early this morning, but Mme. Montbrisson called, and sat with us above an hour, so that our plans were somewhat thrown out. Took some of our purchases to the Oppenheims, for them to pack for us; then went to Chaumont's to see four little pieces of blue and white which Mme. Montbrisson had sent to Mme. Chaumont's for sale. They accorded well with the example we bought of her last autumn, so it ended in our taking them. After this we went across to the Quai, where we had promised to see some English china, but found nothing. Picked up the plaques we had bought of Flaudin, and the Mennecy bought of Durand on Saturday. Also a pretty little silver compass from Mlle. Caillot's (Rue St. Roch), like the one we missed at Tuy last year—very pretty, and in its old case, compensating us for the disappointment we had then. After all this, and a talk with the Fourniers, we went to dinner between 7. and 8.

12th. This has been a most agreeable day. We went out about 12., and first took some more pieces to Oppenheim to pack; this in a cab. Then we walked to the Danvilliers, whom we had the good fortune to find at home. They were in their new house, 18 Rue Pigalle, where, however, they are not yet furnished or settled, but they showed us some of their fine things. The most beautiful were some Cinquecento enamels, and among them a wonderful purchase M. Danvilliers had lately made, no less than the celebrated pomegranate of the Nostra Señora del Pilar at Saragossa, for which he gave £1200. He has but recently acquired it, and a most exquisite piece it is, of the same family as our Charles V. Jewel, but of course much more remarkable in every way, though *not* more interesting. After our pleasant visit to them, we lounged about in

## LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1876

that neighbourhood, and made some small purchases, in the midst of which we were overtaken by a heavy rain, and esteemed ourselves lucky when we found a cab. Went to Oppenheim's to fetch our Bouvier watch, etc., and then on to the Café, where we dined earlier than usual.

13th. We had an early visit from M. Danvilliers, to look at our purchases. He approved of all, especially of the Charles V. enamel, with the exception of the Papal ring (see Nov. 17), and a wax head of Marie de' Medici, which we bought of Van Gelder on 27th of Nov. These two pieces he pronounces to be forgeries, so they cannot be admitted into the collection, but must take their chance at Christie's. In the afternoon we went out. It was rather cold, and very dull weather. First to the Jeu de Paume to try and get Ivor's name down for the Court at Easter, then we made a long stretch to Montmartre, and after some seeking found M. Osmont's shop in the Passage de l'Elysée des Beaux-Arts! What a fine name for a squalid neighbourhood! M. Osmont is, however, delightful. We had first made his acquaintance in the October of last year, when, we remembered, we saw him with a Spanish enamel. We now asked him if he still possessed it and he forthwith produced it. It consists of a beautiful little figure of the Virgin, with a spangled robe of red and blue, with palm leaves on each side, and surrounded by a circle of fleurs-de-lys, etc. The price he asked for it was £12. Old Osmont very liberally asked us to take it with us to verify its genuineness, though we were but strangers to him. We did take it accordingly, but deposited two-thirds of its price, which was nearly all we had got with us. We have, however, no doubt of its being genuine, since we have had it home and washed it and examined it; indeed it is a great "trouvaille". On our way back we happened to pass through a little street—Rue Frochot—where outside a shop C.S. discovered a transfer-printed Wedgwood



plate, and one of Chelsea-Derby (imperfect) exposed for sale. We went in and found more of them, and were surprised as well as pleased at being only asked 2 francs apiece for them. Such are one's chances in Paris! We came back well pleased with our day's chase, taking Chaumont's on the way. Got to dinner late; have since been writing variously. A very pretty letter to-night from Theodora. We are in some anxiety about our shipments from Holland, having only heard of the arrival of the boxes packed by Van Houtum. Any loss would be serious for us.

14th. This morning's post brought us news of the safe arrival of the box from Speyer's, but we are uneasy about that despatched by Sarlin. While still at breakfast Mme. Montbrisson came in, and, as usual, sat some time. We had barely time to finish our letters sending off to Mortlock the invoice for Speyer's box, when we had to start on a little expedition to visit the house of Mme. Daubay, 29 Rue Marignan, where Mme. Montbrisson had told us we should get a great quantity of china—to be sold. Mme. Chaumont met us there soon after 12. We were introduced into a most elegant apartment, furnished in the prettiest and most luxurious taste. We looked all over the curiosities (of which every room was full), and then fixed on a few of them, of which Mme. Chaumont inquired for us the price. The owner asked large prices—beyond what we were disposed to give except in the case of a pair of vases, Delft with figures “à la Chinoise”, and black panels. These were put at £12., so we agreed to take them. Mme. Chaumont brought these to our Hotel, and we paid for them. Soon after this we sallied out again. Visited a little shop in the Place Beauvau, where we got a few trifles, and bethought us to take one of our newly acquired vases to show to Fournier. To our dismay he threw a doubt on their genuineness. We left it with him, however, to be looked at in broad



daylight, as it was then getting late, and we had to hurry home to prepare for dining with the Danvilliers. Thither we went about half-past six o'clock. We had a most delightful evening. After dinner M. Danvilliers brought all his jewels to show us, including the pomegranate of Saragossa, and we had much agreeable art talk. This day 50 years, what memories!

15th. Rose tired after not a very good night, also a little footsore; so we got a carriage for the first three hours of our "courses". Indeed we had so many places to go to that we could not otherwise have got through all our work. First we went to Wanitz in the Rue Castiglione to buy a Neapolitan inkstand—silver with coral ornaments—for Ivor, who had written to say he would take it from our description. Then to Montmartre to pay Osmont what was still due on the Spanish enamel, and to make him promise to keep for us anything of the kind he might in future meet with; I wore it at Mons. Danvilliers' last night and he pronounced it very fine, and valued it at £60. Next to the Fourniers', who told us definitely that the two Delft vases of yesterday were modern imitations. Then to Mme. Chaumont's to consult what steps were to be taken in the matter. By her advice we took the vases to Mannheim, the expert, for his written judgment. He was out, but we are to call and see him to-morrow. Lastly, we took Oppenheim some more of our things to pack; and then, commissions being for the present finished, we presented ourselves at the Danvilliers' soon after two, and they went with us to visit M. Basilewski's collection, celebrated for its wonderful mediæval treasures, and where we had the pleasure of seeing poor Fortuny's renowned Hispano-Moresque vase. When we left the collection M. Danvilliers accompanied us to Taburet's. When there on the 5th we had seen an interesting gold watch, by an English maker, Richard Style, bearing the date-letter of the year 1762, and engraved with the Prince of Wales's feathers,



AN UNUSUAL USE OF BOTH WORCESTER AND CHELSEA PORCELAINS. THE SWEETMEAT DISHES ARE OF WORCESTER.  
THE GROUPE OF BRILLIANTLY-COLOURED NEGROES AND NEGRESSES ARE OF CHELSEA  
*Lord Wimborne's Collection*



and the initials C.P. It was enclosed in an outer case of the same date, decorated with figures in purple enamel on the gold, and attached to a fine chatelaine to correspond. The whole was enclosed in its original case with a curious "chiffre" that we could not well make out. This watch and its accompaniments had evidently belonged to Charles Edward. We thought it would be of interest to some of our Royal Family, so we wrote to tell Mr. Holmes about it, and this morning we got a letter from him, asking us to buy it, if we could get it for £80 (the price asked being £100). [Mr., afterwards Sir Richard, Holmes was the librarian at Windsor Castle, and held many other important offices; he has written the official biographies of Queen Victoria and of Edward VII.] This was accordingly the object of our visit to Taburet's shop. There seemed a doubt whether he still had it; but at length it was produced, and he acceded to the terms. It was a satisfaction to us that Mons. Danvilliers, who is so good a judge, assured us that we got it at the price it would command in the French market, irrespective to any value that attaches to it for its historical associations. We are to take it back to England with us. Looked in at Baur's in the Rue Daubin on our way from Taburet's to our Café. After dinner we lounged in the Palais Royal, and executed a little commission with which Merthyr has charged us.

16th. Up very early, and off to Mannheim's by nine. He condemns the black Delft vases, so we took them to Mme. Chaumont to see what she could do in the matter. Came back to breakfast at ten, and then walked out again. After some little matters we had to do on the other side of the water, we took an Americaine and went to Sèvres. All the collection is now moved into the new building. [The old house, with its many memories of Louis XV., the Pompadour and later patrons,

is now a school for young ladies.] It is for the present closed to the public, but we had an order of admittance from Mons. Champfleury, so we went in and had the Musée all to ourselves for above an hour. It was to me a most interesting visit, though less so than our previous one at the old place in the days of Mons. Riocreux, when he sent some one round with us to point out anything particularly curious and instructive. The new arrangement shows all to good advantage. It was a damp dull day. We once thought of going on to Versailles, but time did not admit, so we returned to Paris and hunted a few more shops. Mme. Chaumont had seen Mme. Daulay, who consented to take back the spurious Delft vases; so this disagreeable affair ended better than I could have hoped, and no great harm done. Dined late at our Café. Wrote letters, etc., in the evening. One to Mr. Holmes about Charles Edward's watch and chatelaine, which we are taking home with us. Our pleasant trip is now approaching its close: we purpose to return to town to-morrow.

Sunday, 17th. Took a walk in the morning. Looked in at the Hôtel Drouot, where there is an exposition of things Boasberg is to sell there in the week. To Church at half-past 3, and after another little walk outside the Tuileries Gardens, went home early and dined at our Hotel. The evening spent in busy preparations. We have acquired a lovely pair of shoe-buckles in white china with blue pattern and gold—unique—C.S. thinks them Derby-Chelsea.

18th. Left Paris by the Tidal Service at half-past nine, reaching London before 7. A dull still day, but there was more movement on the water than I expected. However, I was not ill. I lay down on the floor of the cabin and *tried* to sleep, for I had had a wakeful night. I am reading again, with great delight, Thackeray's *Esmond*. Since I left England I have read Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, Smollett's *Peregrine*



*Pickle*, and Mrs. Elliot's *Old Court Life in France*—very various in style—all, in their way, of much interest to me. Our little trip has been a most agreeable and busy one.

Tuesday, 19th. Mr. Nattali, assistant to Mr. Holmes, called this morning to fetch away the Charles Edward watch. I find it was the Queen for whom we had purchased it, and I hope she will be pleased with her acquisition. Out shopping all the rest of the day, and bought a magnificent Buhl clock and bracket, as a wedding present for Merthyr.

[About this time Lady Charlotte paid some social visits with members of her family. Some of these had no connection with her interest in antiques, but one, to the Herberts of Great Missenden in Buckinghamshire, was intimately connected with the subject. Mr. Herbert was an enthusiastic connoisseur in old china, furniture, prints and books. He died on October 12, 1882, leaving his collections to his family, and on July 10, 1905, his widow sold at Sotheby's the fourth quarto edition (1605) of Shakespeare's *The Tragedy of King Richard III.* for the sum of £1750, a record price. It had the autograph in five places of Admiral Sir William Penn, the father of the founder of Pennsylvania. It may be interesting to know that the late Mr. William Lowndes of Chesham, writing to Miss Herbert under date of August 1, 1905, says: "I quite well remember Mr. Herbert in 1882 showing me the volume and telling me that he originally purchased it for Lady Charlotte Schreiber, though later he decided to keep it himself".]







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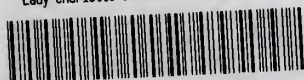
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